

CHARACTERS:
OR, THE
Manners of the AGE.
WITH
The Moral CHARACTERS
OF
THEOPHRASTUS.

Translated from the *Greek*.

To which is Prefix'd,
An Account of his Life and Writings.
By Monsieur *de la BRUYERE*.

Made English by several Hands.

The Fifth Edition.

To which is added,
An Original Chapter, Of the MANNER of
LIVING with GREAT MEN.

WITH
Some of the Most Eminent CHARACTERS
in the COURT, ARMY, &c.
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

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THE ELOGY OF *Monsieur de la Bruyere.*

Monsieur L'Abbé Fleuri being Chosen by the Gentlemen of the French Academy, in the Room of the late Monsieur de la Bruyere, took his Place there the 16th of July, 1696, and upon that Occasion spoke of Monsieur de la Bruyere, (or as the French call it, made his Elogy) in the following Words.

‘ However sooner or later it may be, yet the Publick is always observ'd to do Justice to an Author; and we may take it for granted, that a Book which has been Read and frequently Enquir'd after by the whole World, cannot be without its peculiar Merit. Such is the Work of that Friend, whose late and surprizing Loss we at this time Deplore; and

The E L O G Y of

whose Place you have been pleased to allow me the Honour of supplying : A Work very singular in its kind, and in the Opinion of some Judges, even Superior to that * Great Original, which the Author himself did at first only propose to imitate. In drawing the Characters of others, he has perfectly well express'd his own: one may see in 'em a vast strength of Thinking, and the most profound Reflexions upon Men's Manners and their Understandings, together with that Great Erudition, which was so Remarkable upon all fit Occasions in his private Conversation, agreeably and usefully mixt and running thro' the Whole. He was particularly well acquainted with the Living and Dead Languages, and indeed there was no kind of Learning to which he was a Stranger.

In his Characters one may observe, that his Criticism is severely exact, and his Expression lively; that his Turns are very Artful, and his Pictures sometimes purposely loaded and over-colour'd, that they might not appear too like. His Boldness and Force are manag'd so as not to exclude either Pleasure or Delicacy, tho' at the same time

* *Theophrastus.*

Monsieur de la Bruyere.

we may see that the governing Spirit of the Whole's a Predominant and Implacable ha-
ated of Vice, with an avow'd Love of Virtue.
In fine, the Crown of the Work, and which
we who are most nearly concern'd for the
Author, have the Witness of, is that Ho-
ly Spirit of True Religion that shines in
it. This Piece then, Gentlemen, will hap-
pily be one of those which you do in some
Manner seem to adopt for your own, by
receivying their Authors among you; one of
those Beautiful and Useful Works, that
you Consecrate to Immortality, &c.

After Monsieur L'Abbé Fleuri had finis'd
his Discourse, Monsieur L'Abbé Regnier re-
plying to him, took an Occasion to speak thus of
Monsieur de la Bruyere.

Our Loss of that Excellent Member of
our Academy, to whom you succeed, is
Great. He was a Person of a very Extra-
ordinary Genius; Nature seem'd to take a
Pleasure in Revealing the Secrecy's of
Mankind to him, in shewing him the
Mysterious Inside of Human Nature, and
continually exposing those Things to his
Eyes, which Men labour to conceal with
the utmost care from the knowledge of
the World. With what force of Express-
ion, what Beautiful Colours has he ex-
prest

The ELOGY, &c.

‘ prest them ! A Writer Masterly in his
‘ Strokes and full of Fire, who by a Turn
‘ uncommonly fine, and peculiar to himself,
‘ could infuse a strength into Words which
‘ of themselves they had not : A Painter
‘ fortunately Bold and Successful, who in
‘ every thing that he Drew, suggested some-
‘ thing more for the Understanding to con-
‘ ceive, than the Eye could possibly take
‘ in,

The

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THE

THE
CHARACTERS;
Q R,
Manners of the Age.

IBorrow'd the subject Matter of this Book from the Publick, and I now restore what it lent me. Indeed having finish'd the whole Work, with the utmost regard to Truth that I was capable of, 'tis but just I should make it Restitution. The World may here view the Picture I have drawn of it from Nature, and if I have hit on any defects, which it agrees with me to be such, it may at leisure correct them. This is what a Man ought chiefly to propose to himself in Writing, tho he can't always be sure of Success. However, as long as Men distaste Vice so little as they do, we should never give over reproaching them: They would perhaps be worse, were it not for Censure and Reproof, which makes Writing and Preaching of absolute necessity. The Orator and Writer can't stifle the Joy they feel when they are applauded, but they ought to blush in themselves, if they aim at nothing more than Praise, by their Discourses or Writings. Besides, that the most certain and Least equivocal Approbation, is the change of

B

Magnets

The Characters, or

Manners in their Readers or Hearers : We should neither write nor speak but for Instruction, yet we may lawfully rejoice, if we at the same time please those to whom we address, and by this means make the Truths we should advance, the more insinuating, and the better receiv'd. When any thoughts or reflections slide into a Book, which have neither fire, turn, nor vivacity agreeable to the rest, tho they seem at first to be admitted for variety, to divert our Minds, and render them more attentive on what is to follow, but otherwise are not proper, sensible, or accommodated to the capacity of the People, (whom we must by no means neglect) both the Reader and the Author ought to condemn 'em. This is one Rule: There's another, which my particular Interest obliges me to request may not be forgot, that is, always to have my Title in view, and to think, as often as this Book is read, that I describe *the Characters, or Manners of the Age*; for tho' I frequently take 'em from the Court of *France*, and Men of my own Nation, yet they cannot be confin'd to any one Court or Country, without losing a great deal of the compass and usefulness of my Book, and destroying the design of the Work, which is to paint Mankind in general, as the order of the Chapters, and a certain insensible connexion, which the reflexions that compose them, have one with another, do plainly demonstrate. After this so necessary a precaution, the consequences of which 'tis easie enough for any body to penetrate, I must protest against all *Chagrin, Complaint, malicious Interpretation, false Application and Censure*; against the insipid Railiers, and the ill-meaning Readers. Men ought to know how to Read, and then hold their Tongues, or else to be able to relate what they have read, and

and nothing more or less than what they have read ; which if they are sometimes able to do, 'tis not enough, unless they have the Will to do it. Without those Conditions, which an exact and scrupulous Author has a right to require of some People, as the only Recompence of his Labour, I question whether he ought to continue Writing, if he prefers his private Satisfaction to the publick Good, and a Zeal for promoting Truth. I confess, from the year 1690, and before the publishing the 5th Edition, I was divided between an Impatience, to give my Book another Figure, and a better Form, by new Characters, and a Fear lest some People should say, Wilt these Characters never be finisht? Shall we never see any thing else from this Author? On one side, several Men of good Sense told me, the Matter is solid, useful, pleasant, inexhaustible; live long, and treat on't without interruption as long as you live : What can you do better? The Follies of Mankind will every year furnish you with a Volume. While others, with a great deal of Reason, made me apprehend the capriciousness of the Multitude, and the levity of the People, (with whom, however, I have a good cause to be content.) These were always suggesting to me, that for these thirty years past, few have read with any other intent, than for the sake of Reading, and that to amuse the World, there ought to be new Chapters and a new Title ; that this humour of indifference had fill'd the Shops, and stockt the Age with piles of dull and tedious Books, without Stile or Meaning, Rules or Order, contrary to Decency or Manners, written in haste, read with precipitation, and only read for their Novelty. They added farther, if I could not enlarge a sensible Book, I had best fit still, and do nothing. I in some measure

The Characters, or

took both their Advices, as opposite as they seem'd to be, and observ'd a medium which disagreed with neither. I did not scruple to add some new Remarks, to those which already had doubled the bulk of the first Edition of my Book, but that the Publick might not be oblig'd to read over what was done before, to come at what has been added since, and that they might immediately find out what they would only read, I took care to distinguish the second augmentation by a greater mark, and the first by a less, as well to shew the progress of my Characters, as to guide the Reader in the choice he might be willing to make. And lest he should be afraid that I shou'd never have done with these Additions, I added to all my Exactness, the sincere promise to venture on nothing more of this kind. If any one accuses me with breaking my word, by adding in the three ensuing Editions a great many new Remarks, I confess ingenuously I had not the Power to suppress 'em. He may perceive, by mingling what was new with what was old, without any mark of distinction, I did not so much endeavour to entertain the World with Novelties, as to deliver down to Posterity, a Book of Manners, more pure, regular and compleat. To conclude, what I have written are not design'd for Maxims; those are like Laws in Morality, and I have neither Genius nor Authority sufficient to qualify me for a Legislator. I know well enough, I have offended against the Custom of writing Maxims, which are deliver'd in short and concise Terms, like the manner of Oracles. Some of my Remarks are of this kind, others are more extended. We think of things differently, and we express 'em in a turn altogether as different: By a Sentence, an Argument, a Metaphor, or some other Figure,

Manners of the Age.

5

a Parallel, a simple Comparison, by a Story at length, or a single Passage, by a Description or a Picture, from whence proceeds the length or shortness of my Reflections. Those who write Maxims would be thought infallible; on the contrary, I allow any body to say of me, my Remarks are not always good, provided he will himself make better.

Of Polite Learning.

WE are come too late, after above seven thousand Years, that there have been Men, and Men have thought, to say any thing which has not been said already. The finest and most beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners have been carried away before our times, and we can do nothing now, but glean after the Ancients, and the most ingenious of the Moderns.

* We must only endeavour to think and speak justly our selves, without aiming to bring others over to taste and sentiments; that would be too great an Enterprize.

* 'Tis as much a Trade to make a *Book*, as to make a *Clock*; there's something more than *Wit* necessary to make an *Author*. A certain *Magistrate* was advancing by his *Merits* to the first *Dignities* of the *Gown*, a *Man Subtle* and *Practic'd* in *Business*; he printed a *Treatise of Morality*, that was extraordinary for its *Ridiculousness*.

* 'Tis not so easy to raise a Reputation by a compleat Work, as to make an indifferent one va-lu'd by a Reputation already acquir'd.

The Characters, or

* A Satyr or a Libel, when 'tis handed privately in Manuscript from one to another, with strict charge of Secresie, if 'tis but mean in itself, passes for wonderful ; the Printing is what ruins it.

* Take away from most of our Moral Discourses, the Advertisement to the Reader, the Epistle Dedicatory, the Preface, the Table and the Commendatory Verses, there will seldom be enough left to deserve the name of a Book.

* Several things are insupportable if they are but indifferent, as Poetry, Musick, Painting and Publick Speeches.

What a cruel Punishment is it to hear a Dull Declamation deliver'd with Pomp and Solemnity, and bad Verses rehears'd with the Emphasis of a wretched Poet !

* Some Poets in their Dramatick Pieces are fond of big Words and sounding Verses, which seem strong, elevated and sublime ; the People stare, gape, and hear them greedily ; they are transported at what they fancy is rare, and where they understand least, are sure to admire most ; they scarce allow themselves time to breathe, and are loth to be interrupted by Claps or Applauses : When I was young, I imagin'd these passages were clear and intelligible to the Actors, the Pit, Boxes and Galleries ; that the Authors themselves understood 'em, and that I was in the wrong to know nothing of the matter after much attention : But I am now undeceiv'd.

On the * There hardly was ever seen any Piece excellent Academy's in its kind, that was the joyn't Labour of several Dictionary. Men: Homer writ his Iliads, Virgil his Aeneids, Livy his Decades, and Cicero his Orations.

*against
De*

* As

* As there is in Nature, so there is in Art, a point of Perfection. He who is sensible of it, and is toucht with it, has a good taste: He who is not sensible of it, but loves what is below or above that point, has a violent taste. Since then there is a good and bad taste, we may with reason dispute the difference.

* Men have generally more Fire than Judgment; or, to speak more properly, there are few Men whose Wit is attended with a solid Taste, and a judicious Criticism.

* The Lives of Heroes have enrich'd History, and History has adorn'd the Actions of Heroes: So that 'tis difficult to tell who are most indebted, the Historians to those who furnish 'em with such noble Materials, or the Great Men to their Historians.

* 'Tis a sorry Commendation that is made up of a heap of Epithets; Actions alone, and the manner of relating 'em, speak a Man's praise.

* The chief Art of an Author consists in Designing and Painting well. † *Moses, Homer, Plato, Virgil and Horace*, excel other Writers mostly in their Expressions and Images. Truth is the best Guide to make a Man write forcibly, naturally and delicately.

* We should do by Stile, as we have done by Architecture; we have banish'd entirely the *Gothick* Order, which the *Barbarians* introduc'd in their Palaces and Temples, and have recall'd the *Dorick, Ionick and Corinthian*: That which was only to be seen in the Ruins of ancient *Rome* and old *Greece*, now become Modern, shines in our Portico's and Peristils; so in Writing, we can never arrive at perfection, or surpass the Antients, if such a thing is possible, but by imitating them.

The Characters, or

How many Ages were past, before Men could come back to the taste of the Antients in the Arts and Sciences, or recover at last the Simple and the Natural.

We nourish our selves by the Antients and Ingenious Moderns; we squeeze, we draw from 'em as much as we can, we rifle their Works, and when at last we become Authors, and that we think we can walk alone, and without help, we oppose our Benefactors, and treat 'em like those Children, who, grown pert and strong with the Milk they have suck', turn themselves against their Nurses.

Per se suis.

'Tis the practice of a Modern Wit to prove the Antients inferiour to us by two ways, Reason and Example. He takes the Reason from his particular Opinion, and the Examples from his own Writings.

He confesses, the Antients, as unequal and incorrect as they are, have a great many good Lines; he cites them, and they appear so fine, that for the sake of these, his Criticisms are read.

Messieurs Racine and Despreaux. Some learned Men declare in favour of the Antients against the Moderns: But we are afraid they judge in their own Cause; for their Works are so exactly made after the Model of Antiquity, that we except against their Authority.

* An Author should be fond of reading his Works to those who know how to correct and esteem 'em.

He that will not be corrected or advis'd in his Writings, is a Pedant.

An Author ought to receive with equal Modesty, the Praises and the Criticisms which are past on his Productions.

? Amongst

The Characters, or

* Amongst all the different Expressions which can render any one of our Thoughts, there is but one good; we are not always so fortunate as to hit upon't in Writing or Speaking. However, 'tis true that it exists, that all the rest are weak; and will not satisfy a Man of Sense, who would make himself understood.

A good Author, who writes with Care, when he meets with the Expressions he has searcht after for some time, without knowing it, finds it at last the most simple and the most natural, and fancies it ought to have presented it self to him at first, without search or enquiry.

Those who write by Humour, are subject frequently to revise their Works, and give 'em new touches: And as their Humours are never fix'd, but vary on every slight occasion, they grow indifferent for those Expressions and Terms they were so very fond of at first.

* The same true Sense, which makes an Author write a great many good things, makes him fear that they are not good enough to deserve to be read.

A Man of little Sense is ravish'd with himself, and thinks his Writings Divine: A Man of good Sense is harder to be pleas'd, and wou'd only be reasonable.

* One, says *Aristus*, engag'd me to read my Book to *Zoilus*: I read it, he was satisfied, and before he had leisure to dislike it, he commended it coldly in my presence; since that he takes no notice on't, nor says a word in its favour; however, I excuse him, I desire no more of an Author, and even pity him the hearing of so many fine things, which were not his own making.

Such

Such as by their Circumstances are free from the Jealousies of an Author, have other Cares and Passions to distract 'em, and make 'em cold towards another Man's conceptions. 'Tis difficult to find a Person, who by his Mind, Inclination and Fortune, is in a Condition freely to Relish all the Pleasure that a compleat piece can give him.

* The pleasure of Criticising takes away from us the pleasure of being sensibly charm'd with the finest things.

* Many Men, who perceive the Merit of a Manuscript, when they hear it read, will not declare themselves in its favour, till they see what success it has in the World when 'tis printed, and what Character the Ingenious give it : They will not hazard their Votes before its Fortune is made, and they are carry'd away with the Croud, or engag'd by the Multitude. Then they are very forward to publish how early they approv'd that Work, and how glad they are to find the World is of their Opinion.

These Men lose a fair Opportunity to convince us, they are Persons of Capacity and Insight, that they can make a true Judgment of that which is good, and that which is better. A fine Piece falls into their hands, the Authors first Work, before he has got a Name, or they are yet prepossest in his behalf ; he has not endeavour'd to make his Court to, or flatter the Great, to engage their Applause ; 'Tis not requir'd of you, *Zelotes*, that you shoud cry out, *This is a Master-piece : Humane Wit never went so far ; We will judge of no body's Opinion, but in proportion to what thoughts he has of this Book* ; extravagant and offensive Expressions, which smell of the Pension, or the Abbey, and are injurious to what is really commendable : But why

can-

cannot you only say 'tis a good Book? 'Tis true, at last you say it, when the whole Kingdom has approv'd it; when Foreigners, as well as your own Country-men are fond of it; when 'tis printed all over *Europe*, translated into all Languages, but then it is too late, and the Author is not oblig'd to you.

* Some having read a Book, quote certain Lines which they don't understand, and rob 'em of their value, by what they put in of their own: And these Lines so broken and disguis'd, that they are indeed their proper Stile and Thoughts they expose to censure, maintain 'em to be bad, and as they cite 'em, the World readily agrees with them: But the Passage they pretend to quote, is never the worse for their Injustice.

* Well, says one, What's your Opinion of *Hermodorus*'s Book? That 'tis bad, replys *Anthymus*; That 'tis bad, what do you mean, Sir? That 'tis bad, continues he; 'tis not a Book, or at least, it does not deserve to be taken notice of. Have you read it? No, says *Anthymus*: Why does he not add, *Fulvia* and *Melania* have condemn'd it without reading, and I am a Friend to *Fulvia* and *Melania*?

* *Arsenes*, from the Altitudes of his Understanding, contemplates Mankind, and at the distance from whence he beholds them, seems affrighted at their Littleness: Commended, exalted and mounted to the Skies, by certain Persons who have reciprocally covenanted to admire one another: Contented with his own Merit, he fancies he has as much Wit as he wants, and more than he ever will have: Possess'd with his high Thoughts, and full of sublime Ideas, he scarcely finds time to pronounce some certain Oracles: Elevated by

by his Character above humane Judgments, He leaves it for common Souls to value a common and uniform Life, being answerable for his inconstancy to none but his particular Friends, who have resolv'd to Idolize him: They alone know how to judge or think: They alone know how to write, and only ought to write. There is no Work, tho' never so well receiv'd in the World, or universally lik'd by Men of Wit and Sense, which he can approve, nay, which he would condescend to read; Incapable of being corrected by this Picture, which will not be so happy as to be seen by him.

L' Abbe de Dangeau. Theocrites is very well acquainted with what is trivial and unprofitable: He is very singular in all his Sentiments, and always less profound than methodical; he makes no use of any thing but his Memory, is reserv'd, scornful, and seems continually laughing to himself at such as he thinks do not value him. By chance I once read him something of mine, he heard it out with impatience, then patiently talkt of his own: But what said he of yours? say you: I have told you already, He talkt to me of his Own.

The most accomplisht Piece which the Age has produc'd, would fail under the hands of the Criticks and Censurers, if the Author would hearken to all their Objections, and allow every one to throw out the passage that pleas'd him the least.

Experience tells us, if there are ten Persons who would blot a Thought or an Expression out of a Book, there are a like number who would oppose it: These will alledge, For what would you suppress that Thought? 'Tis new, fine, and handomely exprest. Those, on the contrary, affirm it should be omitted, at least they would have given it another turn. In your Work, says one, there is

a Term exceeding witty, it points out your meaning very naturally ; methinks, says another, that word is too bold, and yet does not signify so much as you would have it. 'Tis the same word, and the same lines these Criticks differ so much about, and yet they are all Judges, or pass for such. What then shall an Author do, but follow the advice of those who approve it.

* A serious Author is not oblig'd to trouble his Head with all the extravagant Banters and bad Jests which are thrown on him, or to be concerned at the impertinent Constructions which a sort of ~~Wits~~ may make on some passages of his Writing, neither ought he to give himself the trouble to suppress 'em. He is convinc'd, that let a Man be ~~ever~~ so exact in his manner of Writing, the dull Raillery and wretched Buffoonry of certain ~~worth~~ less People are unavoidable, since they make use of the best things only to turn 'em into ridicule.

* What a prodigious difference is there between a fine Piece, and one that's Regular and Perfect ! I question whether there is any of the last kind. It being less difficult for a rare Genius to hit upon the Great and Sublime, than to avoid all Errors. The *Cid* at his first appearance was universally admir'd ; It liv'd in spite of Policy or Power, which attempted in vain to destroy it ; The Persons of Quality and the People, tho always divided in their Sentiments, united themselves in favour of this Tragedy, and agreed to learn it by heart, that they might be beforehand with the Actors in repeating it. The *Cid*, in short, is one of the finest Poems which can be made, and one of the best Criticisms which ever was written on any Subject is that on the *Cid*.

Boursaut. * *Capys*, who sets up for a Judge of Style, and fancies he writes like *Bouhours*, or *Rabutin*, opposes himself to the Voice of the People, and is the only Person that says *Damis* is not a good Author: *Damis* gives way to the Multitude, and affirms ingenuously with the Publick, that *Capys* is a dull Writer.

Boileau. *The Author of the Works of the Learned of Paris, &c.* * 'Tis the business of the Journalist to inform us when a Book is publisht, for whom 'tis printed, for *Cramoisy*, or for whom else, in what Character, how Bound, and on what Paper, and at what Sign the Bookseller lives. This is his Duty; 'tis his folly to pretend to Criticism.

The highest reach of a News-writer is an empty Reasoning on Policy, and vain Conjectures on the publick Management.

The News-writer lies down at Night in great Tranquility, relying upon some false News, which perishes before Morning, and which he is oblig'd to abandon as soon as he awakes.

* The Philosopher wastes his Life in observing Men, and exposing Vice and Folly; if at any time he makes his Thoughts publick, 'tis not so much from the vanity of being an Author, that he does so, as to set some Truth he has found out in a proper Light, that it may make the Impression he designs. Yet some Readers think they do very well by him, if they say with a Magisterial Air, they have read his Book, and that there is some Sense in it; but he returns them their Praises, which was not the design of his Labours and Elucubrations: He has higher Aims, and acts upon a more noble Principle: He requires from Mankind a greater and more extraordinary success than Commendation, or even Rewards. He requires Amend-
ment and Reformation.

* A Fool reads a Book, and understands nothing in it ; a Little Wit reads it, he fancies he is presently Master of it all without exception ; a Man of Sense sometimes does not comprehend it entirely, he distinguishes what is clear from what is obscure, whilst the *Beaux Esprits* will have those Passages dark which are not, and can't understand what is really intelligible.

* An Author endeavours in vain to make himself admir'd by his Productions. A Fool may sometimes admire him, but then 'tis but a Fool : And a Man of Sense has in him the Seeds of all the Truths and all Sentiments, nothing is new to him. He admires little ; He approves.

* I question if 'tis possible to find in Letters more Wit, a better Manner, more Agreeableness, and a finer Stile than we find in *Balzac's* and *Vouiture's*. 'Tis true, they are void of those Sentiments which have since taken amongst us, and were invented by the Ladies. That Sex excels ours in this kind of Writing ; those Expressions and Graces flow from 'em, which are in us the effects of tedious Labour, and troublesome Enquiry ; they are happy in their Terms, and place them so justly, that every one presently lights upon their meaning ; As familiar as they are, yet they have the Charm of Novelty, and seem only design'd for the use they put 'em to ; They only can express a whole Sentence in a single word, and render a delicate thought in a turn altogether as delicate : We find in all their Letters an inimitable connexion continu'd thro' the whole, very naturally, and only linkt together by the Sense. If the Ladies were more correct, I might affirm, that they have produc'd some Letters, the best written of any thing in our Language.

* Terence

* Terence wanted nothing but warmth : What Purity, what Exactness, what Politeness, what Elegance, and what Characters ? Moliere wanted nothing but to avoid Jargon, and to write purely. What Fire ? What Naivete ? What a Sourse of good Pleasantry ? What Imitation of Manners ? What Images ? What Satyr ? What a Man might be made of these two Comick Writers.

* I have read *Malherbe* and *Theophile* : They both understood Nature, with this difference : The first, in a plain, uniform Stile, discovers at once something noble, fine, simple and natural, like a good Painter, or a true Historian. The other, without Choice or Exactness, with a loose and uneven Pen, sometimes laden with Descriptions, grows heavy in particulars, and gives you an Anatomy ; sometimes he feigns, exaggerates, and goes so much beyond the natural Truth, that he makes a Romance.

* *Ronsard* and *Belzac* have each in their kind good and bad things, enough to form after 'em very great Men in Verse or Prose.

* *Marot* by his turn and stile, seems to have written since *Ronsard*. There is little difference between the first and us, but the alteration of a few Words.

* *Ronsard* and his Contemporaries were more prejudicial than serviceable to Stile. They kept it back in the way to perfection, and expos'd it to the danger of being always defective. 'Tis surprizing that *Marot's* Works, which are so easie and natural, had not made *Ronsard*, otherwise full of Rapture and Enthusiasm, a much greater Poet than *Ronsard* and *Marot* ; and that on the contrary, *Beleau*, *Jodelle*, and *Du Bartas*, were so soon followed by a Racan, and a *Malherbe* ; *that*

that the French Language, e'er it was scarce corrupted, should be so quickly recover'd.

* *Marot* and *Rablais* are inexcusable, for scattering so much Ribaldry in their Writings, they had both Genius and Wit enough to have omitted it, without striving to please such as would rather meet matter of Laughter than Admiration in an Author. *Rablais* is incomprehensible; his Book is an inexplicable *Ænigma*, a meer *Chimera*; 'tis a Womans Face, with the Feet and Tail of a Serpent, or some Beast more deform'd: 'Tis a monstrous Collection of fine and ingenious Morality, with a mixture of Beastliness: Where 'tis bad 'tis abominable, and fit for the diversion of the Rabble; and where 'tis good 'tis exquisite, and may entertain the most delicate.

Two Writers in their Works have condemn'd *Montaigne*: I confess he sometimes exposes himself to censure; but neither of these Gentlemen will allow him to have any thing valuable. One of 'em thinks too little, to taste an Author who thinks a great deal, and the other thinks too subtilly to be pleas'd with what is Natural.

*La Motte
la Verci
and Mal-
branch.*

* A grave, serious, and scrupulous Stile will live a long while: *Amyot* and *Coeffeteau* are read, and who else of their Contemporaries? *Belzac* for his Phrase and Expression is less old than *Voiture*. But if the Wit, Genius and Manner of the last is not Modern, nor so conformable to our present Writers, 'tis because they can more easily neglect than imitate them, and that the few who follow'd could never overtake them.

* The *Mercure Gallant* is a trifle below nothing, and there are many Works of the same importance; there is as much invention in Men to grow rich by dull Books, as there is want of Sense in

The Characters, or

buying them ; 'tis Ignorance of the Peoples Judgment, which makes Men sometimes fearful to venture abroad a great many dull Pieces.

* An Opera is the Sketch of some magnificent Shew, of which it serves to give one an Idea.

I wonder how 'tis possible that the Opera, with all its Musick and magnificence, should yet so successfully tire me.

There are some places in an Opera which make us desire more, and others that dispose us to wish it all over, according as we are pleas'd or offended with the Scenes, the Actions, and the Things represented.

An Opera is not even to this day a Poem, 'tis Verses ; nor a Shew, since Machines have disappear'd, by the dextrous management of *Amphion* and his Race. 'Tis a Consort of Voices assisted by Instruments. We are cheated by those, who tell us, Machines are the amusements of Children, and proper only for Puppet Plays. It encreases and embellishes the Fiction, and keeps the Spectators in that sweet illusion, which is the highest pleasure of the Theatre, especially where it has a mixture of Marvellous. There is no need of Wings, or Carrs, or Metamorphoses, in Tragedy : But they are necessary in the Opera, its chief design being to hold the Mind, the Eye and the Ear in an equal Inchantment.

* The Criticks, or such as would be thought so, will ever have the decisive Voice at all Publick Shews : They canton and divide themselves into Parties, o' both sides push'd on by a particular Interest, opposite to that of the Publick, or Equity, admiring only such a Poem, or such a piece of Musick, and condemning all the rest : They are sometimes so warm in their prejudices, that they

are at a loss how to defend 'em; and injure the Reputation of their Cabal by their visible Injustice and Partiality. These Men discourage the Poets and Musicians, by a thousand Contradictions, retarding the progress of Arts and Sciences, depriving several Masters of the Fruit they would draw from Emulation, and the World of many excellent Performances.

* What's the reason that we laugh so freely, but are ashame'd to weep at the Theatre? Is Nature less subject to be soften'd by Pity, than to burst out into Laughter at what is Comical? Is it the alteration of our looks that prevents us? That is greater in an immoderate Laughter, than in the most bitter Grief, and we turn away our Faces to laugh as well as to weep, in the presence of People of Quality, or such as we respect. Is it reluctance to be thought tender, or shew any emotion at a false subject, where we fancy we are impos'd on? Without naming some grave Men, or persons of sound Judgments, who think there is as much weakness shewn in laughing excessively as in weeping; what is it that we look for in Tragedy? Is it to laugh? Does not Truth reign there as lively by its Images, as in Comedy? And does not the Soul imagine things true in either kind before it suffers itself to be mov'd? Or is it so easie to be pleas'd, that verisimilitude is not necessary towards it? As therefore 'tis thought no odd thing to hear the whole Amphitheatre ring with an Universal Laughter, at some passage of a Comedy; but on the contrary, implies that something was pleasantly said, and naturally perform'd; so the extream violence which every one offers to himself in constraining his Tears, and disguising 'em with affected Grimaces, clearly prove that the Natural Effect

of good Tragedy is to make us Weep with all freedom, and in concert in one anothers fight, and without any other disturbance than wiping our Eyes; tho after we have agreed to indulge our Passion, 'twill be found there's often less room to fear we shou'd weep at the Theatre, than be tir'd or shock'd there.

* Tragedy engages the Soul in the very beginning, and gives it no time afterwards to wander from what 'tis employ'd about. If a Man gets a little release, 'tis only to be plung'd in new abysses, and into fresh alarms; it conducts him by Terror to Pity, and reciprocally by Pity to Terror; It leads him thro Tears, Sighs, Incertitudes, Hopes, Fears, Horrors and Surprizes, to the Catastrophe: It should not then be a Collection of pretty Thoughts, tender Declarations, gallant Discourses, agreeable Pictures, soft Words, or sometimes pleasant Jests, follow'd indeed at last with a † Scene of Mutineers, who right or wrong knock some unfortunate Man on the Head, and so make a clear Stage.

* 'Tis not sufficient that the Manners of the Stage ought not to be bad, they should be decent and instructive. Some things are so low, so mean, so dull and insignificant in themselves, that the Poet is not permitted to write, nor the Audience to be diverted by 'em. The Peasant or the Drunkard may furnish out some Scenes for the Farce-Writer; they must never enter into true Comedy; for since such Characters cannot answer the main end, they should not be the main Action of the Play. Perhaps you will say they are natural; so is a Lacquey whistling, or a Sick Man on his Close-Stool; by the same Rule you may bring them on the Stage, or the Drunkard Shoaring and Vomiting;

is there any thing more natural? 'Tis the property of an Effeminate fellow to rise late, to pass the best part of the day at his Toilet, to adjust himself at his Glafs, to be Perfum'd and Powder'd, to put on his Patches, to receive and answer his *Billets*: When this part is brought to the Stage, if 'tis continu'd two or thhee Acts it may be the more natural, and conformable to the Original, but 'tis the more dull and insipid.

* Plays and Romances, in my opinion, may be made as useful as they are prejudicial to such as read 'em: There are so many great examples of Constancy, Virtue, Tenderness, and Disinterest; so many fine and perfect Characters, that when a young Person turns his Prospect thence on every thing about him, and finds nothing but unworthy Objects, very much below what he came from admiring, I wonder how he can be guilty of the least weakness for them.

* * Corneille cannot be equall'd where he is Excellent, he is then an Original and unimitable, but he is unequal; his first Plays are dry and languishing, and gave us no reason to hope he would afterwards rise to such a height; and his last Plays make us wonder how he could fall from it. In some of his best pieces there are unpatdonable faults against the Manners; his declamatory Stile puts a stop to the Action, and makes it languish? There are such negligences in the Verse and Expression, that we can hardly comprehend how so great a Man could be guilty of 'em. The most eminent thing in him is his sublime Genius, to which he is beholden for some of the happiest Verses that ever were read, and for the Conduct of his Plays, where he often ventures against the Rules of the Antients: He is admirable in unravelling his

Plots, and in this does not always subject himself to the judgment of the Greeks, or their great simplicity : On the contrary, he loads the Scene with events, and most commonly comes off with success ; He is above all to be admir'd for his great variety, and the little agreement we find in his designs, amongst the great number of Poems he compos'd. In *Racine's* Plays, there is more likeness, they lead more to the same thing : But he is even and every where supported, as well in the Design and Conduit of his Pieces, which are just, regular, full of good sense, and natural, as in the Versification, which is rich in Rhimes, elegant, numerous, harmonious, and correct. He is an exact imitator of the Antients, whom he follows religiously in the simplicity of Action. He wants not the Sublime and the Marvellous ; and where 'tis proper he is Master of the Moving and the Pathetick, as well as his Predecessor *Corneille*. Where can we find greater tenderness than is diffus'd thro the *Cid*, *Polieuſte*, and the *Horaces* ? What greatness of Soul is there in *Mithridates*, *Porus*, and *Buribus* ? They were both well acquainted with Terror and Pity, the favourite Passions of the Ancients, which the Poets are fond of exciting on the Theatre. As *Orestes* in the *Andromache* of *Racine*, the *Phedra* of the same Author, and the *Oedipus* and the *Horaces* of *Corneille* sufficiently prove. If I may be allow'd to make a comparison, or to shew the Talent of both the One and the Other, as 'tis to be discover'd in their Writings, I should probably say, that *Corneille* subjects us to his Characters and Idei's : *Racine's* are more conformable to our own : The One paints Men as they ought to be ; the Other describes 'em as they are. There is in the first more of what we admire,

admire, and ought to imitate ; and in the second more of what we know in others, and approve in our selves. *Corneille* elevates, surprizes, triumphs, and instructs. *Racine* pleases, affects, moves, and penetrates. The former works on us by what is fine, noble, and commanding : The latter insinuates himself into us by the delicacy of his Passions. One is full of Maxims, Rules and Precepts ; the other of pleasing and agreeable sentiments : We are engag'd more at *Corneille's* Pieces, at *Racine's* more soften'd and concern'd. *Corneille* is more Moral, *Racine* more Natural. The one seems to imitate *Sophocles*, the other *Euripides*.

* Some Persons have a facility of speaking alone, and a long time, join'd with extravagant Gestures, a loud Voice, and strong Lungs : This the People call Eloquence. Pedants confine Eloquence to publick Orations, and then cannot distinguish it from a heap of Figures, from the use of great Words, and the roundness of Periods.

Logick is the Art to make Truth prevalent ; and Eloquence a gift of the Soul that renders one Master of the Sense and Hearts of other Men, by which we perswade and inspire 'em with what we please.

Eloquence may be found in all Discourses and all kind of Writings ; 'tis rarely where we seek it, and sometimes where 'tis least expected.

Eloquence is to the Sublime, what the whole is to its part.

What is the Sublime ? It do's not appear that any body has defin'd it : Is it a Figure ? Is it compos'd of one or more Figures ? Does the Sublime enter into all sorts of Writing ? Or are great subjects only capable of it ? Is it not in Eclogues, a fine Wit and a natural Simplicity ; in familiar Letters and Conversation a great Delicacy ; or rather is not Wit and Delicacy the Sublime of those

Works where they make the Perfection ; What is this Sublime, and in what does it consist ?

Synonyma's are several Dictions, or different Phrases that signifie the same thing. An Antithesis is the opposition of two Truths, which give light to each other. A Metaphor, or Comparison, borrows from a strange thing the natural and sensible Image of a true one. An Hyperbole expresses things above Truth ; to reduce the mind to understand it better. The Sublime paints nothing but the Truth ; only in a noble Subject, it paints it all entire in its Causes and Effects : 'Tis the Expression or Image most worthy the Dignity of the Truth its treats of. Little Wits cannot find the proper single Expression, and therefore use Synonyma's. Young Men are dazl'd with the Lustre of an Antithesis, and generally make use of it. True Wits, and such who delight in Images that are exact, are for Metaphors and Comparisons. Quick Wits, full of fire, and whom a vast imagination carries beyond either Rules or Justice, are never satisfy'd without an Hyperbole. As for the Sublime, 'tis even among the greatest Genius's only the most elevated that are capable of it.

* Every one who would write purely, should put himself in the place of his Readers, examine his own Work as a thing that is new to him, which he never read before, where he is not at all concern'd, and which the Author had submitted to his Criticism. He should not suppose another Man will understand his Writings, because he understands 'em himself, but because they are in themselves really intelligible.

An Author should not only endeavour to make himself understood, but he must strive to inform us of such things as deserve to be understood. He ought, 'tis true, to have pure Language and a chaste

Ex-

Expression ; but they also ought to express lively, noble, and solid thoughts, full of good Sense and sound Reason. He prostitutes Chastity and Clearness of Stile, who wastes it on some frivolous, puerile, dull and common Subject, that has neither Spirit, Fire, nor Novelty ; where the Reader may perhaps easily find out the meaning of the Author, but he is much more certain to be tir'd with his Productions.

If we aim to be profound in certain Writings : If we affect a Polite turn, and sometimes too much Delicacy, 'tis meerly from the good opinion we have of our Readers.

* We have this disadvantage in reading Books *The Je-*
written by Men of Party and Cabal ; we seldom ^{suits and} meet with Truth in 'em ; Actions are there dis-
guis'd, the reasons of both fides are not alledg'd
with all their force, nor with an entire exactness.
He who has the greatest patience must read abundance
of hard and scurrilous reflections on the
graveſt men, who make a personal quarrel about
a point of Doctrine, or matter of Controversie.
These Books are particular in this, that they deserve
not the prodigious Sale they find at their first appearance, nor the profound Oblivion that attends
'em afterwards : When the fury and division of
Parties cease, they are forgotten like an Almanack
out of date.

'Tis the Glory and Merit of some Men to write well, and of others not to write at all.

* For this last twenty years we have been regular in our Writings : We have faithfully observ'd Construction, and enrich'd our Language with new words, thrown off the Yoke of *Latinism*, and reduc'd our stile to a pure *French* Phrase : We have almost found again the numbers which *Malherbe* and

and *Balzac* hit upon first, and so many Authors after 'em suffer'd to be lost. We have, in short, brought into our Discourses all the order and clearness they are capable of, and this will insensibly lead us at last to add Wit.

* There are some Artists and Skilful Men, whose Genius is as vast as the Art or Science they profess: They pay with Interest, by their Contrivance and Invention, what they borrow from its Principles: They frequently break through the Rules of Art to enoble it, and thwart the common Roads, if they don't conduct 'em to what is great and Extraordinary; They go alone, they leave their company a long way behind, whilst they are by themselves mounting high, and penetrating far into the secrets of their profession: Embolden'd by their success, and encourag'd by the advantages they draw from their irregularity. Whilst Men of ordinary, soft and moderate parts, as they can never reach 'em, so they never admire 'em they can't comprehend, and much less imitate 'em; they live peaceably within the compass of their own Sphere, aiming at a certain point, which makes the bounds of their insight and capacity; They go no farther, because they see nothing beyond it; They are at best but the first of a second Class, and excellent in Mediocrity.

* I may venture to call certain Wits Inferior or Subaltern, they seem as if they were born only to collect, register and raise Magazines out of the productions of other Genius's; They are Plagiaries, Tranflators, or Compilers; They ne'r think, but tell you what other Men have thought: And as the good choice of Thoughts proceeds from Invention, having none of their own, they are seldom just in their Collections, but choose rather to make

make them large than excellent: They have nothing original of their own, they know nothing of what they learn, and learn what the rest of the World are unwilling to know, a vain and useless Science, neither agreeable nor profitable in Commerce or Conversation: Like false Money, it has no currency; for we are at once surpriz'd with their Reading, and tir'd with their Company and Writings: However, the Great ones and the Vulgar mistake 'em for Men of Learning; but wise Men know very well what they are, and rank 'em with the Pedants.

* Criticism is commonly a Trade, not a Science; it requires more Health than Wit, more Labour than Capacity, and Habit than Genius. If a Person pretends to it, who has less discernment than reading, and engages himself in some Subjects, he will corrupt his own Judgment as well as his Reader's.

* I wou'd advise an Author, born only to Copy, who in extreme Modesty works after another Man, to choose for his Patterns such Writings as are full of Wit, Imagination, and even good Learning: If he does not reach his Originals, he may at least come somewhat near 'em, and may make himself read: He ought, on the contrary, to avoid, as he would destruction, any desire to imitate those who write by humour, who speak from their passion, which inspires them with Figures and Terms, and draw, if I may say it, from their very Entrails, what they express on their Paper. These are dangerous Models, and will infallibly make him write meanly, dully and ridiculously. Besides, I should laugh at a Man who would seriously endeavour to speak in my tone of Voice, or be like me in the Face.

original writing

* A man born a Christian and a Frenchman, is confin'd in Satire: The great Subjects are forbidden him, he attempts 'em sometimes, and then turns off to the little things which he raises by the beauty of his Genius and his Style.

* Every one should avoid the empty and puerile Stile, for fear of being like [†] *Varillas* and [†] *Mainbourg*.

* *Handburg*: On the contrary, in one sort of Writing, a man may be sometimes bold in his Expressions, use Transpositions, and any thing which paints his Subject to the Life; pitying those who are not sensible of the pleasure which there is in this liberty to such as use and understand it.

* He who regards nothing more in his Works than the taste of the Age, has a greater value for his Person than his Writings: He should always aim at Perfection; and tho his Contemporaries refuse him Justice, Posterity will give it him.

* We must never put a Jest in the wrong place: It offends instead of pleasing, and vitiates our own Judgments as well as other Men's. The Ridicule is only proper when it comes in with a good Grace, and in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

* *Horace* or *Boileau* have said such a thing before you. I take your word for it, but I said it as my own, and may not I think a just thought after them, as others may do the same after me?

Of Personal Merit.

* WHO is there that is not convinc'd, he is but a useless Person, tho he has never so many good Qualities, and never such an extraordinary

dinary Merit; when he considers that at his Death, he leaves a World which is not like to miss him, and where there are such numbers to supply his Place.

* All the worth of some People lies in their mighty Names; Look but near 'em, and that which we took for Merit disappears. 'Twas only the distance which impos'd on us before.

* Tho I am very well perswaded that those persons, who are chose for different Employments, every Man according to his Genius and Profession, acquit themselves well, yet I shall venture to say, that there are in the World a great many Men, known or unknown, who are not employ'd, that would acquit themselves altogether as well. And this I'm inclin'd to think from the strange succes of some People, whom Fortune only has thrown into Posts, and from whom, till then, no great matters were expe&cted.

How many admirable Men and fine Genius's are dead without ever being talk'd of? And how many are there living, that neither now, nor ever will be talk'd of?

* How difficult is it for a Man, without Cabal or Party, who is engag'd with no Society, or Body of Men, but who stands alone, and has nothing but a great deal of Merit for his Recommendation; how difficult, I say, will it be for him to make his way thro his Obscurity, and come to stand upon a Level with a Coxcomb in great Reputation!

* Tis seldom that one Man, of himself, finds out the Merit of another.

Men are so employ'd about themselves, that they have not the leisure to distinguish and penetrate into others; which is the Cause that a great Merit, join'd

The Characters, or

joined to a great Modesty, may be a long time before 'tis discover'd.

* A Genius and great Abilities are sometimes wanting, sometimes only Opportunities. Some deserve Praise for what they have done, and others for what they could have done.

* 'Tis not so hard to meet with Wit, as with people that make a good Use of their own, or another Man's.

* There are more Tools than Workmen, and of the last more bad than good : What think you of him that takes up his Plain to Saw with, and wou'd needs Plain his Work with his Saw ?

* There is not in the World so toilsome a Trade as that of pursuing Fame : Life concludes before you have gone thro with the rough part of your Work.

* What's to be done with this *Egesippus*, who sollicits for an Employment ? Shall he have a Post in the Exchequer or in the Army ? 'Tis indeed perfectly indifferent, which of 'em he has : Nor can any thing but Interest decide it, for he's ev'n as good an Accomptant, as he is a Souldier. Oh ! but his Friends say, he's capable of any thing ; that is, He has a Talent for no one thing more than an other, and that is, in other terms, he's capable of nothing. Thus 'tis with most Men : They bestow their Youth entirely upon themselves ; They debauch themselves with Idleness and Pleasure, and then falsely think when they are Old or Poor, the Commonwealth is bound to relieve 'em ; never regarding that important Maxim, which says, That Men ought to employ the first years of Life to become so qualify'd by their Studies and Pains, that the Commonwealth may have occasion for their

their Knowledge or Industry; That they may be like necessary Materials in the Fabrick of the Commonwealth, and so the Publick in Interest and Honour stand oblig'd to Advance them.

'Tis our Duty to render our selves perfectly well qualify'd for some Employment; the rest does not concern us. 'Tis the business of others.

* To owe our Merit to our selves alone, without any dependance on others, or to renounce our pretensions to Merit, is an inestimable Maxim, and of infinite advantage in the World. 'Tis favourable to the Weak, the Virtuous, and the Witty, whom it either renders Masters of their Fortune, or their Ease; but pernicious to the Great, whom it would abridge of their Attendants, or rather of the number of their Slaves; wou'd mortifie their Pride with the loss of some share of their Authority, and wou'd reduce 'em almost to their own Equipage. This wou'd deprive 'em of the Pleasure of being courted, prest, solicited, of the satisfaction of being attended, or of refusing, of promising and not performing. This wou'd thwart 'em in the humour they have sometimes of bringing Coxcombs into play, extenuating Merit when they chance to discern it. This wou'd banish from Courts, Intrigues, Caballings, ill Offices, Flattery, Baseness and Deceit. This wou'd, of a tempestuous Court, full of Plots and Contrivances, make it to resemble one of the ordinary Representations of the Theatre, where the Wife are never but Spectators. This wou'd restore Dignity to the several conditions of Men, and Serenity to their Looks, enlarge their Liberty, and revive in 'em, together with the natural Talents, the habit of Labour and Exercise. This wou'd excite 'em to Emulation, to a Desire of Glory, to a Love of Virtue; and instead of vile, unquiet or

lazy

lazy Courtiers, burthensome often to the Commonwealth, wou'd teach 'em Prudence in the Conduct of their Families, or in the management of their Estates, or make 'em upright Judges, or good Officers, or great Commanders, or Orators, or Philosophers ; and all the Inconvenience of this to any of them, wou'd be perhaps to leave their Heirs not so vast an Estate as an excellent Example.

* There is occasion for a great deal of Resolution, as well as Greatness of Soul, to refuse Posts and Employments, and to rest content with retirement, and doing nothing. There are few who have Merit enough to play this part handsomely, or know how to pass their leisure hours, without that which the Vulgar call Busines. There is nothing wanting to the Idleness of a wise Man, but a better name, and that his Meditation, Discourse, Reading and Repose, should be call'd Employment.

* A Man of Merit and in Place is never uneasy and out of humour thro' Vanity. The Post that he is in does not puff him up so much, as a greater, which he thinks he deserves, and which he has not, makes him humble. He is more subject to be disturb'd, than to be haughty or disdainful ; 'tis at himself alone that he is concern'd.

* 'Tis a great deal of trouble for a Man of Merit to make his Court assiduously ; but not for the Reason which some may presently imagine. He has more Modesty than to think that he does the least Pleasure to a Prince, to stand constantly in his Passage, to post himself just before him, and make himself taken notice of ; He is more apt to fear that he's importunate, and all the Reasons drawn from Custom and Duty, are hardly sufficient

sufficient to perswade him to make his appearance. While on the contrary, another who has a good Opinion of himself, and one whom the Vulgar cry up for a brisk Man, takes a Pride to shew himself, and makes his Court with the greater Confidence, because it cannot enter into his Head, that the Great, by whom he is seen every Day, should think otherwise of him, than he does of himself.

* The Pleasure, which a Man of Honour takes in being conscious to himself of having perform'd his Duty, is a Reward he pays himself for all his Pains, and makes him the less to regret the applause, esteem and acknowledgments, which he is sometimes depriv'd of.

* If I durst make a Comparison between two Conditions of Life vastly different. I would say, that a Man of Courage applys himself to the Execution of his Duty, almost in the same manner, as a Tyler goes about his Work: Neither the one nor the other seeks to expose his Life, so neither of 'em is diverted by Danger. Death is an Inconvenience that happens in both their Callings, but is never an Obstacle. The first is not more vain, for having appear'd in the Trenches, mounted a Breach, or forc'd a Retrenchment, than the other is, for having climb'd to some desperate height, or to the top of some Steeple. 'Twas the endeavour of both these to do well, while the Coward only endeavours to get it said that he did so.

* Modesty is to Merit what Shades are to the Figures in a Picture. It gives it Strength and Heightning.

That simplicity of outward appearance, which in vulgar Men, seems to be their proper Cloaths, shap'd and fitted to their Size, is the ornamental

Habit of those Persons whose Lives have been full of great Actions. I compare 'em to the Beauty, that is more Charming for being Negligent.

Some People, who in themselves being very well satisfy'd with the tolerable Success of some Action which they have done, and having heard that Modesty becomes great Men, affect the natural Air and Simplicity of the truly Modest ; Like those People, who, tho they are none of the tallest, stoop when they come under a Door, for fear of striking their Heads against the top of it.

+ Mr D.
Harley, A.
vocate
General.

* Mr D.
Courtan-
vaux.

+ Mr Lou-
wry.

* Your + Son lisps, think not of making him mount the Tribunal : your Daughter too looks as if she were made for the World, never confine her among the *Vestals*. * *Xanthus* your Freed man is timorous and feeble, make no delay, but take him out of the Legions presently. You say, you would advance him, Heap Wealth on him then, load him with Lands, Titles and Possessions. Make use of your Time, for now we live in such an Age, when they will do him more Credit than Virtue. But this will cost me too much, you reply. Ah, + *Crassus* ! do you now speak seriously ? Why ! 'tis no more for you to enrich *Xanthus*, the Person whom you Love, than 'tis for you to procure a Drop of Water from the *Tiber*, and by that means to prevent the ill Consequences which must certainly attend his present Engagement in an Affair which he is absolutely unfit for.

* 'Tis Virtue which should determine us in the Choice of our Friends, so 'tis that alone, which we should always regard in 'em, without enquiring into their good or ill Fortune ; and when we find we have resolution enough to follow 'em in adversity, then we ought boldly, and with assurance,

rance, to cultivate their Friendship in their greatest Prosperity.

* If 'tis common to be toucht with things that are scarcee and rare, how comes it that we are so little toucht with Virtue?

* If 'tis a Happiness to be nobly Descended, 'tis no less to have so much Merit, that no body enquires whether we are so or no.

* There has appeared in the World from time to time, some admirable extraordinary Men, whose Virtue and eminent Qualities have cast a prodigious Lustre; like those unusual Stars in the Heavens, ^{† The Car-} the causes of which we are ignorant of, and know ^{dinal d'} as little what becomes of them after they disappear. These Men neither have Ancestors, nor Posterity: They alone compose their whole Race.

* Right Reason discovers to us our Duty, and the Obligation we lye under to perform it. If Danger attends it, to perform it in spight of Danger. It either inspires us with Courage, or serves us instead of it.

* The Man that is single and free in the World, if he has Wit, may live and make a Figure above his Fortune or Quality. Which is not so easily done, if he's confin'd. Marriage seems to range every Body in their proper Rank and Degree.

* Next to personal Merit, it must be own'd, ^{The Arch-} that eminent Dignities and Titles give the greatest ^{bishop of} Distinction and Lustre to Men, and that the ^{Rheims.} Person who does not know how to be an *Erasmus*, is in the right to endeavour to be a Bishop. Some, to encrease their Fame, heap Dignity upon Dignity, one Honour on another, are created Peers, Knights of the Order, Primates, and what not. They ma-

† *Cardinal* want the *Tiara*; but what occasion has † *Trophi-Camus*. *nus* to be made a *Cardinal*?

† *Lord Stafford.* * You tell me that the Gold in † *Philemon*'s rich Cloaths makes a glittering show, but does it not do the same thing at the Lace man's? His Cloaths are made of the finest Stuffs, but are those same Stuffs less fine in the Shops, or in the whole Piece? But then the Embroidery and other Trimming make 'em still more magnificent. Do they so? I think for that his Taylor's Fancy is to be commended. Ask him what a Clock 'tis, he pulls out a Watch, which for the Workmanship is a Master piece; he has an Onix for the Handle of his Sword, and on his Finger he wears so large and bright a Diamond, that it dazles your Eyes to look on't; he wants none of all those curious Toys, which are worn more out of Ostentation than Service; and is as Extravagant in his Dress, as a young Fellow that has Marry'd a Rich Widow. Well, at last you have given me the Curiosity to see at least all this Finery; but, do you hear, send me hither *Philemon*'s Cloaths and Jewels, and I'll excuse you for his Person.

Thou art mightily mistaken, *Philemon*, with that glittering Coach, that number of Rascals behind it, and before it, and those six Horses to draw thee in State, if thou thinkest to be esteem'd a whit the more: No, we make our way thro' all that Train, which is not properly thine, to come directly to thy self, whom we find to be a Coxcomb.

Not but 'tis true, the Man is to be forgiven who fancies himself the greater Wit, and the more Nobly descended, because of his rich Coaches, Cloaths and splendid Equipage; for indeed 'tis but the fame

same Opinion which he reads in the Faces and Eyes of those who address him.

* You have seen at Court, and often in the City, one with a long Silk Cloak, or a very fine Cloath one, a large Surcingle ty'd high upon his Breast, Shoes of the finest Turkey Leather, and a little Cap of the same, a starcht Band, and Hair most nicely curl'd, and set in great order, with a fair, ruddy Complexion, who has talkt of Metaphysical Distinctions, of the Light of Glory and Visibility of God, &c. This thing is call'd a Doctor. Another [†] is humble, has been bury'd alive [†] Pere in his Closet, has study'd, searcht, enquir'd, disputed, read, or writ all his Life time. This is Mabillon. the Man of Learning.

* 'Tis with us the Business of the Soldier to be brave, and for one of the Long-Robe to be Learned; we proceed no farther. With the Romans, the Gown-man was Brave, and the Souldier Learned. A Roman in one Person united both these Professions.

* The Hero seems only to be a Soldier, while the Great Man is of all Professions, a Scholar, a Soldier, a Statesman and Courtier; put 'em together, they are not both worth one honest Man.

* In War the distinction between the Hero and the Great Man is very nice. All the Military Virtues go to the making up of both their Characters. The first seems to be young, daring, bold, venturesome and dauntless. The other excels him in a profound Sense, a vast Foresight, a great Capacity, and a long Experience. Perhaps *Alexander* was but a Hero, and *Cæsar* was the Great Man.

* [†] *Æmilius* receiv'd all these Qualities at his Birth, to which the greatest Men do not arrive, ^{The last Prince of Conde.} without abundance of Rules, Study, and Application;

tion; He had no more to do in his tender years, but to give up himself entirely to the Conduct of his own happy Genius; He did, he acted several things before he knew 'em, or rather he knew those things which he had never been taught. Shall I say it? Several Victories that he gain'd, were the Plays and Diversions of his Infancy. It would make a Life, attended with long Success and Experience, illustrious, only to have performed the Actions of his Youth. All the Occasions which have since offer'd, he has embrac'd, and has come off Victorious; His Virtue and his Stars have created Occasions on purpose for him; He was admir'd for what he could have done, as well as for what he had done. The People look'd on him as a Man, for whom it was impossible, to yield to the Enemy, to give ground either for Numbers or Difficulty. They regarded him, as one having a Soul of a Superior Order, which by its Light and Knowledge, saw farther than any Man did before. To behold him at the head of the Legions, was a sure Presage of Victory, and his single Person accounted more valuable than many Legions. He was great in Prosperity, greater by the Opposition of Fortune. The raising of a Siege, a Retreat, have gain'd him more Honour than a Triumph. They were esteem'd next to Battels won, and Towns taken. He was at once full of Glory and Modesty. He has been heard to say, *I fled*, with the same Grace that he said, *We beat them*. He was devoted to the State and his Family, sincere to God and Man, as passionate an Admirer of Merit, as if he had not been so well acquainted with it himself. True, unaffected, magnanimous; one in whom none of all the Virtues were wanting, but those which were not Extraordinary.

* The

* The Race of the Gods, if I may express my *Sons*,
self so, are exempt from the Rules of Nature. *Grandsons*
They are like the Exceptions from her General *of Kings*.
Rules : They wait not for Time or Age. Merit in
them prevents Years ; They are instructed as soon
as born, and arrive at the perfect State of Man-
hood, before ordinary Men get out of their In-
fancy.

* Short-sighted People, I mean such who have
but straight Imaginations, which never extend be-
yond their own little Sphere, cannot comprehend
that Universality of Talents which is observable
sometimes in the same Persons. They exclude Soli-
dity from any thing that's agreeable; or when they
discover in any one the Graces of the Body, Acti-
vity, Dexterity, Address, they will not allow them
the Endowments of the Mind ; Judgment, Prudence,
Wisdom. Let History say what it will, they will
not believe that *Socrates* ever danc'd.

* There are few Men so accomplisht, or so ne-
cessary, but have some failings or other, which
will make their Friends bear the loss of 'em with
the greater Patience.

* 'Tis not impossible for a Man of Wit, but of
a Character Plain and Sincere, to fall into a Snare.
He thinks no body would lay one for him, or pick
him out to make a Bubble of. This confidence of
his makes him less cautious, and the *Buffoons* are
very smart in their Raillery upon his Security.
They who attempt him a second time will certain-
ly pay for all. He is Cheated but Once.

I would, as it is but Justice, carefully avoid the
offending any Person, but above all, a Man of
Wit, if I had no regard in the World but to my
own Interest.

The Characters, or

* There are those manners and peculiar ways in Men, which will appear, and discover what they are, let them be never so close, or let 'em use never so much cunning, or care to conceal 'em. A Blockhead neither comes, nor goes, nor sits, nor rises, nor is silent, nor stands upon his Legs, like a Man of Sense.

+ *The Abbot* * I came to know + *Mopsus* from a Visit he made to Pier. me once, tho' he had no acquaintance with me before: But 'tis common with him to desire some whom he does not know, to bring him acquainted with others to whom he's equally unknown; and to write to a Woman, whom he only knows by sight; He introduces himself into a Conversation of People, that deserve the last Distinction and Respect, tho' he is a perfect Stranger to every one of 'em; and there, without waiting till he's askt, or without perceiving that he's Troublesome, he falls a talking after his manner; that is, both a great deal, and ridiculously. At another time, he comes into a publick Assembly, and sits down any where, without any regard to others or himself; He is remov'd out of a Place which was reserv'd for some Minister of State, and he goes and seats himself in one that belongs to a Duke; He is the Diversion of the Croud, yet so grave himself, that he is the only Person there that does not Laugh; He is like the Dog, drive him out of the King's Chair, up he jumps in the Preachers Desk. He looks on the Reflections of the World, without any manner of concern or blushing. For Modesty, the Blockhead and he may very well go together.

+ *The Bar-
ron of Bre-
tueil, En-
voy to
Mantua.* + *Celsus* is but of mean Condition, yet those of the best Quality entertain him; He has no Learning, yet he has Business with the Learned; He has little merit himself, yet he is acquainted with those who

who have a great deal ; He has no Abilities, but a Tongue that serves just to make him understood, and Feet that carry him from one place to another. He is a Fellow made to run backwards and forwards on Errands, to hear Proposals, and report 'em ; to make some of his own, and exceed his Commission, and then to be disown'd in it ; to reconcile People, that fall out again the first time they see one another ; to succeed in one Affair, and fail in a thousand ; to attribute all the Honour of a Success to himself, and cast all the Odium of a Miscarriage on others. He is inform'd of all the News and little Stories about Town ; He acts nothing himself, but only hears and repeats what others do ; He is acquainted with the Secrets of Families, and concern'd in the deepest Mysteries ; He tells you the Reason why such a one was discarded, and another recall'd, and in Favour ; He knows the Ground and Causes of the Difference between those two Brothers, and of the Rupture of those two Ministers. Did not he foretel at first, what would be the sad Consequence of their misunderstanding ? Did not he say, that their Intimacy would not last long ? Was not he present when such and such words were spoken ? Did not he negotiate that Affair ? Would they believe him ? Was it minded what he said ? To whom do you talk at this rate ? Who has had a greater hand in all the Intrigues of the Court than *Celsus* ? And if it were not so, if he had not thought on't, and consider'd it very well, would he offer to make you believe it ? or else, how do ye think he should come by that grave and politick Air, which makes him look so like one newly return'd from an Embassie ?

^X [†] *Menippus* is the Crow that is made fine with ^{† The Duke} other Birds Feathers : He neither speaks nor thinks ^{de} ^{roy.} Ville-
him-

himself, but repeats other Peoples Thoughts and Discourse. 'Tis so natural for him to make use of their Wit, that he is the first himself that's deceiv'd by it; for thinking to give his own Judgment, or express his own Conception, he does but Echo the last Man he parted with. He's pretty tolerable for a quarter of an hour, but then immediately he flags, and when his shallow Memory begins to fail him, grows downright insipid; He is of himself the only Person that's Ignorant how far he is from being Sublime and Heroick, as he affects, and is very unfit to judge of the Extent of Wit, since he very innocently believes, that he has himself, as much as 'tis possible for any Man to have, and accordingly assumes the Air and Management of one that neither desires any more, nor envies others. He is often in Soliloquy, which he so little endeavours to conceal, that you may meet him gabbling and arguing to himself, as if some great Matter were under his Deliberation. If you salute him at such a time, you put him into a strange perplexity, to know whether he shall return your Salutation or no; and before he comes to a Resolution, you are got quite out of sight. 'Tis his Vanity that has elevated him, and made him the Man of Honour which he is not naturally. To observe him, you would conclude it was his whole Employment to consider his own Person, Drefs and Motions; that he fancy'd all Mens Eyes were open only to behold him, and that as they past along, he thought they only reliev'd one another to admire him.

* He that has a Palace of his own, with his two Apartments, one for the Summer, and the other for the Winter, yet takes up with an uneasie Lodging in the *Louvre*, does not do this out of Modesty. Another, who, to preserve his fine Shape,

Shape, abstains from Wine, and eats but one Meal a day, is neither Sober nor Temperate. A Third, who, at the Importunity of his poor Friend, gives him some Relief, may be said to buy his Quiet ; but by no means to be Liberal. 'Tis the motive, the inducment, that makes our Actions meritorious , and they are then perfectly so, when we do 'em without Interest or Design.

* False Greatness is unsociable, inaccessible, as if 'twere sensible of its weakness, and strove to conceal it. 'Twill not be seen, except just so much, as may carry on the Deceit, but dares not shew its Face, for fear of discovering how really little and mean it is. True Greatness, on the contrary, is free, complaisant, familiar, popular, suffers itself to be touch'd and handl'd, loses nothing by being view'd near at hand, is rather more known and admir'd for't. It stoops out of Goodness to its Inferiours, and returns without constraint to its self again ; Sometimes it is all loose and negligent, lays aside all its Advantages, yet never loses the power of resuming 'em, and commanding Reverence ; it preserves Dignity in the greatest Liberties of Laughing, Playing, Trifling ; We approach it at once with freedom and awe. Its Character is Noble and Humane, inspiring Respect and Assurance. This makes us to consider Princes, as exalted to the heighth of Greatness, without making us to reflect with Mortification, on the Towness of our own Condition.

* The Wise Man is cur'd of Ambition by Ambition ; he aims at such great things, that Riches, Preferment, Fortune and Favour cannot satisfie him. He sees nothing good and solid enough in such poor Advantages to engage his Heart, to deserve his Care or his Desire ; He uses some Violence with

with himself not to despise 'em too much. The only good that is of Temptation to him, is that kind of Honour, which is deriv'd from pure and unmixt Virtue, but that Men will very rarely afford, and so he's content to go without it.

* He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he's better still ; and if he suffers from them, to whom he did good, he is arriv'd to that height of Goodness, that nothing but an increase of his Sufferings can add to it ; If it proves his Death, his Virtue can ascend no higher ; 'Tis Heroism compleat.

Of Women.

* **T**IS seldom that the Merit of a Woman is universally agreed on by both Sexes ; their Interests are too different. The Women are displeas'd with those very same Beauties in another, which render 'em agreeable to the Men. A thousand Charms which inflame us with the most violent and tender Love, move in them quite contrary Passions, Aversion and Malice.

* The Greatness of some Women is all artificial : It consists in the Motions of their Eyes, the Toss of their Head, a Stately Mien, and a Superficial Wit, that passes on those who understand no better. There is in others an easie, natural Greatness, nothing beholde to Motions, Looks or Gesture, & ut springs from the Heart, and is the happy Con.

Consequence of their noble Extraction : A Merit, not Noisy or Ostentatious, but Solid, accompany'd with a thousand Virtues, which, in spight of all their modesty, break out and shine to all who have but Eyes to discern 'em.

* I could wish to be a Woman, that is, a Beautiful Woman, from Thirteen to Two and twenty ; but after that Age to be a Man again.

* Nature has been very kind to some young Ladies, but they are not sensible of the Happiness : They spoil by Affectation, those Gifts which they enjoy by the distinguishing Favour of Heaven. The Tone of their Voice, their Mein are not their own : They study, they consult their Glasses, how to Dress themselves as much out of Nature as they can ; and 'tis not without a great deal of Trouble, that they are able to make themselves less agreeable.

* If 'tis the Ambition of Women only to appear Handsome in their own Eyes, they are in the right without doubt, to take what course they please to Beautify themselves, and in the Choice of their Dress and Ornaments, to follow their own Caprice and Fancy : But if 'tis the Men whom they wou'd Charm, if 'tis for them they Wash and Paint ; I have told their Votes in that case, and I do assure them from all the Men, or from the greatest part, that the White and Red they use, makes 'em look hideous and frightful ; that they hate as much to see Women with Paint on their Faces, as with false Teeth in their Mouths, or Balls to plump out their Cheeks ; that they solemnly protest against all Art, which indeed does but make 'em ugly, and is the last and infallible means that Heav'n takes to reclaim Men from their Love.

If Women were form'd by Nature, what they make themselves by Art; if they were to lose in a minute, all the freshness of their Complexion, and were to have their Faces as thick with Red and Paint, as they lay 'em on, they would look on themselves as the most wretched Creatures in the World.

* A Coquet is one that is never to be perswaded out of the Passion she has to please, nor out of a good Opinion of her own Beauty: Time and Years she regards as things that wrinkle and decay other Women; forgets that Age is writ in the Face, and that the same Dress which became her when she was young, does but make her look the older now. Affectation attends her ev'n in Sicknes and Pain; She dies in a High-head and Colour'd Ribbons.

* *Lyce* hears another Coquet laught at for her pretending to Youth, and for wearing those Dresses which do not agree with a Woman of Forty; *Lyce* is no less herself, but Years with her have not twelve Months, nor do they add to her Age; that is, she thinks so; and when she looks in the Glass, and lays on the Paint on her own Face, and sticks on the Patches, she confesses there is an Age, when 'tis not decent to affect to appear youthful, and that *Clarice* indeed with her Paint and Patches is very ridiculous.

* Women, when they expect their Lovers, make great preparation in their Dress; but if they are surpriz'd by 'em, they forget that they are undress'd. In the presence of indifferent Persons, what disorder they're sensible of, they rectifie with ease, and before 'em make no scruple to adjust themselves, or else disappear for a moment, and return dress'd.

* A fine Face is the finest of all Sights: and the sweetest Musick is the sound of her Voice whom we love.

* Agreeableness is Arbitrary: Beauty is something more real and independant on Taste and Opinion.

* There are Women of such perfect Beauty, and such transcendent Merit, that tho' 'tis impossible for us not to love 'em, yet we dare not encourage our Passion to hope for any greater Favour, than that of seeing 'em, and conversing with 'em.

* A Beautiful Woman that has the Qualities of an Accomplish'd Man, is, of all the Conversations in the World, the most delicious. In her is to be found all the Merit of both Sexes.

* Every little, kind, accidental thing, that comes from the Fair, is strangely moving and persuasive to the Persons in whose Favour 'tis intended. 'Tis not so with the Men; their Caresses, their Words, their Actions, are sincere and soft, and transported, yet are not half so persuading.

* Caprice is inseparable from Women, that it may be the Counter-poyson of their Beauty. It prevents the damage which their Beauty would otherwise do the Men, who without some remedy, are never cur'd of Love.

* Women are engag'd to Men by the Favours they grant 'em: Men are disingag'd by the same Favours.

* When a Woman no longer loves a Man, she forgets him so much, as not to remember the Favours he has receiv'd from her.

* A Woman that has but one Gallant, thinks she's no Coquet: She that has more, thinks herself but a Coquet.

* A Woman may avoid the Reputation of being a Coquet, by an Engagement to one particular Person, who yet passes for a Fool for having made a bad Choice.

* An old Gallant is of so little Consideration, that he must give way to a new Husband, and a Husband is of so short Duration, that a new Gallant justles him out of place.

* An old Gallant either fears or despises a new Rival, according to the Character of the Person he serves.

An old Gallant often wants nothing but the Name, to be a very Husband; He is oblig'd to that Circumstance, or else he would have been discarded a thousand times.

* Few Intrigues are secret; a great many Women are not better known by their Husband's Name, than by the Names of their Gallants.

* A Woman of Gallantry is Ambitious of being belov'd; 'tis enough for a Coquet, that she's thought lovely and passes for handsome. The Business of one, is to make an Engagement of the other to make a Conquest. The first passes successively from one Engagement to another, the second has a great many Amusements on her hands at once. Passion and Pleasure are predominant in one, Vanity and Levity in the other. Gallantry is a weakness in the Heart, or perhaps a Vice in Complexion; Coquetry is an irregularity of the Mind. The Gallant Lady makes her self fear'd, the Coquet hated. From these two Characters might be formed a third, which would be the worst of all Characters.

A weak Woman is one, that being Reproach'd with a Fault, Reproaches her self; Whose Heart is in a perpetual War with her Reason; She would

would fain be cur'd of her folly, but never will be cur'd ; at least 'tis very long first.

* An inconstant Woman, is one, that is no longer in Love : A false Woman is one, that is already in Love with another Person : A Fickle Woman, is she that neither knows whom she loves, nor whether she loves or no : And an Indifferent Woman's one who does not love at all.

* Treachery in Women is an Art of disposing every Word and Action, of managing Oaths and Promises in the best manner to deceive ; the last of which it costs 'em no more to break, than it did at first to make 'em.

A faithless Woman, if known for such by the Person concern'd, is but Faithless ; if believ'd Faithful, she's Treacherous.

This Good we get from the Perfidiousness of Women, that it cures us of our Jealousie.

* Some Women, in their Course of Life, have a double Engagement to maintain, which to break, or to dissemble, is equally difficult ; In one there's nothing wanting but the Ceremony of the Church, and in the other nothing but the Heart.

* To judge of that Lady by her Beauty, her Youth, her Severity, and her Pride, you would swear none but a Hero could one day succeed with her : At last, she has made her Choice, and what is it ? A little Monster, that has not one Grain of Sense.

* Women that are past their Prime, seem naturally to be the Refuge of Young Fellows, who have no great Estates ; tho for my part, I can't tell whose Misfortune is most to be lamented : That of a Woman advanc'd in Years who stands in need of a Spark ; or that of a Spark who stands in need of an Old Woman.

The Characters, or

* One, that is the Refuse of the Court, in the City is receiv'd into the Withdrawing Room. There he triumphs ; the Magistrate he routs, tho he's drest like a Beau; and the Citizen, tho he's got his long Perruque and Sword on : He beats 'em all out of the Field, and possesses himself of the place ; he alone is regarded and belov'd ; There's no holding out against a Gold Scarf and a White Plume, no refisting a Man that talks to the King, and visits the Ministers. The Men and Women are Jealous of him ; he is admir'd and envy'd : Four Leagues off, he is despis'd and pity'd.

* A Citizen appears to a Woman that was never out of the Country, what a Courtier does to another of the Sex, that never had but City Breeding.

* A Man that is vain, indiscreet, a great Talker and a Buffoon ; one who speaks impudently of himself, and contemtibly of others ; who is extravagant, haughty, impertinent, without Morality, Honesty or Sense ; such a Man, I say, wants nothing to be ador'd by abundance of Women, but a few tolerable Features and a good Shape.

* Is it from Secrecy, or from what strange Distraction, that such a Lady loves her Footman, another a Monk, and *Dorinna* her Physician ?

* *Roscius* treads the Stage with admirable Grace.
 Yes, * *Lelia*, so he does : I'll tell you too, his Legs are well made, he Acts well, and very long Parts ; he declaims with so much Ease ; that as they say, 'tis only for him to open his Mouth to do it to perfection. But is he the only Person of his Profession that is agreeable ; or is his Profession indeed the noblest and most honourable in the *World* ? However, *Roscius* is not for you : He is *Louillon*. another ; or if he were not, he's retain'd. + *Clau- dia*

† *Baron*

the Actor.

* *Madam* *delaFerte*

† *The Dut-*

ess of

she waits for him till he's disgusted with [†] *Messali*. ^{The Mo-} *Bathyllus* then, *Lelia*; where will you ^{refchal de} find, I don't say among the Rank of Gentlemen, ^{la Ferte.} * Pre- whom you despise, but among the very Players, court. one that rises so high in a Dance, or cuts a Caper to compare with him? Or what think you of [†] *Co-* ^{Beau-} *bus* the Tumbler, who turns himself quite round in ^{champ.} the Air, before he lights upon the Ground? But perhaps you know that he is old; and for *Bathyl-* *lus* you say, that the Crowd about him is still too great; he refuses more Women than he can grati- fie. Well then, you shall have ^{*} *Draco*, none of ^{*} *Filbert*. all his Profession swells a pair of Cheeks with so much decency as he does, when he gives breath ei- ther to the Flute, the Hautboy or the Flagelet, for 'tis an infinite number of Instruments that he has skill in; so Comical he is too, that he makes sport for the silly Women and Children: Who eats or drinks more at a Meal than *Draco*? He drinks down the whole Company, and is the last Man that falls. You sigh, *Lelia*: Is it because *Draco* is fixt in his choice, or that you are unfortunately pre- vented in him? Is he at last engag'd to [†] *Cesonia*, ^{Madam} who has so long pursu'd him, and for whom she de Bouil- has sacrific'd such a Train of Lovers, I may safely lon- say, all the Flower of *Rome*? To *Cesonia*, who is herself of a Patrician Family, is Young, Beau- tiful and Grave. Well, I pity your misfortune, since you, I see, are toucht with that Contagion which reigns in our *Roman* Ladies, of doating on these Publick Men, as they are call'd; whose Condition of Life exposes 'em to the common View; What will you do now since the best of that kind are taken up? There's *Brontes* left still, the Executioner, every body talks of his Strength and Dexterity: He's Black, a *Negro*, but the Fel-

low is young, has broad Shoulders, and a brawny Back.

* The Women of the World look on a Gardiner as a Gardiner, and a Mason as a Mason: Your Recluse Ladies look on a Mason as a Man, and a Gardiner as a Man: Every thing is a Temptation to them who fear it.

*The Dut-
chesse of
Aumont.*

* Some Ladies are Benefactors to the Chutch, as well as to their Lovers, as being both Gallant and Charitable, are provided with Places within the Rails of the Altar, where they read their *Billetts Deux*, and where for any thing you can see of 'em, you would think them at their Prayers to Heaven.

* What is this Woman that is *directed*, as they call it? Is she a Woman that is more dutiful to her Husband, kinder to her Servants, more careful of her Family and her Concerns, more zealous and sincere to her Friends? Is she less a Slave to her Humour, less govern'd by Interest, and less in love with the Conveniences of Life? I do not ask if she makes large Presents to her Children that have no need of 'em, but if having Wealth enough and to spare, she furnishes 'em with what is necessary, and gives 'em what's their due; Is she more exempt from the love of herself, or further from loving others, or freer from all worldly Engagements? No, say you, none of all these things. I insist upon it then, and ask you what is this Woman that *directed*? Oh! I understand you, she's a Woman that has a † *Director*.

*Priests or
Fryars who
intrude
themselves* * If the Confessor and *Director* cannot agree about the Rule of Conduct, what third person shall a Woman take to be Arbitrator.

*into Families, and take upon them to give directions for the Conduct of their
Lives.*

'Tis

* 'Tis not so much a Woman's busines to provide herself with a *Director*, as to live so discreetly as not to need one.

* If a Woman should tell her Confessor, among the rest of her weaknesses, that which she has for her *Director*, and what time she mispends in his Company, perhaps she might be enjoyn'd leaving her *Director* for Penance.

* If I had the liberty which I could wish, I would certainly cry out, as loud as I were able, to some of those Holy Men who have formerly suffer'd by Women, fly Women, do not you *dire& t* 'em, but let others, that will, a God's Name, take care of their Salvation.

* 'Tis too much for a Man to have a Wife both a Coquet, and a Bigot; one of these qualities at once, is enough in Conscience.

* I have deferr'd a long time, saying something, which, for all my struggling to suppress, must out at last, and I hope my freedom may be of some Service to those Ladies, who not having enough of a Confessor to instruct 'em, use no manner of Judgment in the choice of their *Directors*. I admire, I stand amaz'd to behold some People, that shall be nameless: I gaze, I look fixtly on 'em: they speak, I listen, I enquire, I inform my self of certain Matters, I collect 'em; yet after all, cannot I comprehend for my Life, how these People, whom I think in all things to be diametrically opposite to right Reason, good Sense, all Experience of the World, Knowledge of Mankind, Religion, and Morality; how, I say, they can presumethat Heaven shou'd in their Persons renew in our Days the Miracle of the Apostleship, in making them, poor, mean, ignorant Wretches, capable of the Ministry of Souls; which of all Offices is the No-

The Characters, or

blest and most Sublime. But if, on the contrary, they fancy themselves born fit for so high and difficult a Function, that few are qualify'd for it, and perswade themselves, that in undertaking it, they do but exercise their Natural Gifts, and follow it like some Ordinary Calling, I confess I comprehend it still less.

I see very well, 'tis the Satisfaction of being privy to the Secrets of Families, of being necessary in making Reconciliations, of procuring Employments, or helping 'em to Servants ; 'tis the pleasure of finding all the Doors open to them at Noble Mens Houses, of eating frequently at good Tables, of being carry'd up and down the Town in a fine Coach, of making a delicious Retreat in the Country, of seeing Persons of great Rank and Quality concern themselves in their Life and Health, and of managing for others and themselves all worldly Interests : I see very well, that 'tis for the sake of these things only which makes 'em take up the laudable and specious pretence of the Care of Souls, and has propagated in the World that incredible Swarm of Directors.

* Devotion comes upon some People, but especially upon the Women, either as a Passion, or as one of the Infirmitie's of Age, or as a Fashion which they are oblig'd to follow: Formerly they reckon'd the Week by the Employments of the several Days; there were their Days of Gaming, of going to the Play, the Consort, the Masquerade, and to Church. On Mondays, they threw away their Money at Ismena's, on Tuesdays they threw away their Time at Climene's, and on Wednesdays their Reputation at Celimene's; they know over Night what was to be done the next Morning ; they enjoy'd at once the present Pleasure, and the future;

future ; they only wish'd that 'twere but possible to unite 'em both in one day ; nothing troubl'd 'em, nothing griev'd 'em, but that when they were at the Opera, they cou'd not be the same moment at the Play. Other Times, other Manners : Now they are extravagant in their Austerity and Retirement, so demure they hardly open their Eyes, or make any use of their Senses, and what is indeed incredible, they speak little ; They think tho, and that very well of themselves, and ill enough of others ; They Emulate one anothers Virtue and Reformation, with a kind of Jealousie : The Pride of out-vying one another, continues still in this new course of Life, which reign'd in that, which either out of Policy or Disgust, they lately quitted : Their Intriguing, Luxury and Sloth Damn'd 'em before very gayly ; now their Presumption and Envy Damn them as surely, tho not so merrily.

* What, *Hermas*, if I shou'd marry a Covetous Woman, she will be sure not to ruine me : Or if I shou'd marry one that Games, she may inrich me : Or a Woman of Learning, she will know how to instruct me : Or one that's Precise, she will not be Passionate : Or one that's Passionate, she will exercise my Patience : Or a Coquet, she'll endeavour to please me : Or a Woman of Gallantry, she will perhaps be so Gallant as to love me in my turn : Or suppose one of your devout Ladies. But then tell me, *Hermas*, what ought I to expect from her, who would deceive Heaven, and who really deceives herself.

* Woman is easily govern'd, provided a Man gives himself the trouble : One Man often governs a great many ; he cultivates their Wit and Memory, fixes and determines them in their Religion, and undertakes to regulate their very Hearts : They

neither approve nor disapprove, commend or condemn, till they have consulted his Face and Eyes ; He is the Confidant of their Joys, their Griefs, their Desires, their Jealousies, their Aversions, and their Amours : He makes 'em break with their Gallants, embroils and reconciles 'em to their Husbands, and makes his advantage of the Intervals : He takes care of their Concerns, sollicits their Law Suits, and visits the Judges for 'em : Recommends to 'em their Physician, their Tradesmen and Workmen : He takes upon him to provide 'em Lodgings, to furnish 'em, and order their Equipage ; He is to be seen with 'em in their Coaches, in the Streets and Walks, as well as in their Pew at Church, and their Box at the Play : He makes the same Visits with 'em, waits on 'em to the Bath, the Waters, and in their Journeys : He has the best Apartment at their Houses in the Country : He grows old without falling from his Authority : Having a little Wit and a great deal of Leisure, he wants nothing more to preserve it. The Children, the Heirs, the Daughter-in-law, the Niece, the Servants, all depend on him. He began by making himself esteem'd, and ends by making himself fear'd. This old and necessary Friend dies at last without being regretted, and ten or a dozen Women, over whom he was a very Tyrant, come to inherit their Liberty by his Death.

* Some Women have endeavour'd to conceal their Conduct, under an exterior form of Modesty, but the best Character they have got by the closest and most constant Dissimulation, has been to have it said, *One would indeed have taken her for a Vestal.*

* 'Tis a strong proof that a Woman has a fair and establisht Reputation, when 'tis not blemisht by

by the familiarity of those who do not resemble her; and when, for all the propensity of People to make ill constructions, they are forc'd to have recourse to some other reason for this intimacy, than that of agreement of Manners.

* An Actor exceeds Nature in the Parts he plays: A Poet exaggerates in his Descriptions: A Painter, who draws after the Life, heightens the Passion, the Contrast and the Postures; and he that copies him, unless he measures exactly the sizes and proportions, will make his Figures too big, and give more scope to all the parts, thro the disposition of the whole Piece, than they have in the Original: 'Tis the same with the Precise or Formal, they are but the imitators of the Wise.

There is a false Modesty, which is a Vaniry; a false Glory, which is Levity; a false Grandeur, which is Meanness; a false Virtue, which is Hypocrisie; and a false Wisdom, which is Formality.

The Formal Lady is all Shew and Words, the Conduct of the Wise Woman is better than her Words: One follows her Humour and Fancy, the other her Reason and Affection: This is precise and austere, the other is on all occasions exactly what she ought to be: The first hides her Failings under a plausible outside, the second covers a rich Treasure of Virtues under a free and natural Air: Formality puts a constraint on the Wit, and yet does not hide Age or Wrinkles; it gives cause to suspect 'em often; Wisdom, on the contrary, palliates the Defects of the Body, and ennobles the Mind: It renders Youth more charming, and Beauty more dangerous.

* Why should Men be blam'd because Women have no Learning? What Laws, what Edicts have they publish'd, to prohibit 'em from opening their Eyes,

Eyes, from Reading, Rememb'ring, or making their advantage of what they've read, when they write, or when they converse? Is not, on the contrary, this Ignorance of theirs owing to a custom they have introdu'd themselves; or to the weakness of their Nature; or to laziness, that they will not use their Wit; or to an Inconstancy, that will not let 'em prosecute any long Study; or to a Genius and Talent which they have only to employ their Fingers; or to a natural aversion for all things serious and difficult; or to a Curiosity very far from that which gratifies the Mind; or to a quite different pleasure than that of exercising the Memory? But whatever cause it is, to which Men are oblig'd for this Ignorance of the Women, 'tis certain they are happy, that as Women have such Preeminence over 'em in so many things, they shou'd have this Advantage the less.

*Madam
Scudery.*

A Woman with Learning, we look on, as we do on a fine Arms: The Workmanship of it is rare, 'tis engrav'd most curiously, and kept wonderfully bright; but then 'tis only fit to adorn a Closet, to be shown them who admire such things; 'tis of no more use or service, either for the Camp, or for Hunting, than a Manag'd Horse, let him be never so well taught.

Where I find Learning and Wisdom united in any one Person, I never stand to enquire the Sex, but fall to admiration; and if you tell me, that a Wise Woman is seldom Learned, or a Learned Woman seldom Wise, 'tis a sign you have forgot what you read just before; that the reason why Women were diverted from Science, was upon the account of certain Defects: Now do you judge your self, if they who have the fewest Defects, are not most likely to be the wisest; and so consequently

requently a Wife Woman bids fairest for Learning; and a Learned Woman cou'd never be such, without having overcome a great many Defects, which is an infallible proof of her Wisdom.

* 'Tis a difficult point to maintain a Neutrality, when two Women, who are equally our Friends, fall out upon Interests, in which we are not at all concern'd: We must be often oblig'd to take one side or the other, or we lose 'em both.

* There are those Women in the World, who love their Money better than their Friends, and their Lovers better than their Money.

* 'Tis strange to see Passions in some Women, stronger and more violent then that of their Love to Men, I mean Ambition and Play: Such Women make the Men Chaste, and have nothing of their own Sex but the Cloaths they wear.

* Women are all in Extreams: They are either better or worse than Men.

* Most Women have no Principles. They are led by their Passions, and those whom they love form their Manners.

* Women exceed the generality of Men in Love; but in Friendship we have infinitely the advantage.

The Men are the occasion, that Women do not love one another.

* Mocking is of ill consequence. *Lyce*, who is something in Years, to make a young Woman appear ridiculous, makes herself so deform'd, that she is frightful: To imitate her, she uses such Grimaces, and puts herself in such distorted Figures, that now she's grown so horribly ugly, that the Person whom she mocks, cannot have a better Foil.

* In the City, they will have it, that there are Idiots, both Men and Women, who have some Wit: At Court, they will have it, that there are abundance of People who want Wit, tho' they have a great deal. These last Criticks will hardly allow a Beautiful Woman to have as much Wit as the rest of her Sex.

* A Man is sooner to be trusted with another Persons Secret than his own; a Woman, on the contrary, keeps her own Secret, tho' she keeps no body's else.

* Let Love seen never so violently and so entirely to possess the heart of a young Woman, there's room enough still left for Ambition and Interest.

* There is a time when the richest Women ought to Marry; they seldom let slip an opportunity at first, but it costs them a long Repentance, the Reputation of their Fortune, seems to decay along with their Beauty. On the contrary, every thing is favourable to the young of that Sex, even the Mens Opinion, who are fond of giving 'em all the Advantages possible to render 'em still more desirable.

* To how many Women has a great Beauty been of no service at all, but to make 'em hope for a great Fortune?

* Lovers, who have been ill us'd, have their revenge at last. They commonly see their Mistresses, tho' Beautiful, throw away themselves on Ugly, Old, or undeserving Husbands.

* Most Women judge of the Merit and good Mein of a Person, by what impression they make on them, and very rarely allow them either, if they are not sensibly toucht themselves.

* He that is in doubt to know what alteration his Age has made in him, needs only to consult the Eyes

Eyes of the Fair One he addresses to, and the tone of her Voice as she talks with him ; he will learn there what he fears to know ! But oh, how hard a Lesson !

* The Woman that has her Eyes constantly fixt on one particular Person, or whose Eyes you may observe constantly to avoid him ; tho they are two different motions, they make us conclude but one and the same thing of her.

* The Women are not at so little trouble to express what they never feel, as the Men are to express the real Sentiments of their Heart.

* Sometimes it happens that a Woman conceals from a Man the Passion she has for him, while he only feigns the Passion he professes for her.

* Suppose a Man indifferent, but who designs to perswade a Woman of a Passion which he has not ; the Question is, Whether it is not more easie for him to deceive a Woman who loves him, than one who loves him not ?

* A Man by feigning an Inclination may deceive a Woman, but then he must have no real Engagement elsewhere.

* A Man for the present Rails and Curses at a Woman whom he no longer cares for, and quickly forgets the loss of her. A Woman is not so outrageous for being left, but the regret lasts a long time.

* Idleness in Women is cur'd either by Vanity or Love. Tho, on the contrary, in Women of a brisk and sprightly Temper, 'tis the preface of Love.

* 'Tis certain, that a Woman who writes with ^{Madam or} ^{Villedieu} warmth is agitated, tho 'tis not so certain that she's truly sensible. A Passion that is sincere and tender, is more likely to be pensive and silent ; and for a Woman

Woman who is no longer at liberty, it seems to be more her Interest to be well assur'd of her Lovers Affection, than to be too forward to convince him of her own.

* *Glycera* does not love her own Sex, she hates their Conversation and their Visits; she orders her self to be deny'd to 'em, often to her very Friends, who are not many: She's reserv'd to 'em, allows of nothing but bare friendship from 'em; is uneasie with 'em, answers them in Monosyllables, and seems to get all occasions to get rid of 'em; she affects to be alone and retir'd at her own house; her Gate is more strictly guarded, and her Chamber more inaccessible than a Minister of State's; there is one that is expected, admitted at all hours, *Corinna*, who is embrac'd a thousand times, caref's'd and whisper'd with, tho they're alone in the Closet, there's such attention given to all she says, that both Ears are hardly sufficient to listen to her Discourse; she is assur'd again and again, that every body else is troublesome, and is inform'd of all passages, tho she learns no News, for she is the Confident of both Parties. Sometimes *Glycera* is to be seen abroad, at the Ball, the Theatre, the Walks, on the Road to *Venouse*, where they eat Fruit early in the Season; sometimes alone in a Chair on the way to the *Grand Foubourg*, where she has a delicious Orchard, or at *Canida*'s Door, who professes so many rare Secrets, who promises second Husbands to young Wives, and tells 'em the time when, and all the circumstances; she appears commonly in Night-cloaths, loose and negligent, in a plain *Dishabile*, without Strays, and in Slippers; she is charming in this Dress, and wants nothing but a little Colour. 'Tis observ'd tho, that she wears a very curious Jewel, which she takes

special

special care to conceal from her Husband's Eyes ; him she carefles, is fond of, and every Day invents some new pretty Name for him ; has no other Bed but that of her dear Husband's, and would not lie from him for the World. The Morning she spends at her *Toilette*, and in writing some necessary Bills ; a Servant enters and speaks to her in private, 'tis *Parmeno*, her Favourite, whom she supports in spight of his Master's Aversion, and his Fellow Servant's Envy. He deserves it indeed, for who delivers a Message, or brings back an Answer better than *Parmeno* ? Who has a greater Gift of Secrecy for those things which are not to be spoken of ? Who understands how to open a private Door with less noise ? Who is a better Guide up a back pair of Stairs, or can more cleverly convey the Person down again the same way ?

* I cannot conceive how a Husband, who gives himself up to his ill Humour and Temper, who conceals none of his ill Qualities, but on the contrary, exposes them all ; is covetous, slovenly, surly, rude, negligent and sullen ; I cannot conceive, I say, how such a Man can hope to defend the heart of a young Woman from her Gallant's Attempts, who uses Dressing, Magnificence, Complaisance, Care, Affiduity, Presents and Flattery, to win her.

* A Husband seldom has a Rival whom he does not make himself, and whom he does not, as it were, present to his Wife ; he is always praising him before her for his handsomeness, for his fine Teeth ; he receives his visits and encourages his affiduity, and next to what comes off his own Ground, nothing relishes better with him, than the Fowl and Fruit his Friend sends him. He makes a Treat, and bids his Guests fall to on such a thing ;
'Tis

'Tis Leander's, says he, and it cost me nothing but
chanks.

* There is a certain Lady who seems to have
bury'd her Husband before his time: That is, he is
not so much as mention'd in the World; 'tis doubt-
ed whether such a Man is alive or no. In the Fa-
mily he is a Cypher, and of no use, except it be to
know an example of perfect Submission, Fear and
Silence; he has nothing to do with Portion and
Settlement: If it were not that he does not lye in,
one would almost take him for the Wife, and her
for the Husband; they may be a quarter of a year
in the House together, without any danger of meet-
ing one another; they live as if they were only
Neighbours. He pays the Butcher and Cook, but
'tis my Lady that gives the Treat; they have no-
thing in common, neither Bed nor Board. They
have not so much as the same Name: They live
after the *Roman* and *Greek* manner. She has her
Name, and he his, and 'tis a long time, and not
before one is well acquainted with the Language
of the Town, that one comes to know at last that

<sup>† La Pre-
ſdent de
Boquemare</sup> Mr. + B. and Madam + L. have been Man and Wife
this Twenty Years.

<sup>† La Pre-
ſidente D'e-
ſembra.</sup> * There are some Wives, who if they brought
no other Plague with 'em, are vexatious enough to
their Husbands, upon the account of their great
Birth, Alliances, Fortune, Beauty, Merit, and
that which some People call *Virtue*.

* There are few Wives so perfect, who do not
give their Husbands caufe once a day to repent of
their Marriage, or at least to envy a Man that is
unmarry'd.

* Silent, stupid Grief is out of fashion; Wo-
men now adays are very talkative in their Sor-
row; they are so much toucht with their Hus-
band's

band's Death, that they do not forget to tell you, and repeat to you every circumstance of it.

* Is it a thing impossible for a Man to discover the Art of making his Wife love him ?

* The Woman that is insensible, is one that has not yet seen the Person whom she is to Love.

In *Smyrna* there liv'd a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, call'd *Emira*, who yet was not more famous for that, than for the severity of her Manners ; and above all, for a strange indifference that she had for all Men, whom as she said, she beheld without any danger, or any other concern, than what she felt for her Friends or her Brothers ; she could not believe the thousandth part of all the Follies, which, she was told, Love in all times had been the cause of ; and those which she saw her self, she could not comprehend. Friendship was the only thing she had any notion of, and that she made the first Experiment of in a young and beautiful Person of her own Sex : She found in her Friendship something so very soft and pleasing, that her only Study was how to continue it ; never imagining that any other inclination could arise, which should make her less to cherish that Esteem and Confidence which she then priz'd so much : her Discourse was only of *Euphrosina*, which was the Name of that faithful Friend, and the Discourse of all *Smyrna* was only of *Euphrosina* and her ; their Friendship became a Proverb. *Emira* had two Brothers, both so young and so handsome, that all the Women in that City were in love with 'em, and whom she lov'd herself, as became a Sister. One of the Priests of *Jupiter* had access to her Father's House, and being ravish'd with her Beauty, ventur'd to declare his Passion to her, but came off only with Scorn and Contempt. An old Man,

who, relying on his great Birth and Estate, had the same assurance, met with the same success. She Triumphs on this; she was surrounded by her Brothers, a Priest, and an Old Man, and could boast herself Insensible; but these were not the greatest Tryals that Heaven had reserv'd for her; yet they too, had no other effect but to render her still more Vain, and to confirm her in the Reputation of being a Person that was not to be toucht with Love. Of three Lovers, whom her Charms had gain'd her one after another, and all whose Passions she was not afraid to see and slight, the first in an amorous Transport stabb'd himself at her Feet, the second, in despair of ever succeeding, went to seek his Death in the Wars of Crete, and the third ended his Days in a miserable Languishment and Distraction. The Man that was to revenge all these, had not yet appear'd. The old Spark, who was so unfortunate in his Amours, was cur'd at length, by reflecting on his Age, and on the Character of the Person to whom he made his Addresses. However, he was desirous to visit her sometimes, and had her permission. One Day he carry'd along with him his Son, a Youth of a most agreeable Aspect, and of a Noble Mein. She beheld him with a more than ordinary concern, but observing him very silent, as he was, in the presence of his Father, she made a judgment of his Wit from thence, not much to his Advantage; she could have wisht he had more. He saw her afterwards alone, and then he talkt to her sufficiently, and wittily too; but when he regarded her less, and talkt to her less about her self and her Beauty than she expected, she was surpriz'd, and had, as it were, some Indignation, that a Man who was so well made, and had so much Wit, should be so little

little Gallant : Her Friend had express't a desire to see him, and was in company when she entertain'd him : 'Twas for *Euphrosina* alone that he had Eyes, and her Beauty alone which he commended : This made *Emira* from being Indifferent to become Jealous ; and then she perceiv'd, that *Ctesiphon* was sensible of what she said ; and that he not only was capable of Gallantry, but of Tenderness. From that time she grows reserv'd to her Friend, yet is desirous to see 'em together once more. The second Interview more than satisfy'd her in all her fears, her doubt was turn'd into certainty. She now flies from *Euphrosina*, no longer knows that merit which charm'd her before, she loses all relish of her conversation, she loves her no longer ; and this alteration made her sensible that it was Love, which in her Heart had supply'd the place of Friendship: *Ctesiphon* and *Euphrosina* see one another every day. They love mutually, they agree to marry, they are marry'd. The News is spread about the Town, and People publish it the more for the rarity of it, that two Persons who love so well should be blest in Enjoyment. *Emira* hears of it, and is all enrag'd, she feels then to what height her Passion was grown ; she seeks out *Euphrosina* again, only for the pleasure of one sight of *Ctesiphon* : But that young Husband has not yet quitted the Lover : In a new Wife he finds all the Charms of a Mistress, looks on *Emira*, but as on the Friend of her that's dear to him. This compleats the poor Lady's Misfortune ; she can take no rest, refuses all Sustenance, her Body grows weak and her Mind disturb'd ; she mistakes her Brother for *Ctesiphon*, and speaks to him as a Lover ; she recollects herself, and blushes for her Distraction, yet relapses into greater, which she does not blush for ; she knows not what she does.

does. Then is she apprehensive of Men, when 'tis too late; 'tis her folly now. She has her Intervals of Reason, but 'tis of Reason that she most complains. In this condition she lies so sad and miserable, that the Youth of *Smyrna*, who before had seen her so proud and insensible, now think Heaven has punisht her but too severely.

Of the Heart.

* **P**ure Friendship is something, which none can attain to the taste of, but those who are well born.

* There may be a Friendship between Persons of different Sexes, which may subsist without Enjoyment; yet a Woman always looks upon a Man as a Man, and so will a Man still look upon a Woman as a Woman. This Engagement is neither pure Love nor pure Friendship. 'Tis something of another kind.

* Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to consider, and our Disposition or our Weakness favours our surprize; one Look, one Glance from the Fair, fixes and determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, is a long time in forming, and that by degrees, by a long Acquaintance and Familiarity. How much Wit, good Nature, Affection, how many good Offices and Civilities are there among Friends, to do that in many Years, which sometimes a fine Face, or a fine Hand does in a Minute?

* Time

* Time that strengthens Friendship, weakens Love.

* Love, as long as it does last, subsists of it self, and sometimes by those very means, which should seem rather to extinguish it, Severity, Cruelty, Absence, Jealousie. Friendship, on the contrary, stands in need of all helps, Care, Confidence and Complaisance ; if not supply'd with these, it expires.

* 'Tis not so hard to meet with Love in excess, as with perfect Friendship.

* Love and Friendship exclude one another.

* He that has had the Experience of a great and violent Love, neglects Friendship ; and he that has consum'd all his Passion upon Friendship, is nothing advanc'd towards Love.

* Love alone begets Love. We commence but cold Lovers, when we have but just quitted the dearest and most affectionate Friendship.

* Nothing more resembles the strongest Friendship, than those Engagements which we make for the Interest and Security of our Love.

* We never love heartily but once, and that's the first time we love. The Inclinations that succeed, are less involuntary.

* Sudden Love is the longest to be cur'd.

* Love, that grows slowly and leisurely, as too like Friendship ever to be a violent Passion.

* He who loves to that degree, that he wishes he were able to love a thousand times more than he does, yields in Love to none, but to him, who loves more than he wishes for.

* If I should grant, that 'tis possible for a person transported with a great and violent Passion, to love another better than himself, who should I most oblige ? They that love, or they that are belov'd ?

The Characters, or

* Men are sometimes inclinable enough to be in Love, but can't succeed in their Desire; they seek all occasions of being conquer'd, but escape still; if I may be allow'd the Expression, they are bound to continue free.

* The Couple who love too violently at first, contribute each of 'em to their loving one another less in a short time, and at length to their hating one another. Who has the greatest share in this Rupture, the Man or the Woman, is not easily to be decided. The Women accuse the Men of being wild and roving; and the Men say, they are false and inconstant.

* As nice as we are in Love, we pardon more faults in Love, than in Friendship.

* 'Tis a sweet Revenge to a Man that loves passionately, by all his Conduct and Carriage to an ungrateful Mistress, to make her appear extreamly ungrateful.

* 'Tis but an unpleasant thing to love, when we have not a Fortune great enough to render those we love, as happy as they themselves can desire.

* The Woman that makes no return to our present Passion, whatever important Services she may afterwards do us in the residue of our Life, will hardly meet with any thing from us but Ingratitude.

* When we are very grateful, 'tis a sign that we have a great Inclination and Affection for the Person that has oblig'd us.

* To be but in Company of those we love satisfies us: It does not signifie whether we speak to 'em or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things, to be near 'em is all.

* Hatred is not so remote from Friendship as Antipathy.

* We

* We make a Confidence of our Secret in Friendship, but in Love it escapes from us.

'Tis possible to have some People's Confidence, and yet not to have their Hearts: But he who has the Heart has no need of Confidence; every thing is open to him.

* In Friendship we only see the faults which may be prejudicial to our Friends. In those we love we see no faults, but those by which we suffer our selves.

* 'Tis the first disgust in Love only, as well as the first fault in Friendship, which we are able to make a good use of.

* If a Suspicion that is unjust, fantastical and groundless, has been call'd Jealousie, methinks that Jealousie, which is a Sentiment, just, natural, founded on Reason and Experience, should deserve some other Name.

'Tis not always a great Passion that is the cause of Jealousie; our natural Temper has some share in it, yet 'tis a Paradox for a violent Love to be without Nicety.

Our Nicety often disturbs none but our selves: Jealousie makes us not only uneasie our selves, but disturbs others.

Those Women, who while they are not at the pains of dissembling with us, are not sparing to give us all occasions of Jealousie, would not indeed deserve our Jealousie, if we had the Power to regulate our selves, more by their Sentiments and Conduct, than by our own Affections.

* The coldness and disorders which happen in Friendship, have their causes; in Love there's hardly any other reason for our ceasing to Love, but that we are too well belov'd.

The Characters, or

* 'Tis no more in our power to Love always, than 'tis not to Love sometimes.

* Love receives its Death's Wound from Disgust, and is bury'd in Oblivion.

* We are sensible of the beginning and declension of Love, by the perplexity we are in to find our selves alone.

* To cease from Loving, is a sensible Proof that Man is limited, and that the Heart has its bounds.

'Tis a Weakness to love: 'Tis sometimes another Weakness to attempt the cure of it.

We are cur'd of that, just as we are comforted for our Afflictions: The Heart has not wherewithal always to grieve, or always to love.

* There ought to be in the Heart inexhaustible sources of Grief for some Losses. 'Tis seldom that either by our Virtue or force of Mind, we overcome a great Affliction: We weep bitterly, and are sensibly toucht; but at length, we are either so weak, or so inconstant, that we take up and are comforted.

* When an ugly Woman is belov'd, it must certainly be very desperately; for either it must proceed from a strange weakness in her Lover, or from some more secret and invincible Charm, than that of Beauty.

* Visits amongst Lovers, are made for a good while out of Custom and Ceremony, to profess they love, by words, when it has been a long time that their Actions and Manners have declar'd the contrary.

* To endeavour to forget any one, is the certain course to think of nothing else. Love has this in common with Scruples, that 'tis exasperated by the Reflections, which are us'd to free us from it.

it. If 'twere practicable, there's nothing necessary to weaken our Passion, but never to think on't.

* We would have it in our power, that those whom we love might receive all their good, or else all their ill Fortune from our Hands.

* 'Tis a greater happiness, in comparison, to regret the loss of a Person we love, than to live with one we hate.

* How disinterested soever we may be in respect of those we love, we must sometimes constrain ourselves for their sakes, and have the generosity to accept of what they present us.

He's fit to receive, who is toucht with as delicate a pleasure in accepting, as his Friend is sensible of in giving.

* To give is to act; we are not to be passive, to have our Benefits extorted from us, by the Importunity or Necessity of our Petitioners.

* If at any time we have been liberal to those we love, whatever happens afterwards, we ought by no means to reflect on our Benefits.

* It has been said in *Latin*, that it costs less to Hate than to Love; or if you will, that Friendship is more chargeable than Hatred. 'Tis true, we are excus'd from Liberality to our Enemies, but is a Man at no cost to revenge himself? Or if 'tis so sweet and natural to do ill to those we hate, is it less pleasing or less natural, to do good to those we love? Would it not be difficult and disagreeable to us not to do so?

* There is a pleasure to meet the Eyes of a Person that we have lately oblig'd.

* I do not know whether a Benefit which falls on an ungrateful Person, and so consequent-
ly

ly on one that's unworthy, does not change its Name, and whether it deserv'd any acknowledgement.

* Liberality consists not so much in giving a great deal, as in giving seasonably.

* If 'tis true that in our Pity and Compassion we have a regard to our selves, as we are apprehensive of being some time or other in the same Circumstances with the Unfortunate, how comes it about then, that in their Misery we so seldom relieve 'em?

* Tis better to expose our selves to Ingratitude, than to be wanting to the Distress'd.

* Experience confirms it every day, that our Indulgence to our selves, and hard heartedness to others, are but one and the same Vice.

* The churlish, moyling, laborious Man, that shews no mercy to himself, is not to be made indulgent to others, but by an excess of Reason.

* Tho the charge of maintaining an indigent Person may be very burthensome to us, yet we cannot heartily relish the new Advantages which put him out of his Dependance on us: In the same manner, the pleasure which we take in the preferment of our Friend, is something abated, by a little sort of grudge we have, to see him advanc'd above us, or in an equal Condition with us. Thus we agree but ill with our selves. We would have others dependant on us, but to cost us nothing. We would have our Friends prosperous in the World, yet when their good Fortune comes, 'tis not always the first thing we do, to rejoice at it.

* 'Tis nothing for People to make Invitations to their House and Table, to make liberal offers of their Fortune and Services. To be as good as their Word is the Charge.

* One

* One faithful Friend is enough for ones self, and 'tis much to meet with such an one, yet we can't have too many for the sake of others.

* When we have done all that's possible to gain some sort of People, and we find it in vain, there's one Reserve still left, which is, ev'n to let 'em alone for the future.

* To live with our Enemies in such manner, as if they should one day be our Friends, and to live with our Friends as if they should some time or other become our Enemies, is at once against the Nature of Hatred, and the Rules of Friendship. It may be a good Maxim in Politicks, but 'tis a very bad one in Morality.

* We ought to make those our Enemies, who being better known, we may be glad to have in the number of our Friends. We ought to make Choice of Persons of such Honour for our Friends as if they should ever cease to be so, will not abuse our Confidence, nor give us cause to fear 'em for Enemies.

* 'Tis extreamly pleasant to frequent our Friends when we do it from Inclination and Esteem, but 'tis painful and troublesome to cultivate Friendship out of Interest. 'Tis folliciting.

* 'Tis more allowable to use Artifice to gain their Affections whom we design to oblige, than 'tis to gain their favour, from whom they have expectations of Advantage.

* We do not pursue our Preferment with the same eagerness, that we do the frivolous things we fancy. Our Imagination suggests to us a kind of Liberty in following our Whimsies; and on the contrary, a kind of Slavery in labouring how to make our Fortune. 'Tis natural to desire it very much, but to take little pains to procure it : To think,

think, in short, we deserve it without seeking for it.

* He that knows how to wait for what he desires, takes the course not be excessively griev'd, if he chances to go without it. He, on the contrary, who desires a thing too impatiently, thinks the Success, when it comes, cannot recompence him for all the Pains he has been at about it.

* There are those People, who so ardently and passionately desire a thing, that out of fear of losing it, they leave nothing undone that may surely make 'em lose it.

* Things which are most desir'd, either never are attain'd, or are attain'd with so much difficulty, after so many delays, and attended with such Circumstances, as quite spoil the Enjoyment of 'em.

* We must laugh before we are happy, or else we may die before we ever laugh at all.

* If we cannot be accounted to live, but at such times as we enjoy ourselves, I'm afraid Life will be found to be very short ; since if we were only to reckon the Hours which we pass agreeably, a great number of Years would not make up a Life of a few Months.

* How difficult is it to be perfectly satisfy'd with any one !

* Should such an ill Man die, we could not help finding some sort of Pleasure in his Death ; we should then enjoy the Fruit of our hatred, and that Pleasure is all the good we can hope for from him. He dies, but in such a conjuncture, that our Interest will not permit us to rejoice ; in short, he dies either too soon or too late.

* 'Tis hard for a haughty Man ever to forgive one that has caught him in a Fault, and whom he knows

knows has reason to complain of him. His resent-
ment is never mitigated, till he has regain'd the
Advantage he lost, and made the other to do him
equal wrong.

* As we endear our selves to the Persons we oblige, so we violently hate those whom we have extreamly offended.

* 'Tis as difficult to stifle the Resentment of an Injury at first, as 'tis to preserve it for a great many Years.

* 'Tis weakness which makes us hate an Enemy and seek Revenge, and 'tis Laziness that pacifies us, and makes us not to prosecute it.

* 'Tis from Laziness as much as from Weakness, that we suffer our selves to be govern'd.

There's no thinking of governing a Man all at once, and without some preparation, in an Affair, which perhaps may be of the last importance to him or his; he would feel you then presently, and the Ascendency you design'd to gain over him, he would throw off the yoke out of shame or frolick. No, let him at first be drawn to little things, so you will be certain not to fail when you shall attempt him in greater. There have been those in the World, who at first have had no greater influence over a Man, than that, perhaps of making him leave the Town or Country a day or two before his time, who at length have arriv'd to that Power, as to prescribe him what he should do in his Will, and make him disinherit his only Son.

To govern any one absolutely, and for a long time, 'tis necessary to carry a light hand, and to let him perceive, as little as possible, his Dependance.

Some

Some People suffer themselves to be govern'd just so far, and no farther ; beyond that they are intractable ; 'tis impossible to move their Hearts or their Minds ; neither rough nor gentle means, force nor industry can reduce 'em : 'Tis with this difference tho, that some are thus made by Reason and Judgment, and others by Humour and Disposition.

There are those Men who will not hearken to Reason and Good Counsel, but deviate of their own Heads, purely for fear of being govern'd.

There are others, who yield to be govern'd by their Friends in indifferent things, and from thence presume a Right to govern them again in things of moment and consequence.

+The Count de Ton- *+Drances* would fain pass for one that rules his Master, tho his Master believes it no more than *first* the World. For a Servant to talk to a Man of *Gentleman* *of the Bed-chamber* to least convenient, to be always whispering, or *she Duke of Orleans.* speaking to him in mysterious terms, to laugh loud in his presence, to interrupt him, to interfere in his Discourse with others, to treat with contempt those that come to make their Court to his Master, to express an impatience till they are gone, to seat himself next him, and in a posture of too great freedom, to pluck him by the Sleeve, to tread upon his Heels ; in fine, to affect to be thus familiar, and to take these sorts of Liberties with him, are signs of a Coxcomb, rather than a Favourite.

A Wise Man neither suffers himself to be govern'd, nor attempts to govern others. 'Tis his Reason alone which he wou'd have always govern him.

If I had a Friend who was a Man of Reason, and whom I might confide in, I should not be against delivering up my self entirely to his Conduct; I should then be sure to do well, without being at the pains of deliberating, and should enjoy all the tranquility of a Person that is govern'd by Reason.

* All our Passions are deceitful, and as much disguis'd as possible. We do not only strive to conceal 'em from other People's Eyes, but our own. There is no Vice which has not the resemblance of some Virtue or other, and which does not make its advantage of it.

* We open a Book of Devotion, and it touches us; we open a Book of Gallantry, and that too makes its impression. Shall I say it? 'Tis the Heart alone that reconciles Contrarieties, and admits of things incompatible.

* Men don't so much blush for their Crimes, as for their Weaknesses and Vanity. Such a one makes no scruple openly, and with a bold face to be unjust, cruel, perfidious, a slanderer, yet conceals his Love or his Ambition upon no other account, but purely to conceal it.

* It rarely happens, that a Man is brought to own that he is Ambitious, or that he has been, or that he continues so: yet the time comes when we confess we have lov'd.

* Love begins and Ambition ends with us; so that we are seldom ever free from Passion till we die.

* 'Tis nothing for our Passion to get the better of our Reason; Its greatest Triumph is, when it makes our Interest to submit.

* The best Conversation is that, in which the Heart has a greater share than the Head.

* There

* There are certain sublime Sentiments, certain noble and elevated Actions, which we owe more to the goodness of our Nature, than to the force of our Mind.

* There's no excess in the World so commendable, as an excess of Gratitude.

* He must be a dull Fellow indeed, whom neither Love Malice, nor Necessity, can inspire with Wit.

* There are some places which we admire : Others which we love.

For my part, I believe our Wit, Humour, Passion, Taste and Sentiments, depend on the places where we live.

* Those who are good, would be the only Persons to be envy'd, if there were not a better course to be taken, which is to excel 'em ; that is, an agreeable revenge, and which our Jealousie ought to prompt us to pursue.

* Some people stand upon their guard against Loving and Rhiming, as two Weaknesses, which they dare not own ; the one of the Heart, and the other of the Head.

* There are some Pleasures to be met withal in the course of our Life, which are so dear to us, and some Engagements so soft and tender, that tho they are forbidden, 'tis but natural to desire at least that they were allow'd. Nothing can be more charming than they are, except it be the pleasure of knowing how to renounce 'em by our Virtue.

Of

Of Society and Conversation.

TIS a very silly Character to have none at all.

* 'Tis a Fool's part to be troublesome : A Man of Sense perceives when he is agreeable or tiresome : He knows how to disappear the very Minute before he would have been thought to have tarry'd too long.

* Buffoons are a sort of Insects which breed in all Countries ; we can scarce step without treading on 'em. A pleasant Man is rarely to be met with ; and a Person, tho' he is born so, must have a great deal of Delicacy to maintain the Character a long time ; for commonly he that makes us laugh, is not sure to make himself esteem'd.

* There are abundance of obscene, a great many more railing and satirical Wits, but very few delicate. A Man must have Manners and politeness to trifle with a good Grace, and a copious Fancy to play handsomely on little things, to create matter of Raillery, and make something out of nothing.

* If we were to listen with attention to every thing that is said in common Conversation, we should be ashamed to speak, or to hear ; we should perhaps condemn our selves to a perpetual silence, which is more injurious to Converse than unprofitable Discourses: We must therefore accommodate our selves to every Man's Capacity, we must suffer, as necessary Evils, false News, ram-

G bling

bling Reflections on the present Government, or on the Interest of Princes: We must hear with Patience the fine Notions some Men are continually repeating; and permit *Aronces* to speak Proverbs, and *Melinda* to talk of herself, her Vapours, Megrims, and want of Rest.

* In the Company we keep, we shall often meet with Persons who offend us with their ridiculous Jargon, with the Novelty and Impropriety of their Terms and their quaint Expressions, which come from no body's Mouths but their own, and were not design'd by the first Inventers to signify what they use 'em for. They observe neither Reason nor Custom, but speak according to their foolish Whimfies; are always fond of Pleasantry, and affect to distinguish themselves by a particular Cant, which becomes at length their natural Dialect; they speak in a counterfeit Tone, and accompany their Words with odd Gestures and Grimaces. However, they are well contented with themselves, and their Wit, which they imagine very diverting. Indeed, we can't say they are entirely destitute of it; but of that little Wit they have we complain, and what is worse, we suffer it.

* Prithee, *Acis*, for the satisfaction of your Friends, endeavour to speak as they may understand you, for my part I do but guess at your meaning: If you would tell 'em, 'tis Cold, that it Rains, and it Snows; say 'tis Cold, it Rains, and it Snows; if you see them in good Health, and would congratulate 'em upon it, tell 'em they look well: Oh! but, say you, that is so plain, and so conspicuous, any one might have said as much. 'Tis true, and what does that signify? Besides, what harm is there, *Acis*, in being in.

intelligible, or speaking like your Neighbours? There is one thing, *Acis*, which you and some Gentlemen of your Complexion want very much; I know I shall surprize you, but there's certainly one thing wanting in you, which is Wit; tho this is not all, there is someting too abounding in you, and that is, The Opinion that you have more than other Men. This is the Fountain of all your pompous Fustians, your big Words, and your perplext Phrasēs. The next time I find you accosting any Body, I shall pluck you by your Sleeve, and tell you in your Ear, Don't affect to have Wit; Don't pretend to't, Let that be your part; but, if you can, learn some plain unaffected Language, such as those speak, who you fancy have no Wit: Then perhaps we may think you have some your self.

* Who, that keeps much Company, can promise himself to avoid meeting certain vain People, who are light, familiar and positive, who are the Speaking Men in Conversation, and compel every one else to hear 'em; they are heard from the Anti-Chamber, and one may boldly enter without fearing to interrupt 'em: They continue their Story without any consideration for such as come in, or go out, or for the Rank or Quality of the People who make up the Company; they silence the Man that dares to begin a piece of News, that they may tell it after their own fashion, which to be sure is the best; they had it of *Zamet*, *Ruccelay* or *Conchini*, whom they name familiarly without their Titles, tho they never knew 'em, or spoke to 'em in their Lives: They get themselves up sometimes to the best Man in the Company, to gratifie him with something new, which no body else knows;

they whisper it, and for a World will suffer none but him to partake on't ; they hide Names to disguise the Story, and prevent Application : There are some things they must not tell, and some Persons whom they cannot name ; their words are engag'd to the contrary, 'tis a Mystery, a Secret of the last importance ; should you ask it, you would request an impossibility ; for whatever you imagin, they are equally ignorant of both Persons and Actions.

* *Arrias* has read and seen every thing, at least he would have it thought so ; he gives himself out for a Man of Universal Knowledge, and had rather Lye than be silent, or appear ignorant on any occasion. A Person talks at a certain Table of a Great Man in a Northern Court, he breaks in upon him, and prevents him telling what he knows ; he discourses of that distant Country as if he were born there ; of the Manners of the Court, their Women, their Laws and Customs ; he tells a hundred little Stories and Occurrences which happen'd there ; he thinks 'em extream pleasant, and is the first that laughs at 'em, and that very heartily. Some body presumes to contradict him, and demonstrates plainly that what he affirms is not true ; *Arrias* is not troubl'd at that ; on the contrary, he grows warm, and is angry with him ; he says, I aver nothing but what I know to be true : I had it from *Seihon* the French Ambassador at that Court, who return'd thence some days fince, and is my particular Acquaintance ; he continues his Story with greater Confidence than he began it ; till one of the Company assures him, that he was the very *Seihon* whom we spoke to, and but just then arriv'd from his Embassy.

* As we ought not to be backward in speaking, or to abstract our minds from the Subject of the Conversation we are in, lest it occasion us to ask a great many untimely Questions, and return as unseasonable Answers ; so we ought not always to give an over-curious attention to the least Trifles that are said in Company, to reprove 'em, to refine upon 'em, to discover in 'em a Mystery which the rest could not perceive, to make 'em subtle and politick, only that we may have an opportunity to shew our own policy and subtilty.

* Such who think they are extraordinary Persons, and are fond of their own Merit, shew that they have indeed but very little, or none at all : Truly unhappy is he who is oblig'd to be much in their Company ! What a parcel of whimsical Phrases must he endure ? How many bold words, which come out suddenly, live a moment, then die, and are forgotten ? If they tell a piece of News, 'tis meerly for the honour of telling it, and to shew they can tell it handsomely ; it grows a Romance under their Management : They make Men think after their own manner, put their own trivial Expressions in their Mouths, and they are all like themselves, very talkative ; they fall at last into Parentheses which may pass for Episodes, and by this means the Speakers and their Hearers forget what they were about. What would become of both, should not some body else come in luckily to break up the Company, and put an end to the Story ? ✓

* † *Theodeetus* is heard in the Anti Chamber ; † *Mr De* the nearer he approaches the more he raises his *Aubigny*, *Voice* ; he enters, he laughs, he stretches his Mouth ^{Brother to} *Madam* up to his Ears, he makes a noise ; he is a meer *De Main-Thunderer*, and no less remarkable for what he tenon.

says, than the tone he speaks in ; he is never out of an extreme hurry, but to flutter out some of his own Follies and Vanities ; he has so little consideration for the time, persons or decency, that each has his share of his Entertainment, tho he gives no attention to what he says ; he no sooner sets himself down but he disobliges the whole Company by his Disturbances ; and he is ever so well pleas'd with himself, that he cannot perceive it. The Table spread, he is first in his place, and always at the upper end ; the Ladies are at his right and left ; he Eats, he Drinks, Talks, and Interrupts all at the same time ; he has no respect for the Master or his Guests, but abuses the toleration they give him. Whoever makes the Feast, he has all the Authority of the Table, and 'tis more convenient to give him way, than to dispute it with him : Eating and Drinking add nothing to his Character. At play he wins, and raillies the loser so long that he's offended. The Laughers are continually on his side, and there is no sort of folly which they do not pass by in him. In short, I give ground and must disappear, being not able to suffer *Theodeetus* any longer, or those who suffer him.

* *Troilus* is very useful to such as have too much Wealth ; he eases them of the trouble of their superfluity ; and saves 'em the labour of hoarding up Money, making Contracts, locking Coffers, carrying the Keys about with 'em, or fearing a Domestick Thief ; he assists them in their Pleasures, and in time becomes serviceable to 'em in their Passions, then regulates their Conduct ; he is the Oracle of the House, he Triumphs in management, he sets every one his Task, hears and decides ; he says of this Slave he shall be punish'd, and he is whipt ; of another he shall be freed, and he is set

at

at liberty ; if a Parasite does not make him laugh, he must be dismiss'd lest he should give him offence, and it goes well with the Master of the House, if he leaves him his Wife and Children : If he is at the Table, and says such a Dish is excellent, the Master and his Guests govern themselves by his Palate, are of his Opinion, and fall to heartily ; if he says on the contrary, of some other Meat, that 'tis Insipid, whoever were eating it, spit it out, and dare not swallow it without *Troilus*'s Approbation ; every Eye is on him, observing his Looks and carriage, before he pronounces Sentence on the Wine or Viuals before him ; he seldom stirs out of the Family where he is Governour, there he eats, drinks, sleeps and digests, quarrels with his Valets, receives his Workmen, and dismisses his Creditors ; he reigns and domineers in the great Hall, receives there the Homages of those Servants, who, more subtle than their Fellows, by *Troilus*'s Mediation alone come at their Master. If a Person enters, whose misfortune 'tis to have a Complexion disagreeable to his Humour, he frowns, and turns away his Head ; if he comes up to him, he sits still ; if he sits down, he removes himself farther off ; if he talks, he is mute ; if he continues to talk, *Troilus* gets into another Chamber ; if he follows, he makes to the Stair-Cafe, and would rather leap down Stairs, or get out at a Window, than be accosted by a Man whose Face or Voice he dislikes ; he is himself happy in both, and they serve to insinuate, and win upon such as he has occasion for ; every thing at last is below him, and he scorns to preserve his favour, by the little ways he acquir'd it ; 'tis a favour if sometimes he fallies out of his Mediation and Silence to contradict, and to shew his Wit condescends to be a Critick ; instead of ex-

pecting he should hearken to you in his turn, or be complaisant, and commend your Judgment, you are not always sure he will permit your approbation, or suffer your complacency.

* Let the strange Gentleman talk a little whom you meet with by chance in a Stage Coach, at a Feast, or Publick Shew, you need not have any impatience to know who or what he is, for before he has done, he will himself inform you of his Name, his Seat, his Family, his Estate; you will soon enough be acquainted that he is Noble, has a Castle, fine Furniture, Retinue, and a Coach.

*A sort of
isolate who
is selected to
be extreme
wise in their
language.* * Some Men speak before they think, others tediously study for every thing they say; we must stay for these till they are deliver'd of their Notifications, and assist at the Travel of their minds; they are made up of Phrases and little turns of Expression, conformable to their gesture and carriage; they call themselves *Purists*, and will not venture the least word, when it would have all the fine effect imaginable; nothing comes from them easie or happy; they speak properly, but very tiresomely.

* The Wit of Conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in shewing a great deal your self; he who goes from your Conversation pleas'd with himself and his own Wit, is perfectly well pleas'd with you. Most Men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed, nay, diverted, than approv'd and applauded; and the most delicate of Pleasures is to please another.

* Too much fancy is not necessary in our Conversation or Writings; it begets vain and puerile Ideas, which tend neither to make us wiser nor better. Our thoughts shou'd be produc'd by good Sense

Sense and right Reason, and ought always to be the effect of our Judgment.

* 'Tis a sad thing when Men have neither Wit enough to speak well, nor Judgment enough to hold their Tongues; this is the foundation of all Impertinence.

* To speak modestly on a good or bad subject, and to give the true reason for its being so, requires good Sense, and a happy Expression. 'Tis a much more ready way to pronounce in the decisive tone, that this thing is execrable, or that wonderful.

* There is nothing more displeasing to God or Man, than confirming the least things that are said in common Conversation by horrid Oaths and Imprecations. An honest Man, who says Yes or No, deserves to be believed; his Reputation swears for him, gains Credit to his Words, and procures him all manner of Confidence.

* He who continually says he is a Man of Truth and Honour, that he wrongs no Man, but wishes the Ills he has done others may fall upon himself, and swears, that he may be believ'd, does not know even how to counterfeit an Honest Man.

An honest Man, with all his Modesty, cannot hinder People saying of him, what a dishonest Man says of himself.

* *Cleon* talks uncivilly or unjustly, I am sure 'tis one or the other; but he says he can't help it, he was born so, and speaks as he thinks.

* There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking to the purpose: 'Tis offending against the last Rule, to speak of the Banquets you have made, before such as are reduc'd to want of Bread; of sound Limbs, before the Infirm; of Demesnes and Revenues and Furniture, before a Man that has neither Dwelling, Rents, nor

nor Moveables ; in a word, to speak of your Prosperity before the Miserable ; this Conversation is too strong for 'em, and the Comparison they make between their Condition and yours is hateful.

* As for you, says *Eutiphron*, you are rich, or ought to be so ; ten thousand Livres a Year good Lands : Ah ! this is fine, lovely, and you are certainly happy. In the mean time, the Person who talks at this rate, has fifty thousand Livres a Year, and thinks he has not half what he deserves ; he reckons up your Taxes, what you are worth, and what your Expences come to ; and if he should think you worthy of a better Fortune, and even of that he himself aspires to, he would wish it you. He is the only Man that makes such wretched Estimations and odious Comparisons, the World is full of *Eutiphrons*.

* A Person naturally a Flatterer, and fond besides of being in the Fashion, which obliges us to praise any one who has rais'd himself to Honour and Riches, congratulated † *Theodemus* on a Sermon which he had not heard, and which no body could then give him any account of. However, he extoll'd his Genius, his Manner, and above all, the Fidelity of his Memory ; when in truth, *Theodemus* stopt in the middle of his Discourse, and forgot what he had design'd to say.

* † To speak and to offend, with some People, are but one and the same thing ; their Disposition is sharp and bitter, their Language mingl'd with Gall and Wormwood ; Railing, Injury and Insolence, run from their Lips like Spittle ; it had been well for 'em had they been born stupid or mute ; the little Quickness and Wit they have, prejudice them more than other Men's dulness : They are not always satisfy'd with giving sharp Answers,

[†] *The Ab-*
bot de
Robbe.

[†] *The*
L'abbe
Rubec.

Answers, they attack frequently with Arrogance ; they strike whenever they speak, and wound the present and absent, at least in their Reputations ; they bristle their Foreheads, and run at all like Rams ; and since Impudence is as natural to them as Horns to a Ram, why should we hope by this Picture to reform Animals so rough, wild, and untractable ; we had better, as soon as we see them afar off, run from them with all our might, without ever looking behind us.

* I know Men of such a Make and Character, that some People should be careful how they trust themselves with 'em : They must complain of 'em as little as possible, and against 'em 'tis not permitted for 'em to hope for Justice.

* When two Persons have had a violent Quarrel, one with Reason, and the other with none ; 'tis the Custom of the Arbitrators, who are to make up the Difference, to condemn both, either fearing to make a perfect Decision on one side, or out of a Temperament, which methinks is very ill plac'd. This is an important Lesson, and a weighty and indispensible Motive for one to fly to the East, when a Coxcomb is in the West, to avoid sharing with him the same disgrace.

* I hate a Man whom I cannot accost or salute, *Written in* before he salutes me, without growing vile in his *imitation* Eyes, or disturbing the good Opinion he has of *of Mon-* *taigne.* *Montaigne* would say, 'I will have El-
' bow-room : I will be courteous and affable, ac-
' cording to my Fancy, without fear or remorse.
' I can't strive against my Inclinations, nor go con-
' trary to my Humour, which leads me to address
' my self to every one that makes towards me,
' if he is my Equal, and not my Enemy, I
' am

' I anticipate his Reception, I ask him about his
 ' Health and Disposition, I offer him my Services,
 ' without any more ado, or trading and haggling
 ' for 'em, like some People who set a Price on
 ' their Favours. He displeases me, who by his cu-
 ' stom or whimsies would rob me of this freedom
 ' or liberty. How should I remember as soon as I
 ' see him afar off, to put on a grave and important
 ' Countenance, and to let him know, that I think
 ' I am as good as he, and better? To affect this,
 ' I must call to mind all my good Qualities, and
 ' his bad ones, and compare 'em together; but
 ' this is too much trouble for me, I am not fit for
 ' such stiff and unexpected Reception; and suppo-
 ' sing I were capable to succeed therein once, I am
 ' sure I should miscarry the second time; I cannot
 ' put a force on my self, nor be constrain'd to be
 ' proud for any Man.

* A Man may have Virtue, Capacity, and good
 Conduct, and yet be insupportable; the Air and
 Manner, which we neglect as little things, are fre-
 quently what the World judge us by, and make
 them decide for or against us; a little care to ap-
 pear obliging and polite before Men, will prevent
 their making a bad Judgment of us: The least thing
 in the World, is enough to make People believe
 that we are proud, uncivil, disdainful and dis-
 obliging; but on the other hand, as little is requir'd
 to gain their Esteem.

* Politeness does not always inspire Generosity,
 Justice, Complaisance, and Gratitude; it gives a
 Man the appearances of those Virtues, and makes
 him seem that without, which he ought to be
 within.

We may define Politeness, tho' we can't tell where
 to fix it in Practice. It observes receiv'd Uses and
 Customs,

Customs, 'tis bound to Times and Places, and is not the same thing in the two Sexes, or in indifferent Conditions; Wit alone cannot attain it; 'tis acquir'd and compleated by Imitation; some Dispositions are only Susceptive of Politeness, as others of great Talents and solid Virtue. 'Tis true, Politeness puts Merit forward, and renders it agreeable, and a Man must have eminent Qualifications, to support himself without it.

Politeness seems to be a certain Care to make us pleasing by our Discourses and Manners to our selves and others.

* He offends against Politeness, who praises another's Singing or touching an Instrument, before such as he has oblig'd to Sing or Play for his Diversion, or commends another Poet, in presence of one who reads him his Verses.

* In all the Feasts and Entertainments we give, in all the Presents we make, in all the Pleasures we procure for others, there is a way of doing it well, and of doing it according to their Inclinations; the last is the best.

* 'Tis rude to refuse indifferently all sorts of Praises; we ought to be sensible of those which come from good Men, who praise sincerely those things in us which are really commendable.

* A Man of Wit, who is naturally proud, loses nothing of his Pride or Stiffness for being poor; on the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more soft and sociable, 'tis a little Prosperity.

* We must bear with some Peoples bad Characters, as we do with Copper Money, for the benefit of Commerce.

* To live with those Men, who are continually employ'd, and make you hear reciprocally the Com-

The Characters, or

Complaints of each side, is like living in a Court of Justice, and being oblig'd from Morning to Night to hear Pleadings and Declarations.

Monsieur Courtin, and Mr St Roman, Counsellors of State. * Two Persons past their days in a strict Union; their Goods were in common; they had but one dwelling, and were never out of one anothers sight: After fourscore Years they saw 'twas time to part, and put an end to their intimacy; they had then but one day to live, and durst not attempt passing it together; they were in haste to break before Death, and had not complaisance enough to stay till that hour; they liv'd too long for a good Example, a moment sooner they had dy'd good Friends, and left behind them a rare model of perseverance in Friendship.

* Families are often disturb'd by Mistrusts, Jealousies and Antipathy within, while they seem Content, Peaceable and Pleasant without, and we suppose they enjoy a quiet, which they seldom possess; there are very few who can bear an Examination. The Visit you make, suspends a dome-stick Quartel, which waits but for your absence to be reassum'd.

* In all Societies Reason yields first; the wisest Men are often led by one that is very foolish and capricious; they study his temper and weakness, and accommodate themselves to his Whimsies; they avoid running against him as much as possible, and give him his way; when he appears the least cheerful, they commend his good Humour, they thank him almost for his not being always insupportable; he is fear'd, obey'd, and sometimes belov'd.

* None but such as have had old Relations, or such as have 'em, and are endeavouring to be made their Heirs, can tell what it costs to effect it.

* *Cleantes*

* *Cleantes* is a very worthy Person, he has chose a Wife, who is the best and the most reasonable Woman in the World ; they both in their several ways make all the pleasure and agreeableness in the Company they keep ; one can seldom meet with more Politeness or greater Probity : They part to Morrow, and the Deed of their Separation is already drawn up at the Notaries. Surely there must be some certain incompatible Virtues and Merits, which are not made to be together.

* A Man may be sure in his Accounts of the Portion, Joyniture and Settlement of his Wife, but very uncertain as to the Peace of his Family ; it depends on the frail Agreement between the Mother-in-Law and the Daughter-in-Law, which often expires before the first Year of the Marriage is out.

A Father-in-Law loves his Daughter-in-Law, a Mother-in-Law her Son-in-Law, so both are reciprocal.

* The thing in the World which a Step-Mother loves the least, is her Husband's Children : The more she loves her Husband, the more she's a Step-Mother.

Step-Mothers make whole Towns and Villages desert, and People the Country with Beggars, Vagabonds, Servants and Slaves, more than Poverty it self.

* G. and H. are Neighbours, their Lands are *Messieurs* *Hervey* *and Ve-* contiguous, they inhabit a desert and solitary *deau*, Country, far from Towns or Commerce ; methinks *Counsellors* *lament of* force 'em to a mutual Correspondence ; they are *in the Par-* perpetually at variance, and 'tis hard to expres the *Paris.* trifles that causes the difference, which renders 'em implacable, and continues their hatred in their descendants.

scendants. Relations or even Brothers never differ'd about a thing of less moment.

Suppose there were but two Men on the whole Earth, who posseſt it entirely to themselves, and parted it between them; I am perfwaded there would be quickly ſome cause of Rupture created, tho it were only about the limits of their Diviſions.

* 'Tis often easier, as well as more advantageouſ, to conform our ſelves to other Mens opinion, than to bring them to ours.

* I am now approaching a little Town; I am already on a Hill from whence I discover it, ſeated in a pleafant Valley, a River washes its Walls, and then flows thro' the loveliſt Meadows; 'tis shaded by Woods and Hills, which cover it from cold Blaſts and Northern Winds: I fee it in ſo fair a day, that I count its Towers, Steeples and Turrets; I am ſo pleas'd with this Prospect, that I cannot forbear exclaiming, how pleafant it muſt be to live under ſo clear a Sky in ſo delicious a place! I deſcend into the Town, and have not lain there above two or three Nights, but I am like the other Inhabitants; I long to get out of it.

* There is a certain thing which never was ſeen under the Heavens, and in all likelihood never will be: 'Tis a little City without Faction and Parties; where the Families are united; the Relations fee one anorher with confidence; where a Marriage does not raiſe a Civil War; where there are not every moment Disputes and Quarrels about Precedency; where Lying, Scolding, Prating and Gofſiping are baniſht; where the Mayor and the She‐riffs, the Aſſeffors and the People have a good understanding; where the Bishop lives well with the Dean, the Dean with the Canons, the Canons with the Parsons, and the Parsons with their Clerks.

* Country.

* Countrymen and Fools are apt to be angry, and fancy you despise or laugh at 'em. You must never venture the most innocent and inoffensive Raillery or Pleasantry, unless it be amongst Polite Men, and Men of Wit.

* Merit discerns and finds it self out reciprocally ; he that would be esteem'd, must converse with Persons who are themselves estimable.

* He who thinks he is by his Dignity above a Jest, and will not take a Repartee, ought not to railly.

* We are not angry at being railly'd for some little defects, and we should make choice of Faults of the same kind when we railly others.

* 'Tis the Blockhead's privilege to laugh at a Man of Wit ; he is in the World, what the Fool is at Court, of no consequence.

* Buffoonry is an Indigence of Wit.

* You believe a Man your bubble ; if he only feigns himself to be so, who then is the greatest bubble, he or you ?

* Observe those People who never commend any one, who are always railing, are content with no body, and you will find them Persons with whom no body is content.

* The Proud and Disdainful will find the contrary of what they expect, if by their Carriage they look for Esteem.

* The pleasure of Society amongst Friends, is cultivated by a likeness of Inclinations, as to Manners, and by some difference in Opinion, as to Sciences : The one confirms and humours us in our Sentiments, the other exercises and instructs us by Disputation.

* Two Persons will not be Friends a long time, if they can't forgive each other little failings.

* How many fine unprofitable Reasons are laid before one in great Adversity to put him into a state of Tranquility. The things without, which we call Events, are sometimes too strong for Reason and Nature. Eat, Drink, don't kill your self with Melancholy, are insignificant Admonitions, and impossible to be put in practice when a Man is master'd by his Sorrows. Are you a Wise Man to disquiet your self so much? Is not this as much as to say, are you not a Fool to be unfortunate?

* Counsel, which is necessary in all affairs, in Society is sometimes hurtful to those who give it, and unprofitable to the Persons 'tis addrest to. You observe perhaps defects in Manners, which are either not confess'd, or perhaps esteem'd as Virtues. You blot out a passage in an Author's Writings which pleases him most, where he thought he surpass'd himself. By this means you lose the Confidence of your Friends, without making 'em better or wiser.

* Not long since certain Persons of both Sexes associated themselves together for Conversation and Witty Commerce: They left talking intelligibly to the vulgar; a thing said amongst 'em with a little clearness, drew after it another more obscure, which they enrich'd with bad Enigma's, and crown'd with long Applauses: What they call'd delicacy, thought, turn, and fine Expression, was a faculty they had to be unintelligible to others and themselves. Good Sense, Judgment, Memory, or the least Capacity, were not necessary to furnish out their Discourse; some Wit was proper, tho not the best sort, but that which is false, and where fancy has too great a share.

* I know, *Theobaldus*, you are old, but would you have me think you decline? That you are no longer

longer a Wit, a Poet, that you are as bad a Critick in all kind of Writings, as you are an Author ; that you have nothing new, easie, natural and delicate in your Conversation ? Your free and arrogant Mein perswades and assures me of the contrary : You are the same to day as you were fifty years ago, and perhaps better ; for if you are so brisk and lively at this Age, what Name, *Theobaldus*, did you deserve in your Youth, when the Ladies were so charm'd with you, that they swore only by you, and took every thing upon your word, so that as often as you spoke, they presently cry'd out, *That's delicate, What did he say ?*

* We frequently talk with Impetuosity in Company thro Vanity and Humour, rarely with the necessary Caution ; desirous to reply, before we have heard out the Question, we follow our own Notions, and explain 'em without the least regard to the other Man's Reasons : We are far from finding the Truth, while we are not agreed upon what 'tis we seek after. Could a Man hear and write down these Conversations, he would see a great many good things spoken with little Consideration, and no Coherence.

* There was a sort of silly Puerile Conversation lately in fashion, which turn'd all on trivial Questions, concerning Tenderness and Passion ; the reading of some Romances first introduc'd it amongst the well-bred People in Town and Court ; it was there soon discarded, and the Citizens now entertain it with their Puns, Poinrs and Quibbles.

* Some City Ladies are so nice, that they will by no means learn to speak the Names of Streets, Lanes, or publick Places, which they fancy are not noble enough to be known. They say nothing plainly but the *Louvre* and the *Palace Royal* ; they

use Terms and Phrases for the Names of some other Places; or if by chance they let such a word slip, they will excuse it as if it were criminal; in this much more unnatural than the Court Ladies, who having occasion to speak of the Market-place, the Prison, or the like, say, the Market-place and the Prison.

* If we pretend sometimes to forget certain Names which we think obscure, and break 'em in the Pronunciation, 'tis through the good Opinion we have of our own.

* You speak often, in a good Humour, or in the Liberty of Conversation, several silly things which you speak as such, and will please only for their extream Ridiculousness. This is mean Pleasantry: It belongs to the People, but has already infected the Youth of the Court; 'tis true we need not fear 'twill go very farthere, for 'tis too rude and insipid a Diversion to make any Progress in a Country which is the Centre of Politeness and good Sense. However, it should be expos'd as much as possible, and render'd odious to those who practise it; for though they are never serious when they speak it, yet it accustoms them to remember Trifles, and with-holds their Minds from something better, and more decent.

* Between speaking bad things or speaking such good things which every body knows, and putting 'em off for new, there is so little Difference, that I don't know which to choose.

* Lucan has said a pretty thing; There's a fine Expression in Claudian; There's such a passage in Seneca: And then a long Scrawl of Latin, which is quoted often before those, who, tho they pretend to understand it, are ignorant of every word that's cited. This is intolerable, if we had Wit and Sense enough

enough of our own, either we might dispense with the reading of ancient Authors, or else after having read 'em with care, we should chuse the best, and quote 'em to the purpose. —

† *Hermagoras* knows not who is King of *Hungary* + *Isaac Vossius*, and wonders to hear any one talk of the King of *Bohemia*. Speak not to him of the Wars in *Holland* or *Flanders*, or at least, you must excuse him ^{Mr Chevreaux or} *Pezron*, from answering the Questions you ask concerning ^{Author of} *the Anti-quity of* ^{Time re-} *Gyants Wars*, he can relate ^{bored.} 'em to the least circumstances, and omits not the least particular ; he clears with the same ease the horrid Chaos of the *Babylonian* and *Affyrian Monarchies* ; he is acquainted with the original of the *Egyptians* and their Dynasties. He never saw *Versailles*, nor ever will see it ; but he has almost seen the Tower of *Babel*, he has counted the Steps, he has found out how many Architects were employ'd about that Building, and if requir'd can call 'em over by their Names. If he believes *Henry IV.* to be the Son of *Henry III.* 'tis more than I can affirm. 'Tis with extream neglect that he informs himself of the Houses of *France*, *Austria* and *Bavaria* ; what Trifles are they, says he ! While he can recite from his Memory the List of the Kings of *Media* and *Babylon*, with the Names of *Apronal*, *Herigebal*, *Noesnemordach*, *Mardokempad*, which are as familiar to him, as those of *Valois* and *Bourbon* are to us. He is yet to learn that the Emperor is married ; but no body can inform him that *Ninus* had two Wives. You tell him the King enjoys a perfect health ; he remembers then that *Thetmosis*, a King of *Egypt*, was healthy, and that he deriv'd his good Complexion from his Grand-father *Aliphar-*

mutosis. What does he not know ? What in all Venerable Antiquity is there hid from him ? He assures you *Semiramis*, or as some will have it *Serimaris*, talk'd so much like her Son *Nynias*, that they were not to be distinguish'd by their Speech ; but he dares not decide, whether the Mother had a manly Voice like her Son, or the Son an effeminate Voice like his Mother ; he reveals to you that *Nimbrot* was lefthanded, and *Sesofiris* ambidextre ; that 'tis an Error to imagine one of the *Artaxerxes* was called *Longimanus*, because his Arms reach'd down to his Knees, and not because one of his Hands was longer than the other ; he adds, there are some grave Authors who affirm 'twas his right Arm, but he believes he may with good ground maintain, that 'twas his left.

* Profound Ignorance makes a Man dogmatick ; he that knows nothing, thinks he can teach others what he just now has learn'd himself ; whilst he who knows a great deal, can scarce imagine any one should be acquainted with what he says, and speaks for this reason with more Indifference.

* Great things should be spoken simply, they are spoil'd by Emphasis ; little things must be said Nobly ; they can't be supported without the Expression, Tone, and manner of Delivery.

* We speak things generally more wittily than we write 'em.

* An honourable Birth, or a good Education, are almost the only things which render a Man capable of keeping a Secret.

* All Trust is dangerous if 'tis not entire ; we ought on most occasions to speak all, or conceal all. We have already too much discover'd our Secrets to a Man, from whom we think we must conceal one single Circumstance.

* Nicander

* *Nicander* entertains *Elisa* on the sweet and complaisant manner in which he liv'd with his Wife, from the day of their Marriage to the hour of her Death; he has said before, he was sorry he had no Children by her, and now repeats it: He talks one while of his Houses in Town, another while of his Lands in the Country; he calculates the Revenue they bring him in; he lays down the Plan of his Buildings, describes the situation of his Seat, amplifies on the conveniency of the Apartments, as well as on the Richness and Neatness of the Furniture; he assures her he loves good Cheer and fine Equipages, and complains that his late Wife was too much averse to Play and Society. You are so Rich, says one of his Friends, who is plac'd for the purpose, why don't you buy such an Office, or make such an addition to your Income? Oh! Lord, Sir, replys *Nicander*, indeed you believe me richer than I am. He forgets not his Extraction and Matches: The Lord Treasurer, who is my Cousin; The Chancellor's Lady, who is my near Kinswoman; this is his Stile. He tells her how he became discontented with his nearest Relations, and offended with his Heirs? Am not I wrong'd? Have I any great Reason to do well for them, says he to *Elisa*? And he desires her to be Judge. He then insinuates, that he is in a feeble and languishing state of Health, and speaks of the Vault where he designs to be Interr'd. He fawns, flatters, and is very officious to all those who have any interest in the Lady he courts. But *Elisa* has not courage enough to grow Rich at the Price of being his Wife. The minute he's talking to her in comes a Gentleman, whose Presence alone dismounts the Batteries rais'd by this Citizen; he gets up melancholy and disorder'd, and is now say-

ing the same things somewhere else, which he said to *Eliza*.

* Wise Men sometimes avoid the World, that they may not be surfeited with it.

Of the Goods of Fortune.

A Very rich Man may eat his Dainties, paint his Ceiling and Alcoves, regale himself at his Palace in the Country, and keep another in Town, marry his Daughter to a Duke, and buy a Title for his Son ; this is just and within his Compass ; but it belongs to other Men perhaps to live content.

* A high Birth, or a great Fortune set off Merit, and makes it the sooner to be distinguish'd.

* Some Excuse to an ambitious Coxcomb for his Ambition, is the Care he takes after he has rais'd his Fortune, to find out some Merit which he never had before, to render him as worthy in our Opinions, as he is in his own.

* As Riches and Favour forsake a Man, we discover he was a Fool, but no body could find it out in his prosperity.

* If it was not what we experience every day, we could not imagine the strange Disproportion a few, or a great many Pieces of Money, set between Men.

* Those few or many Pieces of Money are what determine Men to the Profession of Arms, the Long Robe,

Robe, of the Church ; there is scarce any other Call.

* Two Merchants, who were Neighbours, and drove the same Trade, had in the end a quite different Fortune : They had each an only Daughter, who were nurst together, and liv'd in a Familiarity suitable to Persons of the same Age and Condition : One of 'em, at laſt, to deliver her ſelt from extream misery, endeavours to place herſelf abroad ; ſhe enters into the Service of a great Lady, one of the firſt rank at Court ; her *quondam* Companion.

* If the *Financier* miſſes his aim, the *Courtier* ſays of him, he is a *Citizen*, worth nothing, a meer *Scoundrel* ; if he ſucceeds, he ſues for his Daughter in *Marriage*.

* Some Men in their Youth ſerve an Apprenti-
ſhip to a Trade, and exercise a very different one
the rest of their Lives.

* A Man is ugly, ill ſhap'd, and a Fool ; one *The Duke of Venta-*
whispers, and tells me has 50000 *Livres a Year* : *dour.*
That concerns him alone, and I ſhall never be the
better nor the worse it. How week indeed were I,
if I ſhould begin to look on him with other Eyes,
and cou'd not preſerve my ſelf Master of my own
Reaſon ?

* 'Tis in vain to pretend to turn a rich Block-
head into ridicule ; the Laughers are ſtill on his
ſide.

* *N* with a clowniſh rude Porter, with a *Monsieur de*
Porch and an Anti-Chamber, obliges People to St Pou-
wait, and tire themſelves with Attendance on him *ange.*
for the moſt trivial affairs : He appears afterwards
with a grave Mien and regular Step ; he hears 'em
two or three words, and ſends 'em going, without
conducting them to the Door, or ſhewing them the
leaſt

least Civility ; how little soever a Fellow he appears elsewhere, at home he will be thought a Person of some Consideration.

* The necessity I have of your Service, *Clitophon*, rouzes me early from my Bed, and sends me forth to wait at your Door : Wou'd to the Gods I had no occasion to sollicit or be troublesome to you : Your Slaves tell me you are in your Closet, and will be an hour at least before I can speak with you : I return much sooner than the time appointed, and they say you are gone out. What is it, *Clitophon*, you have to do of such consequence, in the inmost corner of your House, which should hinder you from seeing me ? You file up your Papers, callate your Register, mark some particular Places, and Paraphrase others ; I had but one thing to ask you, and you but one word to answer, Yes or No : If you would be Esteem'd, serve such as depend on you, you will get more Credit by it, than by making your self invisible. O thou important Man and loaded with Affairs, who in thy turn standest in need of my Assistance ! Come, and welcome, to the innermost recesses of my Apartment, the Philosopher is accessible, I will not put you off till to morrow ; you will find me turning over *Plato* on the Immortality of the Soul, or with Pen in hand, calculating the distance of *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, admiring the Works of the Creator, and endeavouring, by acquiring a perfect knowledge of the Truth, to rectifie my Mind, and become better ; enter then, all my Doors are open, my Anti-Chamber is not made to tire your self in, while you expect me, come forward till you find me, without the Ceremony of giving me notice ; you bring me something more precious than Silver or Gold, if 'tis an opportunity to oblige you ; speak what it is you would have

have me to do for you ? Must I leave my Books, my Studies, my Writing, and the Line I have just begun ? No matter, it is a happy interruption, if it can be of any use to you. The Man of Busines is as unapproachable as a Bear, one can't see him ever at home, but with a great deal of trouble, or rather as soon as you once see him, 'tis to see no more of him : while on the contrary, the Man of Letters is seen of every body, at all hours, in all conditions, at Table, in Bed, Naked, Drest, in Sicknes or in Health ; he is no Important Man, and is very glad he is not.

* Let us not envy some Men their great Riches, their Burthen would be too heavy for us ; we could not Sacrifice, as they do, Health, Quiet, Honour and Conscience, to obtain 'em : 'Tis to pay so dear for 'em, that there is nothing to be got by the Bargain.

* The P. T. S. move us in all the Passions successively : We first despise them for their obscuri-^{sans. Farmers of the}ty ; we then envy 'em, and afterwards fear, hate, and sometimes esteem and respect 'em ; we often live long enough to finish our Concern for them by Compassion.

* *Sofias*, from a Footman, got to be an under Farmer of the Revenue, and by Extortion, Violence, and abusing his trust, is now advanc'd, on the Ruins of several Families, to a high Post. He is ennobl'd by his Station, and wants nothing now but Honesty.

* *Arfuria* us'd formerly to walk alone, unattended and afoot to the Cathedral, heard the Sermon from a corner of the Church, where she lost half the words, and saw but one side of the Preacher ; her Virtue was obscure, and her Devotion as little known as her Person : Her Husband is

is got into the Pay Office ; what a prodigious Fortune has he made in less than six Years ! She never comes now to Church but in a Coach, her long Train is born up, the Preacher stops while she places herself, she looks him in the Face, not a Word or Motion escapes her ; the Priests quarrel who shall Confess her ; every one strives to give her Absolution, but the Curate carries it from 'em all.

**Mr Mon-
teron.** * † *Cresus* is carry'd to the Church-yard, and of all the Riches which he acquir'd by Rapine and Extortion, and spent in Riot and Luxury, there is nothing left to get him a decent Interment ; he dy'd insolvent, without Goods, and consequently without Succour ; Juleps, Cordials, Medicines, were not to be seen at his House, not the least Physician, nor even a Divine to assure him of his Salvation.

**Mr Mon-
terot.** * *Campagne* rising from an extravagant Dinner, his Stomach charg'd, and his Head full of the sweet Fumes of delicious Wine, signs an Order which was presented him, that would have starv'd a whole Province, if it had not been revok'd ; he is excusable, for how could a Man in the first hour of digestion comprehend that any one could die with hunger ?

**Mr George
now Mr
Daintaign
Farmer
of the Re-
venue Son-
in Law to
the Mar-
quis of
Valence.** * *Silvanus* with his Money has acquir'd Birth and another Name ; he is Lord of the Manner where his Grandfathers were Vassals ; he was not formerly good enough to be *Cleobulus*'s Page, but he is now his Son-in-Law.

* *Dorus* is carry'd in a Litter along the *Appian* way, his Freemen and Slaves run before him to turn off the People, and make way for him ; he wants nothing but Lictors ; he enters *Rome* with a Train of Coaches, where he seems to triumph over the Meanness and Poverty of his Father *Sanga*.

* No one can put his Fortune to a better use than
† Periander, it brings him Precedence, Credit and ^{De Lan-} Authority ; his Friendship is no longer desir'd, but ^{glee.} his Protection implor'd ; he begins to say of himself, *A Man of my Condition*, and sometimes, *A Man of my Quality*, for he pretends to be such, and there are none who borrow Money of him, or eat at his Table, which is very delicate, that dare dispute it : His Seat is stately, the outside is Dorick, 'tis no Gate, but a Portico; Is it a Private House or a Temple ? The People are at a loss to know which it is : He is Lord Paramount of all the Precinct ; his Neighbours envy him, and would gladly see his fall ; and Wife's Diamond-Necklace makes the Ladies his Enemies : Every thing agrees in him ; he acts like himself in the Grandeur he has acquir'd, and for which he is indebted to no body. But why did not his feeble old Father die twenty Years ago, before any mention was made of *Periander* ? How shall he endure those odious Registers of Parishes, which decipher Mens Qualities, and frequently make the Widow or the Heir ashamed, and blush at their Pretences ? How shall he hide 'em from the Eyes of a Jealous, Malicious, Clear-fighted Town, and at the expence of a thousand People, who, for asserting their Precedence, will be at all Funerals and Publick Processions ? What would you have him to do, shall he stile his Father Worshipful, who calls himself Right Honourable ?

* How many Men are like those Trees, which being already tall and well grown, are transplanted into Gardens, where they surprize those who see 'em in those fine places, where they never saw 'em grow, and who know neither their Beginning nor Progress.

* If

* If some dead Men were to rise again, and see their Arms or Names born, their Lands, Castles, ancient Seats and Titles posseſt by those very Persons who were once their Tenants, what Opinion could they have of our Age ?

* Nothing makes us better comprehend what little things God thinks he bestows on Mankind, when he suffers 'em to abound in Riches, Gold, Settlements, Stations, and other Advantages, than the Distribution he makes of 'em, and the sort of Men who are best provided.

* If you were to enter into the Kitchin, where all that Art and Method can do, are employ'd to flatter your Taste, and make you eat above what is necessary; if you examin'd the Particulars of all the Dishes which are prepar'd for you at a Feast; if you observ'd how many hands they go through, or what different Forms they pass before they become exquisite Meats, and arrive at that Neatness and Elegance, which charm your Eyes, puzzle your Choice, and force you to taste all; if you saw the whole Repaſt any where else than on a well spread Table, how would you be disgusted and offended? If you were to go behind the Scenes, and number the Weights, the Wheels, the Ropes, which make the Flights and Machines at the Theatre; if you were to consider how many Men are employ'd in the execution of their Motions, how they stretch their Arms and Extend their Nerves; you would exclaim, are these the Springs, the Movements of so fine a Shew, which seem'd animated and acted only by it self? You would cry out, What Efforts! What Violence! So with respect to the Farmers of the King's Revenues, enquire not too narrowly into their Fortune.

* This

* This Youth so fresh, so flourishing and healthy, is Lord of an Abby, and ten other Benefices, ^{bishop of Rheims.} they bring him in all together, one hundred and twenty thousand Livres a Year, which are paid him constantly in Gold. There are elsewhere one hundred and twenty Indigent Families, who have no Fire to warm 'em in the Winter, no Cloaths to cover their Nakedness, nor Bread to eat ; their Poverty is extream and shameful : What Inequality ? Does not this clearly demonstrate a Futurity ?

* *Chrysippus*, a new Nobleman, and the first of *Mr Lan-*
his Race, wish'd thirty Years ago for two thou- ^{geois Pa-}
sand Livres a Year, and this he said should con- ^{ther in-}
tent him ; this bounded his Desires, this was the ^{Law to the} *Mareschal*
top of his Ambition ; thus he then said, and there *de Tour-*
are many who remember it. Some time after
ville. he rose high enough, I know not by what means,
to give as much for a Portion to his Daugh-
ter, as he had desir'd for himself during his Life ;
the like Sum lies counted in his Coffers for each
of his Children, and he has many to be provided
for. This is only something for the present, there
is a greater Estate to be expected at his Death.
He is still alive, advanc'd to a great Age, and
employs the rest of his time in labouring to be
richer.

* Let *Ergastus* alone, and he will demand a ^{The Baron}
Duty from every one who drinks the River Water, ^{de Beau-}
or walks on dry Land ; he knows how to convert
Reeds, Rushes and Nettles into Gold ; he hears
all Advices, and proposes every thing he hears.
*The Prince gives nothing to any one, but at *Erga-**
**stus's* Expence* ; parts with no Favours but what
are his due ; he has an infatiable Hunger to have
and to hold. If he was believ'd, the Prince would
let to Farm Harmony it self, and he fancies that
the

the People would be so well pleas'd to see him Rich, to see his Hounds and Stables, that they ^{† Lully.} would forget the Musick of *Orpheus*, and be contented with his.

* Have nothing to do with *Criton*, who never regards any Person's Interest, when his own is to be promoted: The Snare is always ready laid for those who deal with him: If you have a desire for his Lands, or what else is his, he will impose Conditions on you that are extravagant: There is no fair Dealing or Composition to be expected from a Man so full of his own Interest: 'Tis a Bubble that he wants.

*Monsieur
Bertier,
a famous
Partisan
or Farmer
of the Re-
venue.*

* *Brontin*, they say, retires and locks himself up eight hours a day with Saints; they have their Meditations, and he has his.

* The People have very often the pleasure of a Tragedy; and see on the Theatre of the World the most odious, infamous, and mischievous Actors come to wretched ends.

*† Farmers
of the Re-
venue.*

* If we divide the Lives of the *Partisans* into two parts, the first vigorous and active, is busy'd in afflicting the People; the second, bordering on Death, is spent in detecting and destroying one another.

*Monsieur
Fouquet.*

* That Man who made your Fortune, and several others, has not been able to maintain his own, or secure his Wife and Children's after his Death: They live obscure and unhappy: Though you are well inform'd of the Misery of their Condition, you have no thoughts of alleviating it; you have no time for it, being too much concern'd in building, and keeping a good House of your own; yet in Gratitude you preserve your Benefactor's Picture, tho, 'tis true, it has been remov'd from the Closet

to

to the Anti-Chamber. Wonderful respect! From thence it may be thrown into the Wardrobe.

* There is an obduracy of Temper, and another of Estate and Condition, from whence as much as from the first, we learn to be inflexible to the Miseries of others: I may say to the Misfortunes of our own Family: A good *Partisan* grieves not for his Friends, his Wife or his Children.

* Fly, Retire; You are not far enough: How? say you, I am under the other Tropick: Get under the Pole into the other Hemisphere; mount to the Stars, if possible: I am there, very well, then you're in safety. I look down on the Earth, and there discover a Man covetous, inexorable and insatiable, who sacrifices every thing he meets in his way, whatever it costs his Neighbours, to provide for himself, enlarge his Fortune, and abound in Riches.

* To make one's Fortune is so fine a Phrase, and so very significant, that 'tis universally us'd; it past from the Court to the City, broke its way into the Cloysters, scal'd the Walls of the Abbeys of both Sexes; there is no place sacred or profane, where it has not penetrated; it pleases Strangers and *Barbarians*; 'tis met with in all Languages, and there is scarce any one now who can speak, but has learnt to make use on't.

* He who has cunning enough to fill his Coffers, thinks presently he has a Head fit for Government.

* To make one's Fortune, and especially a great Fortune, a Man ought to have one sort of Wit; but 'tis neither the good nor the fine Wit, the great nor the sublime, the strong nor the delicate; I cannot exactly tell which it is, and must stay till I'm inform'd.

Custom and Experience are more useful in making one's Fortune than Wit ; we think of it too late, and when at last we resolve on't, we begin by those Faults which we have not always time to amend : Whence perhaps it proceeds, that Fortunes are so rarely acquir'd.

A Man of a little Genius may be fond of advancing himself ; in such case, neglecting all things else, he will think on't from Morning till Night, and then break his Rest with contriving how to effect it ; he begins early, and sets out in his Youth in the way to Preferment ; if he finds any thing oppose his passage, he naturally turns his byas, and goes on the right hand or left, according as he sees it most convenient ; if new Obstacles arise here, he returns into the old path he quitted, and disposes himself by the nature of the difficulties, sometimes to surmount 'em, sometimes to avoid 'em, or take other measures, as Custom, Interest and Opportunity direct him. Is so good a Head, and such great Talents, necessary for a Traveller to follow at first sight the great Road, and if that is full or crowded, to cross the Fields, and continue in a bye and a nearer way, till by this means he gets again at last into the former Road, and finishes his Journey ? Is so much Sense requisite to attain his ends ? Is it then such a wonder, for a Coxcomb to be Rich and in Reputation ?

There are some stupid and weak Men, who place themselves in fine Stations, and die Rich, yet we ought not to suppose they have contributed to it by the least Industry or Labour : Some body has directed 'em to the Fountain-head, or perhaps, Chance only led 'em to it. They have been then askt,

askt, Would you have Water? Draw, and they have drawn it.

* When we are young, we are often poor; we have neither made Acquisitions, nor are our Inheritances fal'n yet into our hands: We become Rich and Old at the same time; thus 'tis rare that Men can unite all their Advantages. And if perhaps some Persons are so fortunate, they deserve not our Envy, since they may by death be so great Losers, that they deserve our Compassion.

* A Man must be thirty years old before he's fit to think of his fortune: 'Tis not compleated before fifty; he goes to Building in his old Age, and dies by that time his House is in a condition to be Painted and Glaz'd.

* What is the fruit of a great Fortune? Unless it be to enjoy the Vanity, Industry, Pains, and Expence of those who went before us; and to Labour our selves in Planting, Building and Inlarging for our Posterity?

* Men open their Shops, and set out their Wares every Morning to cheat their Customers, and shut 'em up at Night after having cheated all Day.

In all Conditions the poorest Man is the nearest Neighbour to Honesty, and the rich as little distant from Knavery; Sense and Ability seldom get a Man excessive Riches.

A shew of Honesty is in all Trades the surest way to grow rich.

* The shortest and best way to make your Fortune, is to convince People 'tis their Interest to serve you.

* Men, prest by the Necessities of Life, or sometimes by a desire to acquire Riches or Glory, encourage themselves by Deceit, and cultivate

wicked Inclinations, and Knavish Practices, forgetting the Danger and Consequence; they quit 'em afterwards for a discreet Devotion, which was never seen in 'em before their Harvest was gather'd, and they were in possession of a well establish'd Fortune.

* There are Miseries which make People Cowards; some want even Food, they dread the Winter, and are afraid of living; others elsewhere are eating early Fruits, forcing the Earth and the Seasons, to please their Palates. I have known meer Citizens have the Impudence to swallow at a Morsel the Nourishment of an hundred Families: I will avoid these Extremities; and if I can, I will neither be happy nor unhappy; that is, neither rich nor poor, but take sanctuary in an honest Mediocrity.

* The Poor are troubl'd that they want all things, and no body comforts 'em. The Rich are angry that they can want the least thing, or that any one should resist 'em.

* He is rich, whose Income is more than his Expences; and he is poor whose Expences are more than his Income.

There are some, who with an Annual Revenue of two Millions, are poor by five hundred thousand Livres a Year.

There is nothing keeps longer than a little Fortune, and nothing is sooner gone than a great one.

Great Riches are near Neighbours to Poverty.

If he is rich he wants nothing, a very wise Man, is a very rich Man.

If he is poor who desires much, and is always in want, the Ambitious and the Covetous languish in extream Poverty.

* The

* The Passions tyrannize over Mankind, but Ambition suspends the rest, and gives 'em a little while the Appearance of Virtues. I once believ'd *Tryphon*, who is now guilty of every Vice, sober, chaste, liberal, humble, and even devout; and I might have believ'd it still, if he had not made his Fortune.

* There is no end to a Man's desire of growing Rich and Great; the Cough seizes him, Death approaches, his Face is shrivell'd, and his Legs weak, yet he cries, *My Fortune, my Preference.*

* There is but two ways of rising in the World, by your own Industry, or by the Weakness of others.

* Features discover Complexion and Manners, but 'tis the Air that discovers the Goods of Fortune; 'tis written in a Man's Countenance, whether he has more or less than a thousand Livres a Year.

* *Crysantes*, a wealthy impudent Man, would not be seen with *Eugenius*, who is a Man of Merit, but poor, lest he should dishonour him. *Eugenius* has the same Dispositions for *Crysantes*; there's no great fear that they will often run against one another.

* When I see some Persons, who us'd to be beforehand with me in their Civilities, expect I should salute 'em first, and stand on their Punctilio's, I say to my self, very fine, I am glad things go so well with you; 'tis certain this Gentleman is better provided for than formerly, that he is got into some Post or other, by which he has already considerably advanc'd his Fortune. Pray Heav'n it may go on with him, and that in time he may come e'en to despise me.

* If good Thoughts, good Books, and their Authors, depended on Riches, or such as have made a fair Fortune, what a hard Fate would the Learned lie under? What a Power would then be assum'd over them? With what Authority would they treat those poor Wretches, whose Merit has not advanc'd, or enrich'd 'em, and who make it their whole Study to Think or Write Judiciously. We must confess, the present time is for the Rich, the future, for the Vertuous and Ingenious: *Homer* lives still, and will ever flourish, whilst a thousand Treasurers and Collectors are no more: They are forgot, and we may now ask, if they ever have been? Are their Names or their Country known? Were there any *Partisans* in *Greece*? What is become of all those important personages who despis'd *Homer*, who were careful to avoid him, who never saluted him, or saluted him bluntly, who disdain'd to see him at their Tables, who look'd on him as one who was not rich, and had writ a Book? What will become of the [†] *Fauconets*? Will they go as far in Posterity as *Descartes*, who was born a Frenchman, and died in *Sweden*?

[†] *M. Four*
Berthelot
Carriers of
the Kings
Revenue

* The same Pride which makes a Man haughtily insult over his Inferiours, forces him to crawl vily before those who are above him. The Property of this Vice, founded on Riches, Posts, Credit and useless Sciences, without personal Merit or solid Virtue, obliges a Man equally to despise those who are below him in Fortune, and to over-value those whose Circumstances exceed his own.

* There are some filthy Souls, fed by Nastiness and Ordure, who are inflam'd by Interest and Gain, as great Souls are fir'd by Glory and Virtue; sensible of no pleasure but one, which is getting.

getting, and never losing ; covetous and exact to the last Penny, busy'd wholly about their Debtors, restles and uneasie about the raising or lowering of the Coin, lost and immagr'd in Writings, Parchments, Titles and Covenants. These People are neither Relations, Friends, Citizens, Christians, or perhaps Men : They have Money.

* Let us first except those noble and courageous Souls, if there are any of this kind in being, who are helpful to such as are in want, who make use only of their Ingenuity to do good, whom no Necessities, Disproportion, or Malice can separate from those they have once chose for their Friends ; and let us after this pronounce a Truth, sad and doleful to be imagin'd : There's not a Man in the World, whom Love, Inclination, and a long Society have engag'd to us, who has offer'd us a thousand Services, and sometimes done us a kindness, who has not yet in himself, by the ties of his Interest, a Disposition to break with us, and become our Enemy.

* Whilst *Orontes* was increasing his Years, his *Mr. Delavoye*. Wealth and his Revenue, a Girl was born in a certain Family ; she grew up, flourish'd, and enter'd into her sixteenth Year : He at fifty, Courts this witty, young and fair Creature to marry him ; and she prefers him, without Birth, Wit, or the least Merit, to all his Rivals.

* Marriage, which ought to be the Fountain of all good things, is often by the Disposition of Mens Fortunes, a heavy Load that suppresses 'em with its weight. And such it is, when Wife and Children are a Violent Temptation to Fraud, Falshood, and unlawful Gains for their Maintenance ; strange Situation, when they find themselves hemm'd in between Indigence and Knavery !

To marry a Widow, is in plain terms to make one's Fortune, tho' it does not always prove as it signifies.

* He whose Portion with his Brethren would only maintain him like a tolerable Lawyer, is presently for being a Serjeant. The Serjeant would be a Judge, and the Judge a Chancellor; and thus it is with all Conditions, in which Men languish, streighten'd and indigent, after having attempted beyond their Fortune, and forc'd, as I may say, their Destiny; incapable at once nor to desire to be Rich, and to continue Rich.

* Dine well, *Clearcuss*, make a good Supper, sit by large Fires, buy you a Lac'd Cloak, hang your Chamber with Tapestry; what need you care who is to come after you? You have either no Heir, or you don't know him, or what is worse, you have no Love for him.

* When we are young, we lay up for old Age: when we are old, we save for Death. The Prodigal Heir pays for a pompous Funeral; and devours the rest.

* The Miser dead spends more in one Day, than when living he did in ten Years; and his Heir in ten Months, more than he could part with in all his Life.

* The Prodigal robs his Heir, the Miser robs himself. The middle way between both, is Justice to our selves and others.

* Children perhaps would be dearer to their Parents, and Parents to their Children, were it not for the Title of Heirs.

* 'Tis a bad Condition, and which makes Life distasteful; to watch, sweat, submit and depend for a little Fortune, which we expect from the last pangs of our nearest Relations: He who ma-

sters

sters himself so far, that he does not wish his Father's Death, is an honest Man.

* Complaisance is the Character of one who would be an Heir; we are never better flatter'd, better obey'd, more follow'd, more courted, more attended, and more careft, than by the Persons who hope to get by our Death, and wish it may happen quickly.

* All Men, by different Posts, Titles and Successions, look on themselves as one anothers Heirs: And for this reason, are ever breeding and cherishing a secret desire for each others Death. He is the happiest Man, in each Condition, who has most things to lose by his Death, and to leave to his Successor.

* 'Tis said of Play, that it equals all Conditions; but there is often such strange Disproportion, and such vast distance between this and that Condition, that our Eyes are choak'd and offended to see such Extremities meet together. 'Tis like Discord in Musick, like Colours ill sorted, like Oaths that offend the Ear, or Sounds and Noises which jar, and are ungrateful. In a word, 'tis overturning all Order and Decency. If any one tells me 'tis the practice of all the West, I answer, 'tis perhaps one of those things which render us barbarous to the other part of the World, and what the Eastern People, who come this way, remark of us in their Journals: I question not but they are as much disgusted with this excess of Familiarity, as we are shock'd with their *Zombay*, * and their other Prostrations.

* An Assembly of the States, or of the Courts of Justice in Capital Cases, shew nothing so serious and grave, as a Table of Gamesters playing very high; a melancholy Severity reigns in their Looks;

* See the
Relation of
the Voyage
to Siam.

Looks ; implacable towards one another, and irreconcileable Enemies, while the Meeting lasts ; they consider neither Friendship, Alliances, Birth nor Distinctions. Chance alone, that blind and wild Divinity, presides over the Circle, and decides Sovereignly there on all occasions ; they all adore her by a profound Silence and Attention, which they can never observe elsewhere : All the Passions seem suspended a while, to give place only to one ; the Courtier is at this time neither Gentle, Flattering, Complaisant, nor even Devout.

Mr Morin * We can't perceive in those People who have
 a famous Gamester. risen by Play and Gaming, the least trace of their former Condition ; they lose sight of their Equals, and associate only with Persons of the first Quality : 'Tis true, the Fortune of the Dye, or *Lansquenet*, often sets 'em down where it took them up.

* I am not surpriz'd that there are so many Publick Gaming-Houses, which are like so many Snares laid for Men's Avarice, like Whirlpools, where some private Men's Money is sunk without hopes of return, like frightful Rocks, where such as play are lost, and dasht in pieces ; that Sharpers have continually their Emissaries abroad to learn who comes laden from the Country with the price of an Estate lately sold, who has got a Suit at Law, which has brought him in a great Sum, who has been successful at Play ; what Heir has leapt into a large Inheritance, or what Officer will venture his whole Cash on the turn of a Card. 'Tis true, 'tis a filthy Rascally Trade, and every one that deals with 'em are sure to be cheated ; but 'tis a Trade well known, very ancient, and a long while practis'd by the Men we call profest Game.

Gamesters ; They have a Sign at their Doors, and this may be the Inscription, *Here is cheating in an honest way* ; for I suppose they will not pretend to be unblameable. Every one knows that to enter, and to lose in these Houses is but one and the same thing ; but that they should have Bubbles enough to make a subsistence on't, is what I can't understand.

* How many thousands have been ruin'd by ^{Mr the} _{President} Robert. Gaming, and yet you say foolishly you can't live without it : What an excuse is this ? Is there any violent and shameful Passion which may not use the same Language ? Would we admit one to say, he can't live without Murders, Rapes and Robberies ? Is playing without bounds, without consideration or intermission, to the total ruin of your Adversary, whilst you, transported with a lawless desire of Gain, made outrageous by Losses, and inflam'd by Avarice, expose on a Card, or the chance of a Dye, your own, your Wives, and your Children's Fortune ; Is this allowable ? Is this a Sport you cannot live without ? And yet there are not often worse consequences than these at Play ? When entirely routed, you are obliged to part with your Cloaths, your Food, and the Provision of your Family, for this unreasonable Diversion.

I allow no body to be a Knave ; but I allow a Knave to play high. I forbid it an honest Man ; there is too much folly and puerility in exposing ones self to a great loss.

* There is but one Affliction which is lasting, and that is the loss of an Estate ; Time, which sweetens all others, sharpens this ; we feel it every moment, during the Course of our Lives ; while we miss the Fortune we have lost.

* The Man who spend his Estate, without marrying his Daughters, paying his Debts, or laying it out to Advantage, may be well enough lik'd by every one but his Wife and Children.

* Neither the Troubles, *Zenobia*, which disturb your Empire, or the War, which since the Death of the King your Husband, you have so heroick-ly maintain'd against a powerful Nation, ditminish any thing of your Magnificence. You have preferr'd the Banks of *Euphrates* to any other Coun-try, and resolv'd to raiſe a ſtately Fabrick there. The Air is healthy and temperate, the Situation charming, that ſacred Wood makes an awful ſhade on the West, the *Syrian* Gods, who ſometimes dwell on Earth, could not chufe a finer abode; the Plain about it is Peopl'd with Men, who are con-ſtantly employ'd in ſhaping or cutting, going and coming, transporting the Timber of *Lebanon*, Brax and Porphyry; their Tools and Engines are heard in the Air, and the Travellers, who paſſ that way to *Arabia*, expect in their return home, to ſee it finish'd with all the ſplendor you design to beſtow on't, e're you, or the Princes your Chil-dren make it your Dwelling. Spare nothing, Great Queen, neither Gold, nor the Labour of the moſt excellent Artiſts, let the *Phidias*'s and *Zeuxis*'s of your Age, ſhew the utmoſt of their Art on your Walls and Ceilings; mark out vast and delicious Gardens, whose Beauty ſhall appear to be all En-chantment, and not the Workmanſhip of Man; exhaust your Treasures, and tire your Industry on this incomparable Edifice, and after you have gi-ven it the laſt perfection, *Zenobia*, ſome Grazier or other, who lives on the neighbouring Sands of *Palmyra*, enricht by taking Toll on your Rivers, ſhall buy with ready Money this Royal Mansion,

to adorn it, and make it worthy of him and his Fortune.

* This Palace, this Furniture, these Gardens, these rare Water-works charm you, and force you to cry out at the first sight of so delicious a House, on the extream felicity of him who possesses it : Alas he is no more, he never liv'd so peaceably and agreeably as your self ; he never knew a serene Day, or a quiet Night ; he sunk beneath the Debts he contracted in adorning this Structure with the Beauties which transport you ; his Creditors drove him away from it, he turn'd back his head, and from far gave it the final view, which he was so concern'd at, that he dy'd that very instant.

* We see frequently in certain Families what we call the Caprice of Fortune : 'Tis at least a hundred Years ago since some Families were talkt of, or even were in being. Heaven on a sudden opens it self in their favour, and showers down on 'em from all Quarters, Honours, Dignities and Stations, and they swim in Prosperity. *Eumolpas*, one of those Men that ne'r heard of their Grandfathers, had a Father who was elevated so high, that every thing he desir'd, during the course of a long Life, he attain'd, if it was to be attain'd : Did this proceed from an eminent Wit, or a profound Capacity, either in the Father or the Son, or was it only from certain favourable conjunctures ? Fortune at last smiles on 'em no longer, she goes to sport herself elsewhere, and treats their Posterity as she did their Ancestors.

* What immediately causes the Ruin and Overthrow of Men of the Long Robe and the Sword, is, that their Professions alone, and not their Estates govern their expences.

* If

* If you have forgot nothing towards making your Fortune, how great was your Labour ! If the least thing, how long your Repentance !

* *Giton* has a fresh Complexion, a smooth Face, a steady and resolute Look, large Shoulders, a full Crest, a firm and deliberate Step ; he speaks boldly, and must have every word repeated, that is spoken to him, and is but indifferently pleas'd with any thing : He displays a large Handkerchief, put it to his Nose, and blows hard enough for all to hear him ; he spits about the Room, and sneezes aloud ; he sleeps by Day, he sleeps by Night soundly, he snores in Company ; he takes up more room than any one else in walking, or at Table ; he takes the Wall of his Equals, he stops, they stop, he goes forward, they go forward ; all are govern'd by his motions ; he interrupts the person that speaks, but let him talk as long as he thinks fit, he is never interrupted, the Company is of his Opinion, and his News is constantly the truest : If he sits down you see him in an Elbow-Chair, he crosses his Legs, wrinkles his Brows, pulls his Hat over his Eyes, and will see no body ; he raises himself afterwards, and discovers a proud and confident Forehead : He is merry, very gay, impatient, choleric, a Libertine and a Politician ; he believes himself a great Wit, and a great Genius : He is Rich.

Phedon has hollow Eyes, a red Face, a lean Body, and a meagre Look : His Sleep is little, and his Slumbers light ; he is Pensive, Thoughtful, and with good Sense, has the Air of one that's Stupid ; he forgets to speak what he knows, or to talk of those Accidents with which he is acquainted ; if he speaks sometimes, he comes but ill off ; he is never hearken'd to, or taken notice of : He praises,

praises, he laughs at others Jests, he is of their Opinions, he runs, he flies to do 'em little Services; he is a Flatterer, complaisant, bufie, mysterious in his Affairs, superstitious, scrupulous, timerous, and sometimes a Lyar; he steps lightly and softly, he seems afraid to tread the ground; he walks with his Eyes downward, dares not raise 'em to look on those who pass by him; he never makes one in any of those Companies that meet on purpose to discourse, he puts himself behind him who speaks, hears but by stealth, and sneaks off if observ'd; he has no place, no room any where, he pulls his Hat over his Eyes, that he may not be seen, he folds and shuts himself up in a Cloak, there is no Street or Gallery so crowded or throng'd, but he finds a way to get through without jostling, and creeps along without being perceiv'd; if he is desired to sit, he seats himself on the edge of the Chair, he talks low in Conversation, and not very plain; however, he is free with the Publick Affairs, angry with the Age, and but indifferently pleas'd with the Ministers and Ministry; he seldom opens his Mouth but to reply; blows his Nose under his Hat, spits in his Handkerchief, gets into a corner to sneeze, that the Company may not perceive it, he costs no body a Complement, or a Salutation: He is Poor.

Of

Of the City.

AT *Paris* we meet as exactly without Appointment, as if it were some Publick Assignment; we are punctual every Evening at the *Tuilleries* and the *Cours*, to observe all Faces there, and to like none.

We can't forbear even the Company of those Persons whom we hate and deride.

We wait for one another at these Meetings, and as we pass by, are curious in examining Coaches, Horses and Liveries; nothing escapes our Eyes, which are, in these cafes, very nice and malicious; we respect or disdain the People we meet, according to the Greatness or Smallness of their Equipage.

* Every body knows the Long Bank which borders the River *Seine*, on that side where it receives the *Marne* at its entry into *Paris*. At the foot of the Bank the Men delight to bathe themselves, during the heat of the Dog days, we can see 'em at a little distance throw themselves into the Water, and return out of it: And 'tis observable, that the City Women never walk that way till this Season comes, and when 'tis past, walk there no longer.

* In those Places of general Concourse, where the Ladies assemble only to shew their fine Silks, and reap the fruit of their Toilet, People don't walk with a Company for the benefit of Conversation,

tion, but couple together, to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections that are made there. They talk here, and say nothing, or rather talk to be taken notice of by such as pass by 'em, for whose sake they raise their Voices, cringe, bow negligently, and make several turns.

* The Town is divided into several Societies, which, like so many Republicks, have their particular Laws, Custom, Jargon and Jestes: Nothing is allow'd to be well done, which they had no hand in; those who have not been initiated in their Mysteries are contemn'd. A Man of Wit, and one who knows the World, whom Chance has thrown amongst them, finds himself in a strange Country, where he is ignorant of the Roads, Language, Manners and Customs; he sees here a sort of People, who sometimes make a noise, sometimes whisper, sometimes laugh aloud, and presently fall again into a doleful silence; he loses himself here, and can hardly tell how to put his words into any tolerable order, or get himself heard. Here is always some forward Coxcomb, who with insipid Jestes, and wretched Buffoonry, makes himself the Hero of the Society: This Man is the Director of the others Merriment, and they always laugh at his Jestes before he speaks. If at any time a Woman comes amongst 'em, who is not a Companion in their Pleasures, the jolly Club wonders she should not laugh at those pretty things she does not understand, and appear insensible at the Trifles which they would not be pleas'd with; if they were not their own; they will neither forgive her, her Speech, her Silence, her Shape, her Complexion, her Dress, nor the Manner of her coming in, or going out. The same Club, how-

ever, never lives two years successfully ; in the first there are always sown those Seeds of Division which break it the next, by Quarrels about some Beauty, disputes at Play, extravagant Feasts, which tho modest in the beginning, soon degenerate into Pyramids of Victuals and costly Banquets, to the utter overthrow of their Commonwealth : Thus in a little while there is no more talk of this People, than of the last years Flies.

* In the City there is the greater Robe and the less : The first of these revenge themselves on the other, for the Contempt and the Mortifications they meet with at Court : 'Tis not easily known where the greater ends, or where the less begins, there being a considerable Body of those who refuse to be of the second Order, and who are not yet allow'd to be of the first : They will not however give place to the other : On the contrary, they endeavour by their Gravity and Expence to equal 'em in Magistracy, and will not yield it 'em without difficulty : They are often heard to say, that the Nobleness of their Employment, the Independency of their Profession, their Talent at Speaking, and their Personal Merit, balance at least the Bags of Money, which the Sons of *Partisans* or Bankers, paid for their Offices.

* You are unwise to sit idle in your Coach, or it may be to sleep there : Make haste, take up your Briefs and your Papers, read out, salute no body, not so much as People of the greatest Quality, and they will believe you a Person of extraordinary Business : This Man, say they, is laborious and indefatigable ; he reads, he's at work in the Street, and on the Road : Observe but the least Attorney, he would be thought overladen with his Affairs ; he knits his Brows, muses most profoundly, as if

he

he had something to do, and pretends so much Busyness, that he can't find time for Eating and Drinking: He is seldom seen about his House; he vanishes presently, and is lost in his Closet; he hides himself from the Publick, avoids the Theatre, which he leaves to those who run no risk to appear there, tho they have the leisure, to the *Gomons* and the *Dubamels*.

* There are a certain number of young Magistrates, whom Pleasure and Estates have associated to some of those who are call'd at Court; *little Masters*; they imitate them in all their Actions, and carry themselves much below the Gravity of their Robe; they believe themselves dispens'd with their Age and their Fortune, from being discreet or moderate; they borrow from the Court what is worst there, and appropriate to themselves Vanity, Luxury, Intemperance and Libertinism, as if all those Vices belong'd to 'em; they affect a Character far distinct from what they ought to maintain, and in the end, according to their desires, they become the true Copies of most wicked Originals.

* A Man of the Robe in the City, when he appears at Court, looks like another Person; when he comes home, he resumes the Manners, the Complexion, the Look, and the Gesture, he left there; he is not so much embarrass'd, nor so honest.

* The *Crispins* joyn their Families together, and club for the six Horses, which lett'gthier their Equi page, and with a swarm of Men in Liveries; to which each furnishes his part, they triumph at the Park, or at *Vincennes*, with as much Splendor as a new Bridegroom, or as *Jason*, who is ruining himself by his Vanity; or as *Thrason*, who has disposed of his Estate; and now sets up for marrying a Fortune.

Mr Le Clerc de Lefieville X I have heard talk of the *Sannions*, the same Name, the same Arms ; the elder House, the younger House, and the youngest Branch of the youngest House ; the first bear their Arms plain, the second with a Label, and the third with a Bordure indented ; they blazon the same Colours with the *Bourbons* and the same Metal, they bear as well as they, two and one : 'Tis true, they are not *Flower-de-Luces*, but they are satisfy'd, and perhaps believe in their Hearts, their Bearing as Noble ; they have 'em in common with Persons of the first Quality ; we see 'em in their Windows, in their Cappels, on the Gates of their Castle, on the Pillars of their Seat of Justice, where many a Man is condemn'd to be hang'd, who only deserv'd Banishment ; we see 'em on their Moveables and Locks ; they are sown up and down on their Coaches, and their Liveries are as remarkable as their Arms. But to be plain with the *Sannions*, I must tell 'em, they should have had a little Patience to have tarry'd till the next Age, for in this their Folly appears too palpable ; in a few Years those who knew their Grandfather must follow him to the Grave ; they are old, they can't live long ; and who then would be able to say, There he kept his Stall, and sold his Goods very dear ?

X The *Sannions* and *Crispines* had rather be thought extravagant than covetous ; they tell you a long Story of a Feast or Collation they made at one time ; of the Money they lost at Play at another ; they speak in their mysterious Jargon of the Ladies of their Acquaintance ; they have ever a thousand pleasant things to tell each other, and are always making new Discoveries, passing amongst themselves for Men of very great Intrigue. One of 'em coming home late to his Country-House, goes

goes to Bed, gets up in the Morning, puts on his riding Accoutrements, adorns himself with Ribbons, ties back his Hair, takes his Fuzee, and is a Sportsman, if he did but shoot well ; he returns at Night wet and weary, without finding the Game tries again on the Morrow, and in this manner passes every Day in missing the Thrushes and Partridges.

* Another of them with two or three couple of *bad Dogs*, takes a Pride in calling 'em, *My Pick* : *Mr De Nouveau Poff Ma- and of the place of Rendezvous* ; he is ready at *rat*. the time appointed, and one of the first that begins the Chace ; he beats the Bushes, has a Horn by his fide, mingles himself with the Huntsmen, and does not ask, like *Menalippus*, *Have I any Pleasure in this* ? But believes he really has ; a meer *Hippolitus* ; he forgets *Pleadings and Declarations* ; *Menander*, who saw him yesterday on account of a Suit he had in his hands, to day does not know his Judge : To morrow you may see him again at his Chamber, where a Weighty and Capital Case is to be try'd ; encompass'd round with his Brethren, he informs 'em, that 'twas not his Hounds which lost the Stag, that he is hoarse with hallowing after the Dogs, who were at a fault, or after the Hunter, who mistook the Game, and that he was in with the Dogs at the Death of the Stag ; but the Clock strikes, and he has no more time to talk of his Hounds, or Hunting, he must then to his Seat, where with the rest, he is to administer Justice.

* How great is the madness of some particular Men, who being possest of great Estates, which their Fathers got for them by Trade and Industry, form themselves after the manner of Princes, for their Wardrobe, and Equipage, and by excessive

Expences, and ridiculous Stateliness, provoke the Laughter of the whole Town, which they a while fancy is dazl'd with their Lustre, till they ruine themselves in the end, with striving to make themselves Ridiculous. Some of 'em have not even the advantage to spread their Follies beyond the Street they live on, or to be talkt of out of the Neighbourhood, which is alone the Theatre of their Vanity ; 'tis scarce known in the *L'Isle de Palais*, that *Andre* makes a Figure, and scatters his Patrimony in the *Marais* : If he were at least known in the City and Suburbs, perhaps amongst so great a number of Citizens, who seldom judge rightly, there might some one of them be so far mistaken as to say, *he is Magnificent*, or to give an account of the Banquets he made for *Xantus* and *Ariston*, or the Treats he gave *Elamira* : But he ruins himself obscurely ; 'tis for the sake of two or three Persons, who have not the least esteem for him, that he's making this haste to be Poor ; and tho' he rides at present in a Coach, in six Months, you'll see, he will not have Means enough left to go handsomly on foot.

* *Narcissus* rises in the Morning to lie down at Night, has his hours of Dressing as regularly as a Woman, goes every day to Morning and Evening Prayer ; he is good Company, and serves to make a third Man at Ombre ; he fits four hours together at *Aracia*'s, where he ventures his 5 or 6 Pistoles ev'ry Night ; he reads exactly the *Dutch Gazette*, *Barbin's News*, and the *Mercure Gallant* ; he has read *Bergerac*, *Du Marets*, *Lesclache*, and some Collections of Poetry ; he walks with the Ladies in the Park or Meadows, and is religiously punctual in his Visits : He will do the same to *Morow*, which he has done to *Day*, and did *Yesterday*.

day: Thus he lives, and in this manner he will die.

* There is a Man, say you, I have seen some-
where, and tho' I have forgot where, I remember *the late Prince of Mecklenburg.*
very well his Face. There are a great many others
who do so too, and if possible, I'll in this assist
your Memory. Was it at the *Tuilleries*, the Park,
or in a Box at the Play-house? Was it at a Church,
at a Ball, or at *Rambouillet*, or can you tell where
you ever mist him? Where is he not to be met
with? At a publick Execution or Fire-work, he
appears in a Balcony; if there is a magnificent Ca-
valcade, you see him on a Scaffold; if the King
receives an Ambassador, he sees the Procession, as-
ists at the Audience, then thrusts himself into the
Ranks upon the return; his Presence is as essential
at the renewing and swearing the Alliances with the
Swiss Cantons, as that of the Lord Chancellor or
Plenipotentiaries; he is at every Hunting Match,
at every Review you see him on Horseback amongst
the Officers; he has a great Passion for War, Troops
and Militia; he has been as far as the Fort *Bernardi*
to make a Campaign. *Chanley* understands Mar-
ches, *Facquier* Provisions, *Du Metz* the Artillery;
but this Gentleman contents himself with seeing,
and is by Profession a Spectator; he does nothing
that a Man ought to do; but he boasts he has seen
every thing that was to be seen, and now shall not
regret to die. What a loss will that be to all the
Town? Who then will, like him, inform us, that
the Park-Gates are shut, that the Meads are
marshy, and that one can no longer walk there?
Who will acquaint us when there is a Consort,
where a good Lecture, or a great Fair? Who
will tell us *Beaumville* dy'd yesterday, that *Ro-chois*
has a Cold, and connot Sing this eight days?

Who will distinguish so well an Alderman by his Arms and Liveries? Who will acquaint us, that *Scapin* bears the *Flower-de-Luces*; who will pronounce with greater Vanity and Affectation the Names and Titles of some new dignify'd Citizen, or be better furnish'd with Ballads and Madrigals? Who will then lend the Ladies the Gentleman's Journals, and the yearly Miscellanies? Who will sing at a Table a whole Dialogue of an Opera, or the Furies of *Orlando* in one of their Apartments? To conclude, since there is in the City as well as elsewhere, so great a number of dull, lazy, ignorant, negligent Blockheads, who will so exactly agree with every one of 'em as he did?

* *Theramenes* was rich, and had Merit; he is now an Heir, and consequently is much richer, and has a great deal more Merit; the Women court him for a Gallant, and their Daughters for a Husband; he goes from House to House to make the Mothers hope that his Intentions are for Marriage; is he sat down? They retire to give their Daughters all the liberty to charm, and *Theramenes* to make his Declarations. Here he opposes the Cap of Authority, and there disputes with the Knights and Gentlemen, who would force him from his Interests. A gay, brisk, witty young Man could not be more passionately desir'd nor better receiv'd; they snatch him out of one anothers Hands, and hardly have the leisure to smile on any other Person that makes the same Visit with him. How many Gallants is he like to defeat? How many hopeful Matches to ruin? How will he be able to satisfie so many Heiresses who endeavour to get him? He is not only the terror of the Husbands, but the dread of all such as desire to be so, and who expect from Marriage to make up their broken

ken Fortunes. A Man so happy, and so full of Money, ought to be banish'd from a well govern'd City ; and the fair Sex should be forbidden, on pain of Folly and Indignity, to treat him better than if he were a Person who had nothing but Merit to recommend him.

* The foolishness of some City Women in their wretched imitation of those of the Court, is more scandalous than the coarseness of ordinary Women, and the rudeness of Villagers ; since to both these they add Affectation.

* What a subtle Invention 'tis to make rich Presents in Courtship, which are not paid for, but after Marriage are to be return'd in *Specie* !

* What an advantageous and laudable practice is it, to spend on the expence of your Marriage a third part of your Wife's Portion ! To begin with impoverishing your selves by concert, and when you have heapt up abundance of superfluous things, to take from the main Stock to pay the Cabinet-maker and Upholsterer.

* What a handsome and judicious Custom is it, which, preferring an impudent Ceremony before Modesty and Decency, exposes the new Marry'd Bride on a Bed as on a Theatre, where she lies a Spectacle for the whole Town, Friends or Foes to view her in this posture for some Days ! Is there any thing wanting to make thir Custom entirely whimsical and incredible, but to Print it in some Relation from *Mingrelia* ?

* What a troublesome and unprofitable way of living is it for Persons to be solicitous to come together, and impatiently bear a Disappointment, yet when they are thus met to have nothing but Trifles for their Entertainment, and to say those things alone which both were equally acquainted with,

with, or are of no importance to know ; to enter into a Chamber purely to go out on't, and to go out after Dinner only to come home at Night, very well satisfy'd with seeing three or four *Swif-sers* in an Afternoon ; to have seen one Woman whom we don't know, and another whom we don't love ! Whoever will rightly consider the value of his time, and how far its losf is irreparable, would mourn bitterly over such misfortunes.

* * They value themselves in the City on their rude indifference for Rural and Country Affairs ; they can scarce distinguish Linseed from Hemp, Wheat from Rye, and neither of 'em from Barly ; they content themselves with eating, drinking and dressing ; you must not talk to 'em of Fallow Ground, Copses, Vine-Sprigs or After Grasf, if you design to be understood ; they will not take it for their Mother Tongue. To some of 'em you should discourse of Weights, Scales, Books of Rates and Measures, to others of Appeals, Petitions, Decrees and Injunctions. They pretend to know the World, and tho 'tis more safe and commendable, are ignorant of Nature, her Beginnings, Growths, Gifts and Bounties. This Ignorance is frequently voluntary, and founded on the Conceit they have of their own Callings and Professions ; there is never a vile Pettifogger, who Dreams and Smoaks in the corner of his Study, with his Head full of pernicious Shifts and litigious Suits, but prefers himself to the Husbandman, that praises God, cultivates the Earth, sows in Season, and gathers his rich Harvest ; and if at any time he hears talk of the first Men, or the Patriarchs, of their Country, Lives, and Good Order, he blesses himself that they could live in those days without Officers and Commissioners, Presidents and Sollicitors,

citors, and can't comprehend how they could then subsist without Registers, or Courts of Judicature, Coffee-houses and Ordinaries.

* The Roman Emperors never triumph'd so luxuriously, so commodiously, nor so securely over the Wind, the Rain, the Ditt and the Sun, as the Citizens of *Paris*, when they rattle in their Coaches from one end of the Town to the other: What difference, alas! is there between this custom and that of their Ancestors? They never knew how to deprive themselves of Necessaries to get Superfluities, nor to prefer Show to Substance; their Houses were never illuminated with Wax-Candles, which were only to be seen on the Altar, or at the *Louvre*; they could warm themselves by a little Fire; they never rose from a bad Dinner to get into a Coach, but were convinc'd, that Men had legs given 'em to walk on, and they us'd 'em: In dry Weather they kept themselves clean, in wet they damnify'd their Shoes and Stockings, and were as ready to cross a Street or Passage, as a Sportsman to skip over the Plough'd Ground, or a Soldier to dirt himself in the Trenches: They had not then invented how to harness two Men, and put 'em to a Chair; there was then even Magistrates who walkt to the Chambers of Justice and Courts of Inquests, with as good a grace as *Augustus* us'd to foot it to the Capitol. The Pewter and Brass in those days shone on their Shelves and Cupboards, the Copper and Iron in their Chimneys, whilst the Silver and Gold lay safe in their Coffers. Women were then serv'd by Women, they had such to do their Offices even in their Kitchens. The fine Names of Governour and Governante were not unknown to our Forefathers, for they knew to whom the Children of Kings and great Princes were confided; but they

they divided the Service of their Domesticks with their Children, and were content to be themselves their immediate Tutors. Every thing they did agreed with their Circumstances; their Expences were proportion'd to their Income; their Liveries, their Household Goods, their Equipages, their Tables, their City and Country Houses, were all measur'd by their Revenues and Conditions: They had however those outward Distinctions amongst themselves, that 'twas easie to distinguish the Wife of an Attorney, from that of a Judge, and a Plebeian or a Valet from a Gentleman: Less studious to spend or enlarge their Patrimony than to keep it, they left it entire to their Heirs, and past from a moderate Life to a peacable Death: There was no complaint then, *Tis a hard Age, the Misery is great, Money is scarce.* They had less than we have, and yet they had enough, Richer by their Oeconomy and Modesty, than their Revenues or Demesnes: To conclude, in former Days they observ'd this Maxim, that what is Splendor, Sumptuousnes and Magnificence in People of Quality, is in private Men Extravagance, Folly and Impertinence.

Of

Of the Court.

‘T IS in one Sense the most honourable Reproach we can lay on any Man, to say he knows not the Court ; there is scarce a Virtue which we do not imply by giving him that Character.

* A Man who knows the Court, is Master of his Gestures, his Eyes and his Face ; he is profound and impenetrable ; he dissembles when he does ill Offices, smiles on his Enemies, puts a constraint on his Natural Disposition, disguises his Passions, acts against his Inclinations, speaks against his Opinion : All this great Refinement is nothing but the Vice we call Falshood, and is sometimes as unserviceable to the Fortune of a Courtier, as Openness, Sincerity and Virtue.

* The Court is like certain changeable Colours, which vary according to the Lights they are exposed in ; he who can define those Colours, may define the Court.

* The Man who leaves the Court for a minute, renounces it for ever : The Courtier who saw it in the Morning must see it at Night, to know it again the next Day ; or that he may be known himself there.

* A Man must be content to be little at Court ; and let him be never so vain, 'tis impossible to prevent it ; but his Comfort is, the evil is common, and

and the great ones themselves are but little when they are there.

* The Country is the place in which the Court, as in its point of view, appears an admirable thing; if we approach it, its Beauties diminish, like those of a fine piece of Prespective which we view too near hand.

* 'Tis with difficulty that we accustom ourselves to pass our Lives in an Anti-Chamber, a Court-Yard, or on a Stair-Cafe.

* The Court gives not a Man content, but it hinders him from finding it elsewhere.

* 'Tis fit a Man of Honour and Honesty should make a trial of the Court; but he will discover as soon as he enters there, that he is in a new World, which is wholly unknown to him, where Politeness and Vice equally reign, and where Good and Evil are useful for his Advancement.

* The Court is like a Marble Structure, I mean, 'tis compos'd of Men very hard, but very polish'd.

* A great many People go to Court only to come back again, and at their return to be taken notice of by the Nobility of their Province, or the Bishop of their Diocess.

* The Embroiderer and Confectioner would be superfluous, and make but an idle show of their fine things, if we were modest and temperate; Courts would be Defarts, and Kings left alone, if we were void of Vanity and Interest. Men are willing to be Slaves somewhere, to Lord it elsewhere. It seems as if that proud, stately, and commanding Air, was bought there by wholesale, which our Kulers retail in their Province. They do exactly what is done unto them, and are the true Apes of Royalty.

* There

* There is nothing disorders some Courtiers more than the Prince's Presence; we can then scarce know 'em by their Features; their Looks alter and they appear perfectly contemptible: The more proud and the haughtier they are, the more they are mortify'd, because they lose the more; whilst the civil and modest Man supports himself very well, having nothing to reform.

* The Ait of the Court is contagious, 'tis caught at *Versailles*; as the *Norman* Accent is at *Rouen* and *Falaise*; we find it amongst the Harbingers, Grooms and Confectioners: A Man with a very little share of Wit, may make a great progres towards obtaining it: One of an elevated Genius and solid Worth, does not esteem this sort of Accomplishment so necessary as to employ much time in studying it; he gets it without thinking on't, and troubles not himself to get rid of it.

N . . . with a great noise comes up to the King's Chamber, turns every body aside, forces 'em to make way, taps at the Door, almost knocks, tells his Name; after some time he's admitted, but 'tis with the Crowd.

* There are in Courts certain Apparitions of bold and adventurous Men, of a free and familiar Character, who introduce themselves, pretend to great capacity, and are believ'd on their own Words. In the meanwhile, they make their advantage of the publick Error, or the Love which Men have for Novelty, they break thro' the Crowd, get up to the Ear of the Prince, with whom the Courtier sees 'em talking, whilst he thinks himself happy but to be seen. In this, however, they make the Great Ones easy, that as they are suffered without consequence, so they're dismiss'd in the like manner: 'Tis then they disappear, at once and for ever.

ed; and the Men who just now were deceiv'd by them, are ready to be deceiv'd by others.

* You see some Men, who as they pass by you, give a light Salute, stretch out their Shoulders, and thrust out their Breasts like Women; they ask you a Question and look another way, speak in a high Tone, and think themselves above every one in their Company; they stop and the Company comes about them; they have all the Discourse, are the Presidents of the Circle, persisting in this ridiculous and counterfeit Stateliness, till there comes by some great Man, whose presence throws 'em quickly down from their effected Elevation, and reduces 'em to their Native condition, which is less wretched.

*Monsieur de Lang-
jee, and others.*

* Courts cannot subsist without a certain sort of Courtiers, who can flatter, are complaisant, insinuating, devoted to the Ladies, whose Pleasures they manage, study their Weaknesses, and sooth their Passions; they whisper 'em in the Ear with something smutty, speak of their Husbands and Lovers in agreeable terms, gues at their Disquiets, their Maladies, and fix their Lyings in, they make all Modes and Fashions, refine upon Luxury and Extravagance; and teach the Ladies to consume immense Sums in Cloaths, Furnitures and Equipages; they wear nothing themselves but what is rich and shining, and will not live in an old Palace unless it be new built and embellish'd; they eat delicately, and with Reflection, there is no Voluptuousness but they are experienc'd in; they owe their Fortune to themselves, and they keep it with the same address as they rais'd it; disdainful and proud they scorn their Equals, they will have no converse with them, and scarce afford 'em common civility; they speak where every one else is silent, enter boldly,

boldly, and thrust themselves into places where the greatest Lords dare not be seen; some who have liv'd long, have their Bodies cover'd with Wounds, and have fine Employments, with high Dignities, can't shew such assur'd Countenances and forward Faces. These Men have the Ears of the greatest Princes, are partakers in their Pleasures and Debauches; they never stir out of the *Louvre* or *Versailles*, but behave themselves there as if they were at Home, or amongst their own Domesticks: They seem to multiply themselves in a thousand places, and are always the first Faces that are seen by the new comers to Court: They embrace, and are embrac'd; they laugh, talk loud, tell Stories, are pleasant, agreeable, rich, but of no importance.

* Would not one believe that *Cimon* and *Clitander* are charg'd with the whole concerms of the State, and that they are only accountable for 'em? That one has at least the Management of the Land Affairs, and the other the Marine? Whoever shall pretend to represent them, must express Hastiness, Inquietude, Curiosity and Activity, and Paint Motion it self. We never see 'em sitting, never fix'd or standing; whoever saw them walk? They are always running, they ask Questions running, speak running, and never stay for an Answer; they never go to, or come from any place, they are always passing and re-passing; stop 'em not in their precipitate course, you will dismount their Machines; never enquire any thing of 'em, or give 'em time to breath and remember they have nothing to do, that they may stay with you, and follow you at last where ever you please to lead them. They do not, like *Jupiter's* Satellites, press about, and surround their Prince; but they go before him, and

declare when he is coming ; they rush in impetuously on a crowd of Courtiers, and all they meet with are in danger ; their Profession is to see and be seen, and they never go to Bed without acquitting themselves of an Employment so serious, and so beneficial to the Commonwealth : they are, in short, acquainted with the rise of all indifferent Accidents, and know every thing at Court which one ought to be ignorant of ; they have all the necessary Qualifications for a mean Advancement ; they are very brisk and quick-sighted about any thing they think for their Advantage, a little bold, light, and inconsiderate. In a word, they two seem ty'd to the Chariot of Fortune, but are never likely to sit on it.

*The Duke
de Bouill-
lon.*

* A Courtier who has not a Name good enough for his Quality, ought to hide it under a better ; but if 'tis one that he dares own, he ought then to insinuate that his Name is the most Illustrious, and his House the most ancient of all others, he ought to be descended from the Princes of *Lorrain*, the *Robans*, the *Chitillons*, the *Montmorencies*, and if possible, from the Princes of the Blood ; to talk of nothing but Cardinals, Dukes and prime Ministers ; to usher his Granfathers by Father and Mothers side, into all Discourses, and place 'em amongst the Standard-bearers in the Crusadoes ; to have his Hall adorn'd with Genealogies, Supporters with Escutcheons of six Quarters, the Pictures of his Ancestors and their Allies ; to value himself on their ancient Castles, the Seat of their Family, set out with Fanes, Towers and Battlements ; to be always speaking of his *Race*, his *Branch*, his *Name*, and his *Arms* ; to say of him, *He is no Gentleman* ; of her, *She is no Gentlewoman* ; or, if he's told, that *Hyacinthus* has had the great Prize in

in the Lottery, to ask if he is a Gentleman. If some Persons laugh at these Impertinencies, let 'em laugh on ; if others divert themselves with him, let 'em go on ; but let him stand to this, that he takes place after the Royal Family, and by repeating it often he shall be believ'd.

* 'Tis a simple thing not to be a Gentleman at Court, where there's no body but who pretends to be such.

* At Court they go to Bed, and rise up only for their Interest ; 'tis that which employs 'em Morning and Evening, Night and Day ; 'tis that which makes 'em think or speak, keeps 'em silent, or puts 'em on Action ; 'tis for this end they speak to some, and neglect others ; that they mount or descend ; 'tis by this Rule they measure all their Cares, Complacency, Esteem, Indifference or Contempt. Whatever steps any Person makes by Virtue towards Wisdom and Moderation, the first ambitious Temptation carries 'em away with the most Covetous, who are the most Ambitious, and the most Violent in their Desires. Can they stand still when every one is on the march, and putting themselves forward ? Can they forbear following such as run before 'em ? All Men believe they are accountable to themselves for their Advancement, and making their Fortunes ; and he who has not rais'd it at Court, is thought not to deserve it, and this Sentence is without appeal. What is then to be done ? Shall a Man quit the Court without having got any Advantage by it, or shall he continue there without Favour or Reward ? This Question, I confess, is so crabbed and hard to be decided, that an infinite Number of Courtiers have grown old between yes or no, and have at last dy'd in suspense.

* There is nothing at Court so contemptible and unworthy, as a Man who can contribute nothing to our Fortunes; I wonder how such a Person dares appear there.

* He who sees a Man far behind him, who was one of his own standing and condition, who made his first appearance at Court at the same time with himself, believes there are some substantial Reasons for his keeping behind him, and that he ought to think better of himself than of this other Person who stopt by the way, forgetting what he thought of those that went beyond him before his Advancement.

'Tis too much to expect from a Friend who is advanc'd to great favour, that he should own his former Acquaintance.

* If he who is in Favour makes Adavntage of it before 'tis too late; if he makes use of the good Wind that blows fair for him to make his way; if he has his Eye upon all Vacancies, Posts, Abbeys, and does but ask and obtain, and is stor'd with Pensions, Grants and Reversions, you then complain of his Covetousness and Ambition; you say that all is his own, his Friends or his Creatures, and that by the number of the various Favours bestow'd on him, he alone has made a great many Mens Fortunes. But what should he have done in his Post? If I were to judge, not by your Discourse, but by what you would have done your self in the same place, I should think he has done what he should have done.

We blame those who have made use of the Opportunities put in their hands to raise large Fortunes, because we despair by the Meanness of our own, to be ever in the same Circumstances, and to be expos'd to such a Reproach; if we are like to succeed.

succeed them, we shou'd begin to think they have done less Injury than we imagin'd, and be more cautious in censuring them, for fear of Condemning our selves beforehand.

* We must never exaggerate things, nor lay Crimes to the charge of the Court, which are not theirs ; they attempt nothing worse against true Merit, than to leave it unrewarded ; but they do not always despise it when they can better discern it : Though 'tis indeed at Court where 'tis most neglected, and where they do nothing, or very little, for those whom they very much esteem.

* 'Tis rare, if amongst all the Instruments, a Man uses in the Structure of his Fortune at Court, some of 'em don't miscarry. One of my Friends, who promis'd to speak for me, says not a word ; another speaks very faintly ; a third mistakes my Interest and his own Intentions, and does me more harm than good. The one wants Good Will ; the other Prudence and Capacity ; neither of them would take pleasure enough in seeing me happy, to contribute with all their might towards making me so. Every one remembers what his own Preferment cost him, and the helps that clear'd his way to it. We should be always for justifying the Services we receive from some Men, by those which, on the like occasions, we render to others, if 'twas not our chief and only care, after our Fortunes are made, to think of our selves.

* Courtiers never employ their Wit, Address or Policy to serve their Friends, when they desire it ; but only to find out Evasions and specious Pretences, that 'tis not in their Power, and by that, think themselves acquitted on their side from all the Duties of Friendship and Gratitude.

No Courtier will engage to speak first in your favour, but every one offers to second any body who will do it; because judging of others, by themselves, they think that no body will break the Ice, and that therefore they shall be excus'd from doing you any kindness: A soft and polite way of denying assurance to such who stand in need of it.

* How many Men almost stifle you with their Caresses in private, and pretend to love and esteem you, and yet are perplex'd when they meet you in publick; and at the *Levee* or Mass, turn away their Eyes from you, and do all they can to avoid you. There is but a small number of Courtiers, whose greatness of Soul, or confidence in themselves, qualifie them to do Justice to a Man of Merit, who is alone and destitute of Employments.

* I see a Man surrounded and follow'd, but he is in Office: I see another whom every body courts, but he is in Favour: One is embrac'd and caref's'd even by persons of the first Rank, but he is Rich: Another is gaz'd on and pointed at, but he is Learned and Eloquent: I perceive one whom no body misses saluting, but he is a Knave. Where is the Man who has no other Title but that of a Good and Honest Man, who is courted?

* When a Man is advanc'd to a new Post, we break in upon him like an Inundation with our Praises; the Court and Chapel are full of 'em; the Stair-case, the Hall, the Gallery, and the Withdrawing Room, resound with his Elogiums. He gets presently out of sight, and mounts so high, we can hardly keep him in view. There are not two different Voices in forming his Character; Envy and Jealousie speak now like Flattery; every one

one is carry'd away by the Torrent which forces 'em to say sometimes what they think, and sometimes what they do not believe, and often to commend a Man of whom they have no knowledge. Has he Wit, Merit or Valour, he is in an instant, a Genius of the first size, a Hero, a Demi-God ; he is so prodigiously flatter'd in the Pictures that are made for him, that were he to set by any of 'em, he would appear deform'd ; 'tis impossible for him to arrive to those things which Baseness and Complaisance would make him ; he blushes at his own Reputation : But let him stagger never so little in the Post, to which he was advanc'd, the World easily change their Opinion, and he entirely loses his Credit. The Machines which lifted him so high by Applause and Encomiums, were built so high as to throw him down into the extreamest Contempt : And there are none then who disdain him more, are sharper in their Censures, and say worse things of him, than those who were most violent in their Praises, when Fortune smil'd on him.

* It may be said with reason of an eminent and nice Post, that 'tis got with more ease than 'tis maintain'd.

* We see a great many Men fall from a high Fortune, by the same Defects which rais'd 'em.

* At Court there are two ways of dismissing or discharging Servants and Dependants ; to be angry with 'em, or make 'em so angry with us, that they resent it.

* At Court they speak well of a Man for two Reasons : The first, that he may know they have commended him, and the second, that he may do 'em the same favour.

The Characters, or

* 'Tis as dangerous at Court to make any Advances, as 'tis embarrassing not to make 'em.

* I am told so many ill things of a Man, and I see so few in him, that I begin to suspect he has a real but troublesome Merit, which is likely to eclipse the Merit of others.

* You are an honest Man, and do not make it your Business either to please or displease the Favourites; are only loyal to your Master, and true to your Duty; you are a lost Man.

* None are impudent by choice, but by constitution; 'tis a Vice to be so, but 'tis natural; he who is not born so, is modest, and cannot easily pass from this extremity to the other: 'Twould be for his advantage to learn his Lesson, be impudent and succeed: A bad Imitation will not profit him, he will be quickly baffl'd. A Man ought to have at least at Court a real native Impudence to be successful.

* We seek, we are busie, we intrigue, we torment our selves, we petition, are refus'd, we petition again, and obtain; but say we, without having ever ask'd for it, or so much as thought of it, and even when we had a quite different thing in view. This is the old Style, an innocent Lye, which now a days deceives no body.

* A Man sets up for an eminent Station, prepares his Engines, takes the right measures, and is just upon the succeeding to his wish, some pull a little back, whilst others push apace forward: The Bait is laid, and the Mine ready to be sprung, the Candidate withdraws from Court. Who dar'd suspect that * Artemon aim'd at so fine a Post, when they took him from his Lands or his Government, to settle him in't? A course Artifice and common Policy, which the Courtiers have so often made use

* The Marquis of Vaudes, who put to be Gouverneur of the Deth of Buzancy.

use of, that if I would impose upon the World, and conceal from it my Ambition, I would always keep in sight of my Prince, to receive from his own hand those Favours which I had sought after with the greatest Application.

* Men are not willing we should discover the prospects they have of their Advancement, nor find out the Dignity they aim at, because if they do not obtain it, they fancy there's some shame attending the being refus'd ; and if they do, they persuade themselves 'tis greater Glory to be thought worthy by him that gives it 'em, than to shew they think themselves worthy by their Intrigues and Cabals ; they would at once appear adorn'd with their Dignity and Modesty.

Which is the greater shame, to be refus'd a Post that we deserve, or to be put into one we do not deserve ?

'Tis much more difficult to be worthy of a place at Court, than 'tis hard to get one.

A Man had better ask himself, for what did he obtain such a Post, than why was it refus'd ?

We see even at this day, that People stand publickly for a Place in the City ; they do the same thing for a Place in the Academy ; they did formerly the like to obtain the Consulship ; why then should a Man be ashamed to labour the first Years of his Lffe, to render himself capable of a great Employment, and then put in for it without Intrigue or Cabal, but publickly and with an entire confidence to serve his Country, his Prince, and the Commonwealth.

* I never saw a Courtier to whom a Prince gave a good Government, a fine Post or a large Pension, who either thro Vanity, or to shew himself Disinterested, has not said he was less pleas'd with the Gift than

than the manner with which 'twas given. That which is certain and indubitable in this is, that he says so.

'Tis clownish to give with a bad Grace. The most difficult part is the Gift it self, for what does it cost a Man to add a smile to it? There are however, many Men who refuse more handsomely than others know how to give; and some who make us ask so long, give so coldly, and impose such disagreeable Conditions, that the greatest favour they could do us, is to dispence with us from receiving it.

* Some there are at Court who are so covetous, that they will put on any shape to promote their Interest; Governments, Commands, Benefices, every thing agrees with 'em; they adjust themselves so well, that they become qualify'd for all sorts of favours; they are amphibious, living by the Church and the Sword, and are dextrous enough to joyn the Long Robe to both of 'em. If you ask who these Men are, they are those who receive and envy every one to whom any thing is given.

* A thousand People at Court wear out their days in caressing and congratulating those who have receiv'd favours, and die themselves without having any bestow'd on 'em.

* *Menophilus* borrows his Manners from one Profession, and his Habit from another; he goes mask'd all the Year, tho his Face is bare; he appears at Court, in the City, and elsewhere, always under a certain Name, and the same disguise. We find him out, and know what he is by his Countenance.

* There is a great and beaten Road, as they call it, that leads to Dignity and Honour, and there

there is a cross and bye-way, which is much the shortest.

* We run to see the Unhappy, we stare 'em in the Face, we make Lanes for 'em to pass by, we crowd to Windows on purpose to observe the Features, Looks and Behaviour of a Condemn'd Man who knows he is going to die; an odious, vain, and inhumane Curiosity. If Men were wise, the Places of Execution would be abandoned, and it would be an establish'd Maxim, that 'tis ignominious to see such Sights. If you are so very curious, exercise your Curiosity on a Noble Subject. Behold the happy Man, contemplate him in the Day of his Advaneement to a new Station, when he is receiving his Congratulations, read in his Eyes thro' an affected Calm and feign'd Modesty, how much he is contented and pleas'd with himself; observe what serenity the accomplishment of his Desires spreads over his Heart and Countenance, now that he thinks of nothing more than Health and long Life; how at last his Joy bursts forth, and can be no longer dissembl'd; how he bends beneath the weight of his own Happiness; what a serious and negligent Air he preserves for such as are not now his Equals; he makes 'em no answers; he turns away his Head, and seems not to see 'em; the Embraces and Caresses of the great ones, whom he views now no more at a distance, begin to offend him; his Brains turn, and he begins to be distract'd. You would be happy, and in favour; how many things are you to avoid?

* A Man, whence once got into a place, makes no use of his Reason or Understanding, to guide him in his Duty and Conduct towards others; he borrows his measures from his Quality and Station, and

and thence takes his forgetfulness, Pride, Arrogance, Stubbornness and Ingratitude.

* *Theonas* having been an Abbot thirty Years, grew weary of continuing so long in that Station : Others do less impatiently wait for the Purple, than he did to wear a Golden Cross on his Breast ; and because the four great Holidays in which the King uses to dispose of vacant Livings, made no alteration in his Fortune, he exclaim'd against the Iniquity of the present times, the ill Government of the State, and could foresee nothing but what was like to be unhappy from it ; convinc'd in his Heart that Merit is useless, if not prejudicial in Courts, to a Man who will raise his Fortune, he was resolv'd to renounce the Prelacy : When some body came to acquaint him that he was nam'd to a Bishoprick, fill'd with Joy and Confidence at this unexpected News, you shall see, says he to his Friend, I shall not stick here, I shall soon be an Archbishop.

* There must be Knaves at Court ; the great Men and Ministers must have 'em always at hand ; even those who are best inciin'd, cannot be without 'em : 'Tis a very nice thing to know when to set 'em at work : There are certain Times and Seasons when others can't do the Busines. Honour, Virtue and Conscience are creditable Qualities, but frequently unprofitable : What would you, at some times, do with an honest Man ?

* The minority of a Prince makes abundance of good Fortunes.

*Th: Duke
of Luxem-
bu gh.* * *Timantes*, still the same, and losing nothing of that Merit, which at first got him Reputation and Rewards, degenerated in the Opinion of our Courtiers ; they were weary of esteeming him, saluted him coldly, forbore smiling on him, no longer

longer joyn'd with him, neither embrac'd him, nor took him into a corner to talk misteriously of trivial and indifferent things ; they had, in short, nothing to say to him, and nothing less than that Pension or that new Place with which he is lately honour'd, was requisite to revive his Virtues, almost dead in their memories, and to refresh the Idea of 'em ; now they treat him as they did at first, and even better.

* How many Friends, how many Relations, are *This is meant of the late Duke De* born to a new Minister in one Night ! Some value *on Monsieur Pellitier's* being Fellow Collegiates or Neighbours ; others *being made Controller-General of the Finan-* turn over their Genealogy, going back to their Great Great Grandfathers, raking 'em together by Father and Mothers side, and some way or other, every one would be related to him. They say pre-*General of* sently, *He's my Friend, I am very glad at his Pro-* *the Finan-* *motion, I ought to take part in't, he is my near Re-* *lation.* Vain ! True Votaries of Fortune ! Inconsiderate Courtiers ! Did you talk thus eight days ago ? Is he since become an honester Man, or more deserving of the Favours his Prince has conferr'd on him ? Or did you want this Circumstance to know him better ?

* What Comforts and Supports me under the little Slights I suffer sometimes from my Betters and my Equals, is what I say to my self ; these Men don't despise me ; 'tis my Fortune, and they have Reason, for 'tis a very small one. They would without doubt adore me, if I were a Minister.

Were I suddenly to be advanced, and they knew of it, they would tell me that, with much foresight, they saw I was design'd for't ; they would be before-hand with me, and salute me first.

* He

* *Meudon.* * He who says, I Din'd yesterday at *Tibur*, or I Sup there to Night, and repeats it very often ; who shuffles in the Name of * *Plancus* on the least occasions, and says, *Plancus askt me, I told Plancus*, understanding that *Plancus* had been snatcht away by a sudden Death, holds up his Hands, gathers the People in the Porches and Piazza's, accuses the Dead, rails at his Conduct, blackens his Administration, denies him the knowledge of those things, which the Publick allow'd him to be Master of, and will not allow him to have had a happy Memory ; refuses him the Encomium of a Sober, Laborious Person, and will not do him the honour to believe, that among all the Enemies of the Empire, there was one who was *Plancus*'s Enemy.

* 'Tis a pleasant sight for a Man of Merit, to see the same place at a publick Shew, or an Assembly, which was refus'd him, given before his Face to one who has not Eyes to see, nor Ears to hear, nor Sense to make a Judgment ; who has nothing to recommend him but his Liveries, which now he wears not himself.

* *Theodotus* wears a grave Habit, and a comical Countenance, like a Man making his Entry upon a Stage ; his Voice, his Pace, his Carriage, his Posture, agree with his Countenance. He is Cunning, Cautious, Soft and very Mysterious ; he comes up to you, and whispers you in the Ear, 'Tis fine Weather, 'tis a great Thaw : If he has not great Qualifications, he has all the little ones, even those which only become a young Coxcomb. Imagine the application of a Child, building a Castle of Cards, or catching a Butterfly, and you will have a true Emblem of *Theodotus* busy'd about things of no consequence, and which do not deserve the least care ; however, he treats 'em seriously,

oufly, as if they were concerns of the greatest Importance ; he walks hard, is busie and successful ; he takes breath and reposes himself, and 'tis but reasonable, for it puts him to a great deal of trouble. There are some People who are besotted, and bewitch'd to the favour of great Men, they think on't all Day, and study on't all Night ; are always running up and down Stairs in a Minister's Apartment, going in or coming out of his Anti-Chamber ; they have nothing to say to him whatever they pretend ; they speak to him once or twice, and are content that they have spoken ; squeeze 'em, and nothing will drop from 'em but Pride, Arrogance and Presumption ; speak to 'em, they shall make you no answer ; they know you not, their Eyes are dazzl'd, and their Brains turn'd ; their Relations should take care of 'em, and lock 'em up, lest their folly in time should grow to madnes, and the World be no longer able to endur 'em. *Theodotus* has a softer way with him ; he passionately loves Favour, but his Passion is more private, he pays it his Vows in secret, there he cultivates it, and keeps it a Mystery ; he is ever on the watch to discover who is advan'd into the Prince's favour ; he offers his service to them, and to them sacrifices Merit, Alliances, Friendship, Engagements and Gratitude ; if the place of a *Cassini* were vacant, and the Porter or Postillion of a Favourite should put in for it, he would assist him in his pretensions, and judge him worthy of the Place, would think him capable to make Observations and Calculations, to observe Paralyes or Paralaxies. If you enquire concerning *Theodotus*, whether he is an Author or a Plagiary, an Original or a Copyer, I must give you his Works, and bid you read and judge ; but whether he is a Devotee

or

or a Courtier, who can decide from the Picture I have drawn of him ; I can with more assurance proclaim what his Stars design for him : Hear, O *Theodotus*, I have calculated your Nativity, your Advancement will be very sudden, be no more solicitous about it, print no more of your Writings, the Publick begs for Quarter.

* There is a Country where the Joys are visible, but false, and the Griefs hidden, but real. Who would imagine that the Raptures at the *Opera*, the Claps and Applauses at *Moliere's* Comedies, and *Harlequin's*-Farces, the Feasts, Hunting-matches, Balls and Banquets which we hear of, cover'd so many Inquietudes, so many Cares and different interests, so many Hopes and Fears, so many ardent Passions and serious Businesses!

* The Court Life is a serious melancholy Game, and requires Application ; a Man must range his Pieces and his Batteries, have a Design, pursue it, thwart his Adversaries, venture sometimes, and sometimes play capriciously ; yet after all his Measures and Contrivances, he will be often beat ; when he thinks he has manag'd his Men well, and is in a fair way to succeed, one more skilful or more happy gets the Game.

* The Wheels, the Springs, the Movements of a Watch are hidden, nothing appears but its Hand, which insensibly moves forward and finishes its circuit. A true Image of a Courtier, who, after having gone a great way about, returns at last frequently to the same point from whence he set out.

* Two Thirds of my Life are already elaps'd, why then should I perplex my self so much for what remains ? The most splendid Fortune deserves neither the torment I put my self to, nor the meannesses I must be guilty of, nor the humiliations

tions, nor shame which I am forced to endure to acquire it. Thirty Years will destroy those *Co-logus's* of Power that raise themselves so high above our Heads, and reach almost out of our Sight. I who am so little a thing, and those from whom I expected all my Greatness, must in a short time disappear. The best of all good things, if there is any thing good in this World, is a soft repose, and a quiet retreat, free from want and dependances. *M* was of this Opinion in his Disgrace, and forgot it in his Prosperity.

* A Nobleman who resides at home in his own Province lives free, but without protection: If he lives at Court he is protected, but is then a Slave; so 'tis even.

* *Xantippus* in a corner of his Province, under *Mr Bon-*
an old Roof, in an old Bed, dreamt one Night ^{temp.} that he saw his Prince, that he spoke to him, and felt an extream joy: When he wak'd, he was melancholy; he told his Dream, and said, What strange Chimæra's a Man may have in his Sleep! *Xantippus* some time after went to Court, saw his Prince, spoke to him; and went farther than his Dream, was made a Favourite.

* No body is more a Slave, than an *Affiduous* Courtier, unless it be a Courtier who is more *Affiduous*.

* A Slave has but one Master: An Ambitious Man has as many as there are People who may be useful to him in making his Fortune.

* A thousand Men who are scarce known, croud every day to be seen by their Prince, who can't see a thousand at a time; and if he sees none to day but those he saw yesterday, and will see to to morrow, how many will be Unhappy!

* Of all those who croud about Great Men, and make their court to 'em, a few honour 'em in their Hearts, a great number follow 'em out of Ambition or Interest, but the greatest number of all, from a ridiculous Vanity, or a foolish Impatience to make themselves taken notice of.

* There are certain Families, that by the Laws of the World, or of what we call Decency, ought to be irreconcileable ; they are now good Friends, and whom Religion in vain attempted to unite, Interest without much ado has joyn'd together.

Versailles.

* I have heard talk of a Country where the Old Men are Gallant, Polite and Civil : The young Men, on the contrary, Stubborn, Wild, without either Manners or Civility : They are free from Passion for Women at the Age when in other Countries the begin to feel it, and prefer Feasts, Victuals, and ridiculous Amours before 'em : Amongst these People, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but Wine ; the too frequent use of it has render'd it flat and insipid to 'em ; they endeavour by Brandy and other strong Liquors, to quicken their Taste, already extinguish'd, and want nothing to compleat their Debauches, but to drink *Aqua Fortis*. The Women of that Country hasten the decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to preserve it : They paint their Cheeks, Eye-brows and Shoulders, which they lay open, together with their Breasts, Arms and Ears, as if they were afraid to hide those Places which they think will please, and never think they shew enough of 'em. The Phisiognomies of the People of that Country are not at all neat, but confus'd and embarrass'd with a bundle of strange Hair, which they prefer before their natural ; with this they weave something to cover their Heads, which descends down half way their Bodies,

Bodies, hides their Features, and hinders you from knowing Men by their Faces. This Nation has besides this their God and their King. The Grandees go every day at a certain hour to a Temple they call a Church: At the upper end of that Temple there stands an Altar consecrated to their God, where the Priest celebrates some Mysteries which they call holy, sacred and tremendous. The great Men make a vast Circle at the foot of the Altar, standing with their back to the Priest and the Holy Mysteries, and their Faces erected towards their King, who is seen on his Knees upon a Throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However, in this Custom there is to be remark'd a sort of Subordination; for the People appear adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Region call it 'Tis from forty eight degrees of Latitude, and more than eleven hundred Leagues by Sea from the *Iroquois* and *Hurons*.

* Whoever will consider, that the Presence of a King is the whole happiness of a Courtier, that he busies himself, and is satisfy'd during the whole course of his Life, to see and be seen by him, will in some measure comprehend how the sight of God may make all the Glory and Felicity of the Saints.

* Great Lords are full of Respect for their Princes; 'tis their Binality, they have their Inferiors. The little Courtiers ease themselves of these Duties, shew themselves familiar, and live like Men who have no Examples to shew to any one.

* What is there wanting in the Youth of our Days? Capacity and Knowledge they have, or at least if they do not know as much as is

possible, they are as positive and decisive as if they did.

* Weak Men ! A Grandee says of your Friend *Timagenes*, that he is a Blockhead, in which he's mistaken ; I do not require you to reply that he is a Man of Wit ; be but so bold as to think that he is not a Blockhead.

He says too that *Iphicrates* is a Coward ; you have seen him do a great Action : Take courage, I dispense with you from publishing it, provided that after what you have heard said of him, you will still remember that you saw him do it.

* There are very few who know how to speak to their Prince ; in this all the Prudence and Skill of a Courtier terminates : A word escapes, which entering the Prince's Ear, passes to his Memory, and sometimes to his Heart, 'tis impossible to recover it ; all the care and address that can be us'd to explain or soften it, serve only to engrave it deeper there, and enforce it the more : If 'tis against no body but our selves that we have talk'd, besides that this Misfortune is not very common, the Remedy is at hand, which is to instruct us by our fault, and to endure the Punishment of our Levity ; but if 'tis against another, what Shame ! what Repentance ! Is there a better Rule against this dangerous Inconvenience, than to talk of others to our Sovereign, of their Persons, Actions, Works, Manners or Conduct, with the same Care, Precaution and Management, that we talk of our selves ?

* A Jester is a wretched Character, I would say, if it had not been said before : Those who injure the Reputation or Fortune of another for the sake of a Jest, deserve an infamous Punishment ; that has not been said already, and I dare say it.

* There

* There are a certain number of Phrases ready made, which we lay up as in a Magazine, and take 'em thence to use as we have occasion to congratulate one another on Events: Tho' they are often spoken without any Affection, and heard without any Acknowledgment, yet we must not omit 'em, because they are at least the Image of the best thing in the World, which is Friendship, and since Men can't depend on one another for the reality, they seem to agree amongst themselves to be contented with its appearances.

* With five or six terms of Art, and nothing else, we set up for Masters in Musick, Painting, Building, and Good Chear; we fancy presently we have more Pleasure than others, in hearing, seeing or eating; we impose on such as are like us, and deceive our selves.

* The Court is never destitute of a sort of People, with whom Fashion, Politeness and Fortune, serve instead of Sense, and supply the place of a Merit; they know how to come in and go out of a Room, disengage themselves from Conversation by never entring into it, affect to say nothing, and render themselves tiresome by a long silence, or speaking at most in a few Monosyllables: Their Mein, Voice, Gesture and Smiles is all they give you in return to what you say to 'em: Their Understandings, if I may venture to express my self so, are not two Inches deep; if you fathom 'em, you will soon come to the Mud and Gravel.

* There are some whom Favour overtakes like an accident; they are the first it surprizes, and puts into a consternation; they recollect themselves at last, and find their Stars have done nothing for 'em which they did not deserve; and as if Stupidity and Fortune were two things incompatible, or that

it were impossible to be at once a happy Man and a Fool, they fancy they have Wit, they grow bold, I should say, impudent enough to speak on all occasions, on whatever subject offers, and without any respect to the persons who hear them ; I might add, they become at last terrible, and disgust every one with their dulness and follies ; this is certain at least, they irreparably dishonour all who had any share in the chance of their Advancement.

* What shall we call those who are only Cunning in the opinion of Fools ? I know the able Men rank 'em with the People they impose on.

He is far gone in Cunning, who makes other People believe that he is but indifferently Cunning.

Cunning is neither too good nor too bad a quality ; it floats between Virtue and Vice : There is scarce any opportunity where 'tis necessary, but it ought to be supply'd with Prudence.

Cunning is the near Occasion to Cheating ; the way from one to t'other is very slippery ; Lying only makes the difference ; add that to Cunning, and 'tis Cheating.

Amongst such as out of Cunning hear all and talk little, do you talk less ; or if you will talk much, speak little to the purpose.

* You have a just and important Affair depending on the consent of two Persons ; says one of 'em, I give you my hand for't, if such a one will agreee to't, and he does agree to't, and desires nothing more than to be satisfy'd of the Intentions of the other ; in the mean time nothing comes on't, Months and Years rowl on unprofitably ; I am lost, say you, and can't perceive what they meant by't ; all that is to be done, is, that they should meet together and discourse about it. I tell you, Friend, I see thro it and perceive their meaning, they have discours'd about it. * It

* It seems to me, that he who sollicits for others, has the confidence of one that demands Justice; and he who speaks for himself, the confusion and bashfulness of him that implores mercy.

* If a Man is not careful at Court of falling into the snares which are laid for him to make him ridiculous, he will, with all his wit, be amaz'd to find himself bubbl'd by greater Fools than himself.

* In the course of ones Life, there are some opportunities where Truth and Simplicity are the best Managers.

* If you are in Favour, all you do is well done, you commit no fault, and every step you take, leads you to the right end. Otherwise all is faulty, nothing profitable, and there's no Path but sets you out of the Road.

* A Man ought to have Wit to be a Person of Intrigue and Cabal: He may have so much as to be above them, and can't subject himself to trick and artifice, finding better ways to make his Fortune, or acquire Reputation.

* Fear not, O *Aristides*, with your sublime *Mr de* Wit, your universal Learning, your Experience, Pompon Probity, and most accomplish'd Merit, that you shall fall at Court, or lose the favour of the Great Men, as long as they shall stand in need of you.

* Let a Favourite watch himself very narrowly, for if he makes me attend in his Anti-Chamber not so long as usual, if his Looks are free, his Fore-head less wrinkl'd with Frowns, if he hears me more willingly, and waits on me back a little further than formerly, I shall think he begins to fall, and shall not be mistaken.

A Man has very little Relief within himself, since he wants Disgraces and Mortifications, to

make him more humane, more tractable, less rude, and more honest.

* If we reflect on a great many Persons at Court, we shall find by their Discourses, and their whole conduct, that they think neither of their Grand-fathers or Grand-children. The present is what they are for; they don't enjoy that, but abuse it.

* *Straton* is born under two Stars, Unhappy and Happy in the same degree; his Life is a Romance, but that it wants probability: He has had no Adventures: He has had good and bad Dreams in abundance, or I may say rather, 'tis impossible to dream as he has liv'd: No body has been more oblig'd to Destiny than himself; he is acquainted with the Mean and the Extream; he has made a Figure, has been in Sufferings, and has led a common Life; nothing has escap'd him. He has made himself valu'd for the Virtues which he assur'd us very seriously were in him: He has said in his own praise, *I have Wit, I have Courage*, and every one has said after him, *he has Wit, he has Courage*. In both Fortunes he exercis'd the Genius of the Courtiers, who have said of him more good perhaps, and more ill things than he ever deserv'd. The Agreeable, the Lovely, the Wonderful, the Rare and the Heroick, have been the Terms employ'd in his *Elogium*; and the quite contrary have been us'd to vilify him. A Character equivocal, mixt and confus'd; an Enigma; a Question almost impossible to be decided.

* Favour puts a Man above his Equals, and the loss of it below 'em.

* He who knows how in good time to renounce with Resolution a great Name, a great Authority, or a great Fortune, delivers himself at once from a great many Troubles, from a great many broken

broken Slumbers, and often from a great many Crimes.

* The World will be the same a hundred Years hence as 'tis now; there will be the same Theatre and Decoration, tho not the same Actors. All those that rejoic'd at a Favour receiv'd, or were sorry and afflicted for one refus'd, are gone behind the Scenes; there are others enter'd on the Stage, who act the same Parts in the same Play; they vanish too in their turn, and those who were seen yesterday, and perhaps may be to day, disappear to morrow; others have taken their places: What reliance on an Actor of a Play!

* Whoever has seen the Court, has seen all that is fine, charming or glorious in the World; he that despises the Court, after having seen it, despises the World.

A sound Mind gets at Court a true taste of Solitude and Retirement.



Of the Great.

THE People are so blindly preposseſt in favour of great Men, so naturally taken with their Behaviour and Looks, their tone of Voice and Manners, that if they could condescend but to be good, this Prepossession would grow to Idolatry.

* If you are born vicious, Oh Theagenes, I pity you; If you are become so out of a weakness for some, whose Interest it is that you should be debaucht, who have fworn privately to corrupt you, and

and boast already of their success, excuse me if I despise you: But if you are Wise, Temperate, Modest, Civil, Generous, Grateful, Industrious, and besides, of a Rank that ought to give Examples rather than to take 'em, and to make Rules for others rather than receive 'em; agree with those sort of People to follow out of complaisance, their Disorders, Vices, and Follies, after the respect they owe you, has oblig'd them to imitate your Virtues. 'Tis an odd, but an useful Irony, very proper to secure your Manners, ruine all their Projects, and put 'em on a necessity of continuing what they are, and leaving you what you are.

* Great Man have in one thing a prodigious advantage over others; I don't envy 'em, their Good Clear, Riches, Dogs, Horses, Equipages, Fools and Flatteries; but I envy 'em the happiness of leaving in their service Men of as great Souls and Sense, and sometimes better than their own.

* The Great delight in opening Walks in Forests, making fine Terraces, gilding their Ceilings, in making Water-works and Orangeries; but to restore Content to a distracted Mind, or Joy to an afflicted Soul, to prevent extream Necessity in the Miserable, or to relieve them, is what their curiosity reaches not to.

* One asks, if in comparing the different Conditions of Men together, their Sufferings and Advantages, we can't observe such a mixture and sortment of good and evil, as seems to set them on an equality; or at least makes one as desirable as the other; the rich and powerful Man, who wants nothing, may put the Question, but the poor Man must answer it.

There is however a Charm in each different condition, of which nothing but Misery can deprive it;

it; the Great please themselves in excess, the Little in moderation; these delight in lording and commanding, those find a pleasure, and even a vanity in serving and obeying: The Great are surrounded, saluted and respected; the Little surround, salute and cringe, and both are content.

* Good words cost the Great so little, and their quality dispences them so much with keeping the fairest Promises they make, that 'tis modesty in them to be as sparing of them as they are.

* Such a one, says a Great Man, is grown old, and almost worn out with attendance on me, what shall we do with him? One more young and active deprives him of his hopes, and obtains the Post which was refus'd to this unfortunate Man, for no other reason than that he too well deserv'd it.

* I do not know how it comes to pass, say you, with a cold and disdainful Air, *Philantus* has Merit, Wit, good Humour, is Industrious, Sincere and Faithful to his Master, but he is not valu'd, he cannot please, he is not at all lik'd: Explain your self, do you blame *Philantus*, or the Great Man he serves?

* 'Tis frequently more advantageous to quit the service of great Men, than to complain of 'em.

* Who can give me any reason, why some Men get the Prize in a Lottery, or why others are fortunate in the favour of the Great.

* The Great are so happy, that even in the whole course of their Lives, they are never put to the trouble of lamenting the loss of their best Servants, or Persons famous in several Capacities, by whom they have been pleas'd and instructed. Their Flatterers are presently ready to find fault with the deceas'd, and to expose their weakness, from which they pretend their Successors are entirely

tirely free; they assure them, that with the capacity and knowledge of the former they have none of their defects; and this is the Language which comforts Princes in the loss of the most excellent and worthy Servants, and makes 'em satisfy'd with indifferent ones.

* The Great slight the Men of Wit, who have nothing but Wit; the Men of Wit despise the Great, who have nothing but Greatness: The honest Man pities 'em both, if having Greatness or Wit only, they have not Virtue.

* When on the one side, I see some brisk, busie, intriguing, bold, dangerous and scandalous Persons at the Table, and often in the familiarity of the Great; and on the other hand, I consider with what difficulty a Man of Merit approaches 'em, I don't always believe the wicked are suffer'd out of Interest, or good Men lookt on as unprofitable; but I chuse rather to confirm my self in this thought, that Grandeur and Discernment are two different things, and the Love of Virtue and Virtuous Men a third.

* *Lucilius* spends his Life in rendering himself supportable to the Great, and chuses this before being reduc'd to live familiarly with his Equals.

* 'Tis a rule to visit such as are above us, but it ought to have some Restrictions, because it often requires extraordinary Talents to put it into practice.

* Oh the incurable Distemper of *Theophilus*! it has hung on him this thirty years, and now he is past recovery: He was, is, and will always be desirous to govern the Great; Death only can quench with his Life this thirst of Empire, and ambition to rule other Mens Minds. Is it in him

a zeal for his Neighbour, a Custom, or an excessive Opinion of himself? By his insinuation he gets admittance every where, no Palace escapes him; he never stops in the middle of a Chamber, he goes on to the Window or Closet, and People must wait to be seen, or have audience, till he has finish'd his tedious Discourses. He intrudes himself into all Families, concerns himself in their Misfortunes and Advantages, offers himself to 'em on all occasions, and appears so zealous that he must be admitted. The care of ten thousand Souls, which he is accountable for, as much as for his own, is not enough to employ his time, and satisfie his Ambition of directing; there are others of a higher rank and more consideration, whom without being oblig'd to account for, he voluntarily takes charge on: He looks out, enquires, and watches for any thing that may nourish his intriguing humour, and his desire of meddling with and managing other Mens Concerns: A Great Man has scarce set foot on shore, but he catches, seizes him, and says immediately, *I govern him*, before one would think he had so much as thought on't.

* A coldness, incivility or neglect from our betters, makes us hate 'em; but a salute or a smile reconciles us.

* There are some proud Men, whom the elevation of their Rivals humbles and mortifies, and this disgrace sometimes inclines 'em even to be civil; but time, which sweetens all things, restores them at last to their former disposition,

* The Contempt which the Great have for the People, renders 'em indifferent to the Flattery or Praise they receive from them, and Tempers their Vanity: So Princes prais'd and flatter'd without measure

measure by the Great, or by Courtiers, would be more vain, if they had a better Opinion of those who prais'd them.

* The Great believe themselves to be the only compleat Persons, and will but seldom allow a right Judgment, Ability or Delicacy in any of a meaner Rank, seizing on the Riches of the Mind, as things due to their Birth : 'Tis however a gross Error in them to cherish such false Prejudices ; the best Thoughts, the best Discourses, the best Writings, and perhaps the nicest Conduct, do not always come from them : They have large Estates, and a long train of Ancestors ; this must not be disputed with them.

*The Mar-
shal de la
Feuillade.*

* Have you Wit, Quality, Capacity, Taste and Discernment ? Shall I believe prejudice and flattery, which so boldly proclaim your Merit ? No, I suspect and refuse them. I'll not be dazl'd with the Air of Capacity and Dignity, which set you above all Words, Actions and Writings, which makes you so great a Niggard of Applause, that 'tis impossible to obtain the least Approbation from you ; from whence I draw a more natural conclusion, that you are a Favourite Rich, and of great Interest. How shall we describe you *Telephon* ? We cannot approach you, but as we do Fire, at a certain distance, and to discover what you are, to make a sound and rational judgment of you, we ought to confront you with your Companions : Your Confident, your most peculiar Friend, for whom you would quit *Socrates* and *Aristides*, with whom you laugh, and who laughs louder than your self, *Davus*, in short, I know very well, is not this enough for me to know you by ?

* There are some, who did they know their inferiors and themselves, they would be ashamed to be above 'em.

* If

* If there are but a few excellent Orators, are there many that would understand 'em? If there are not enough good Writers, where are those who know how to read? We are always complaining of the small number of Persons qualify'd to counsel Kings, assist them in the administration of their Affairs; but if at last these able and intelligent Men appear in the World, if they act according to their knowledge, are they belov'd or esteem'd as much as they deserve? Are they commended for what they think and do for their Country? They live, that's all, and 'tis thought sufficient; they are censur'd if they miscarry, and envy'd if they succeed. Let us then blame the People, whom indeed 'twould be ridiculous to excuse: The Great look on their discontent and jealousie as inevitable things, and for this reason matter not their Opinions, but even reckon it a Rule in Politicks to neglect them.

The common People hate one another for the injury they reciprocally do one another; the Great are odious to them, for the ill they do, and the good they do not; they think 'em responsible for their Obscurity, Poverty and Misfortunes.

* Great Men think it almost too'great a condescension in them, to have the same God and Religion as the People; no wonder then that they cannot abide the Names of *Peter, John, James*, which are only fit for Tradesmen and Labourers: Let us avoid, say they, having any thing in common with the Multitude; let us affect, on the contrary, any distinction that may separate us from them; let the Mob appropriate to themselves the twelve Apostles, their Disciples and their Martyrs, fit Patrons for such People; let them every Year with pleasure expect the return of such a particular day, which

which each celebrates as his Festival ; but for us let us have recourse to prophane Names, and Baptize our Children by the Names of *Hannibal, Cesar* and *Pompey*, they were indeed great Men ; by that of *Lucretia*, an illustrious Roman Lady ; by those of *Rinaldo, Rugeria, Oliviero and Tancredo*, they were Palladins, and Romances cannot shew more wonderful Heroes ; by those of *Hector, Achilles* or *Hercules*, all Demi-gods ; by even those of *Phæbus* and *Diana* ; and what should hinder us from calling our selves, *Jupiter, Mercury, Venus* or *Adonis* ?

* While the Great neglect to know any thing, not only of the Interest of Princes and Publick Affairs, but of their own private concerns ; while they are ignorant of the Oeconomy and Government of a Family, and value themselves on this Ignorance, and are impoverisht and ruin'd by their Servants ; while they are content to be Bubbles to their Stewards, to be always eating and drinking ; while they sit idly at *Thais's* or *Pbryne's*, talking of Dogs and Horses, telling how many Stages there are between *Paris* and *Besanccon* or *Philipsburg* ; some Citizens instruct themselves in every thing that belongs to their Country, study the Art of Government, become subtile and politick, know the strength and weakness of a State, think of advancing and placing themselves, are plac'd and advanc'd, become powerful, and ease their Prince of part of the publick care ; the Great, who disdain'd them, respect them, and think themselves happy if they can be accepted for their Sons-in-Law.

* If I compare the two most opposite Conditions of Men together, I mean the Great with the People ; the last appear content if they have but

ne-

necessaries, and the former unquiet and poor with Superfluities. A mean Man can do no harm; a great Man will do no good, and is capable of doing great mischief; one exercises himself only about things profitable; the other on what is pernicious: Here rusticity and freedom are ingeniously discover'd; there a malign and corrupted disposition is hid under an Air of Politeness: If the People have no Wit, the Great have no Soul: These have a good bottom and no outside; those have nothing but outside and a simple superficies. Were I to chuse which I would be of, without further weighing the matter, it should be the People.

* As profound as the Great at Court are, and whatever Art they use to appear what they are not, and not to appear what they are, they can't hide their malice and extream inclination to laugh at another's expence, and to render that ridiculous which is not really so: These fine Talents are discover'd in them at first sight, admirable without doubt to puzzle a Bubble, and make a Fool of one who was no better before; but yet more proper, to deprive them of the pleasure they might receive by a Man of Wit, who knows how to turn and wind himself a thousand agreeable and pleasant ways, if the Character of a Courtier did not engage him to be too reserv'd. He fortifies himself under the covert of a serious Gravity, and does it so well, that the Railers, as ill dispos'd as they are, can find no pretence to laugh at him.

* An easie Life, Plenty, and the calm of a great Prosperity, are the Reasons why Princes take delight in laughing at a Dwarf, a Monkey, a Natural or a wretched Tale; Men less happy never laugh but on a right occasion.

* A Great Man loves *Champagne*, and hates *La Brie*: He makes himself drunk with better Wine than a meaner Man ; this is often the only difference between a Lord and a Footman.

* It seems at first view, that the Pleasures of Princes must be always season'd with the secret one of injuring other People ; but 'tis not so, Princes are like other Men, they think of themselves, follow their own Taste, Passions and Conveniency, which is natural.

* One would think 'tis the first Rule of such as are in Office, Power, or Societies, to give such as depend on 'em for the care of their Affairs, all the obstacles they are afraid of.

* I cannot imagine in what a Great Man is happier than others, if 'tis not that he has it often in his power to do good ; and when such an opportunity offers, it seems to me he ought to take hold on't ; if 'tis in favour of an honest Man, he should be afraid to let it slip ; but as 'tis for a just thing, he ought to prevent *Solicitation*, and not be seen before 'tis to be thank'd ; and if 'tis an easie thing, he should not set too great a value upon it ; if he refuses it him, I pity them both.

* There are some Men born inaccessible, these are precisely such as others stand in need of, and on whom they depend ; they are never but on one foot, moveable as *Mercury* ; they are always noisie and in action, like the Paper Figures which we see at publick Festivals, which scatter Fire and Flames, which Thunder and Lighten, so that we dare not approach them, till extinguish'd at last they fall down, and by their fall become tractable, but useless.

* The

* The Porter, the *Valet de Chambre*, the Foot-man, if they have not more Wit than belongs to their Condition, make no Judgment of themselves from the baseness of their Birth, but the elevation and fortune of the Lords they serve, and think all that enter at their Gate, or mount their Stair-case, below themselves and their Masters: So true it is, that we are doom'd to suffer any thing from the Great, and such as belong to 'em.

* A Man in a Post ought to love his Prince, his Wife, his Children, and next to them the Men of Wit; he ought to adopt them, to be always furnish'd with, and never to want them; he cannot pay, I will not say with too large Pensions or Benefits, but with too much familiarity and carefes, the service they do him when he least thinks on't. What little Tales don't they dissipate? How many Stories they by their Address reduce to Fable and Fiction? Don't they know how to justifie ill Success by good Intentions, and prove the goodness of a design, and the justness of measures by a prosperous event, to demonstrate against Malice and Envy, that good Enterprizes proceed from good Motives, to put favourable Constructionsonwretched Appearances; to turn off little defects, and show nothing but Virtues, and those to set in the best light; to spread on a thousand occasions, advantageous Actions and Particulars, and make a Jeft of such as dare doubt the contrary? I know 'tis a Maxim with Great Men, to let People speak, and to continue to act as they think fit; but I know also, that it happens very often, that their not caring how People speak of 'em, puts 'em out of a capacity of acting.

* To be sensible of Merit, and when 'tis known to treat it well, are two great steps to be made one

*The Characters, or
after another, which few Great Men are capable
of.*

* You are Great and Potent; this is not enough: Make your self worthy of my esteem, that I may be sorry to lose your favour, or that I never could obtain it.

* You say of a Great Man, or Person in a high Station, he is very obliging, officious, and loves to be serviceable; and you confirm this by a long Tale of what he has done in an Affair, wherein he knew you were concern'd; I understand you, you are in Credit, you are well known to the Ministers of State, you are well with the Great; What else, Sir, would you have me know by it?

A Person tells you, *I think my self ill us'd by such a one, he is proud since his advancement, he despairs me, he will not know me. Say you, I have no reason to complain of him; on the contrary, I must commend him; he seems to me to be very civil; I believe I understand you too, Sir. You would acquaint us, that a Man in place has a regard for you, that in the Anti-chamber he picks you out of a thousand considerable Persons, from whom he turns aside, that he may not fall into the inconvenience of saluting or granting them a smile.*

To commend and speak well of Great Men, is a delicate Phrase in its original, for doubtless one intends to commend himself, in relating of the Great all the good they have done us, or never thought to do us.

We praise the Great to show we are intimate with 'em, rarely out of Esteem or Gratitude; we know not often those we praise; vanity and levity sometimes prevail on our Ressentment; we are displeas'd with 'em, and yet praise them.

* If 'tis always dangerous to be concern'd in a suspicious Affair, the danger grows greater when you are an Accomplice with the Great; they will get clear, and leave you to pay double, for your self and them.

* A Prince has not fortune enough to pay a Man for a base complacency, if he considers what it costs the Man who gives it; nor too much power to punish him, if he measures his Vengeance by the Wrong done him.

* The Nobility expose their Lives for the safety of the State, and the Glory of their Sovereign; the Magistrate discharges his Prince from the care of Judging his People. Both of 'em are sublime Functions, of wonderful use; Men are not capable of greater things; and I can't guess whence the Men of the Robe and Sword can draw matter for their reciprocal contempt of one another.

* If 'tis true, that the Great venture more in hazarding their Lives, destin'd to Gaiety, Pleasure, and Abundance, than the private Man, who ventures only his miserable days; it must also be confess, that they have a larger recompence; Glory, and a high Reputation. The Private Centinel has no thoughts of being known, he dies obscure in a Croud, he liv'd indeed after the same rate, but he only liv'd; and this is one of the chief causes of the want of Courage in low and servile Conditions. On the contrary, those, whose Birth distinguishes 'em from the People, and exposes 'em to the Eyes of Men, to their censure and praise, exert themselves even above their natural temper, if they are not naturally inclin'd to Virtue; and this disposition of Heart and Mind, which they derive from their Fore fathers, is the bravery so familiar to the Nobility, and perhaps Nobility it self.

Throw me amongst the Troops as a common Soldier, I am *Thersites*: Put me at the head of an Army, for which I'm answerable to all *Europe*, I am *Achilles*.

* Princes, without Science or Rules, make a Judgment by comparison; they are born and brought up in the center of the best things, to which they compare what they read, see, or hear. All that does not come up very near to *Lully*, *Racine*, and *Le Brun*, they condemn.

* To talk to young Princes of nothing else but the care of their Rank, is an excess of precaution, while the whole Court reckon it their Duty, and a part of their Politeness to respect them, and that they are less apt to be ignorant of the regard due to their Birth, than to confound Persons, and treat indifferently, or without distinction, all sorts of Titles and Conditions: They have an innate haughtiness, which they find on all occasions, and want no Lessens, but how to govern it, and to inspire 'em with goodness, honour, and a spirit of discernment.

* 'Tis a downright hypocrisy in a Man of a certain degree, not to take at first the Rank due to him, and which every body is ready to grant him; it costs him nothing to be modest, to mingle with the Multitude, that would open to make way for him, to take the lowest seat at a publick Meeting, that every one may see him there, and run to set him higher. Modesty in Men of ordinary condition, is a more bitter practice; if they throw themselves into a croud, we jostle and punch 'em; if they chuse an incommodious Seat, they stay there.

* *Aristarchus* conveys himself into the Market-place, with an Herald and a Trumpeter; the Trumpeter sounds, and the Mob get round him; Hear,

Hear, O ye People, says the Herald, Silence, Silence, be attentive. This very Aristarchus you see before you, to morrow is to do a good Action. I would say now with more simplicity, and without any Figure, such a one does well; wou'd he do better, let him behave himself so that I may not know that he does good, or at least then I may not suspect that he design'd I should be told it.

* The best actions are chang'd and weaken'd by the manner of doing them, and sometimes make us question the Sincerity of a Man's Intention; he who protects or commends Virtue for the sake of Virtue, condemns or blames Vice for Vice's sake, acts without design, singularity, pride or affectation; he neither reproves demurely and sententiously, nor yet sharply nor satirically; he never makes his correction a Scene to divert the Publick, but shews a good Example, and acquits himself of his duty; furnishes little for the Ladies Visits or the Withdrawing Room; gives the merry Man no matter for a pleasant Tale. The good he does is indeed but little known, yet he does good, and what would he more?

* The Great ought not to love the first Ages of the World, they are not at all favourable to 'em; they are mortify'd to see that the rest of the World have any relation to 'em. Mankind compose together but one Family; all the difference is, we are more or less related.

¶ * *Theognis* is very spruce in dressing himself, *The late Archibishop of Paris.* and as nice as a Lady; while he's at his Glass, he settles his Eyes and Countenance as he is to appear abroad; he comes out every way compleat, and those who pass by him, meet the smiles and kind looks which he had before prepar'd, that nothing may escape him. He marches into the *Hall*, turns

himself to the right where there are many, and to the left where there is no body to observe him ; he salutes those who are there, and those who are not ; he embraces the first Man he encounters, runs his Head into his Bosom, and then asks his Name. A Person wants his help in an affair, he finds him and begs it. *Theognis* hears him favourably, is ravish'd that he can be serviceable to him ; but if the other presses him to do him a kindness in the present affair, he tells him, that 'tis not in his power, and leaves it to him to judge of the reasons, which express his good will : The Client goes out, waited on, carefs'd, complimented, and almost content with his being refus'd.

* A Man must have a very bad opinion of Men, and yet know 'em well to believe he can impose on 'em, with study'd Careffes, and long and barren Embraces.

The Marquis de Dangeau.

* * *Pamphilus* do's not converse with the People he meets in the *Hall*, or at the Court, but by the gravity and high tone he uses, one would think he was formally receiving them, and giving 'em Audience ; he has a parcel of terms, at once civil and haughty, a Gentleman-like sort of Carriage, very imperious, and manag'd without discernment ; a false grandeur which abases him, and is very troublesome to his friends, who are loth to despise him.

* *Pamphilus* is full of his own Merit, and keeps himself always in view ; never forgets the Idea he has of his Grandeur, Alliances, Employments, and Quality ; he jumbles 'em all together, and confounds them when he endeavours to shew 'em to his advantage ; he's always talking of his Order, and his Blue Ribbon ; exposes or hides it out of ostentation. In short, *Pamphilus* would be great, he

he believes he is so, he is not, but he's next to it. If at any time he smiles on one of a lower Order, or a Man of Wit, he chuses his time so justly, that he will never be catcht in the least familiarity with a Person who is not rich, or powerful, or a prime Ministers Friend, Relation or Domestick ; he blushes and is ashamed when he's so surpriz'd ; severe and inexorable to him who has not made his Fortune. One day he sees you in a Gallery and flies you, the next he finds you in a place less publick, or if publick, in the company of a Great Man, he takes courage, comes up to you, and says, Yesterday you would not see me. Sometimes he will leave you bluntly, to joyn himself with a Lord ; and sometimes if he finds you with them, he will jog and carry you away : Meet him at another time, he will not stop ; you must run after him, and talk so loud as to expose your self to all that pass by you. Thus the *Pamphilus*'s lie always as if they were in a Play : People bred up in Falshood, who hate nothing more than to be natural ; real Actors of a Comedy, true *Floridor*'s and *Mondoriss*'s.

We can never say enough of the *Pamphilus*'s ; they are mean and fearful before Princes and their Ministers, proud and confident before such as have nothing but Vertue to recommend them ; dumb and confounded before the Learned ; brisk, forward and positive before the Ignorant ; they talk of War to a Lawyer, of Politeness to a Banker, of History among Women, of Poetry among Doctors, and of Geometry among Poets. They don't trouble themselves with Maxims, and less with Principles, they live at a venture, push'd and driven on by the Wind of Favour ; they have no Sentiments which are properly their own, they borrow them

them according as they want 'em ; and he to whom they apply themselves, is neither Wise, Able, nor Virtuous, but a Man of Fashion.

* We have a fruitless jealousie, and an impotent hatred for the Great and Men in Post, which can not revenge us for their splendour and elevation, but only adds to our own misery the insupportable weight of another's happiness : What is to be done against so contagious and inveterate a Disease of the Soul ? Let us be contented with little, and if possible with less ; let us learn to bear the Losses that may befall us, the Receipt is infallible, and I resolve to try it. By this means I spare my self the trouble of civilizing a Door-keeper, and mollifying a Head Clerk ; of being pusht back from a Gate by innumerable crowds of Clients and Courtiers, of whom a Ministers House disgorges it self several times in the day ; of languishing in a Hall of Audience ; of begging of him, trembling and stammering a just demand ; of bearing with his Gravity, Frowns and Laconisms ; now I neither envy nor hate him any more : He begs nothing of me, nor I of him ; we are equal, unless perhaps he is never at quiet, and I am.

* If the Great have frequent Opportunities to do us good, they have seldom the will ; and if they would injure us, 'tis not always in their power : Thus we may be deceiv'd in the worship we pay them, if 'tis from no other Motives than hope and fear : A Man may live a long while without depending on them in the least, or being indebted to 'em for his good or bad Fortune : We ought to honour 'em since they are great, and we are little, and since there are others less than our selves, who honour us.

* The

* The same Passions, the same Weaknesses, the same Meanness, the same contrary Dispositions, the same Quarrels in Families, and among Relations, the same Envies and Antipathies reign at Court and in the City : You find every where Daughters-in-Law, Mothers-in-Law, Husbands and Wives, Divorces, Ruptures and Misunderstandings: Every where different Humours, Heats, Partialities, false Reports and Scandals: With good Eyes one may easily see *St Dennis Street* at *Versailles* or *Fontainebleau*. Here they think to hate with more fierceness and haughtiness, and perhaps more like Quality; they destroy one another more politely and cunningly: Their heats are more eloquent, they speak injuriously with more elegance, and in better terms; they don't injure the purity of Language, they only offend Men or their Reputations; all the outside of Vice is here specious, but at the bottom 'tis the same as in the most abject Conditions: You meet here all their baseness, weakness and unworthiness. These Men, so great by their Birth, Favour or Dignity; these strong and cunning Head-pieces; these Women, so witty and polite, are themselves the People, tho the People is what they all despise.

The word People includes several things in one; 'tis a large Expression, and we may be surpriz'd to see what it contains, and how far it extends. People, in opposition to the Great, signifies the Mob and Multitude, but People, as oppos'd to Wise, Able and Virtuous Men, includes as well the Great as the Little.

* The Great govern themselves by Fancy; lazy Souls, on whom every thing immediately makes a strong impression; a thing happens, they talk on't too much; soon after they talk of it but a little, and then no more; Actions, Conduct, Execution, Event, all are

are forgot: Expect not from them Correction, Reflection, Gratitude or Reward.

* We are carry'd to two opposite Extreams with respect to certain Persons: Satyrs after they are dead, fly about among the People, while the Pulpits resound with their Praise; sometimes they deserve neither Libels nor Funeral Orations, and sometimes both.

* The less we talk of the Great and Powerful, the better; what good we say of them is often flattery: 'Tis dangerous to speak ill of 'em while they live, and villanous when they are dead.

Of the Sovereign, or Common- Wealth.

WHEN we run through all forms of Government, without partiality to that we were born under, we can't tell which to conclude for; there's good and ill in 'em all: 'Tis therefore most reasonable and secure to value that of our own Country above all others, and to submit to it.

* There is no occasion for Arts and Sciences in the exercise of Tyranny; for the Politicks which consist only in bloodshed, are very shallow and gross: To murder all that are obstacles to our Ambition, is what they urge us to; and this a Man naturally cruel, does with ease. This is indeed the most barbarous and detestable way to support or aggrandize our selves.

'Tis

* 'Tis a certain and ancient Maxime in Politicks, that to suffer the People to stupifie themselves with Pleasures and Feasts, Shews and Luxury, with Vanity and Delicacy, to dispossess them of all things solid and valuable, and leave them fond of ridiculous Trifles, is to make the greatest advances to a Despotick Power.

* Under an Arbitrary Government, Interest, Honour, and the Service of the Prince, supply the place of natural affection to our Country.

* To innovate, or introduce any alterations in a State, the time is rather to be consider'd than the action it self; there are some conjunctures when nothing is to be attempted on the People, and there are others when nothing is too gross to pass upon 'em: To day you may subvert the Rights, Franchizes and Privileges of such a Town; but to morrow you must not so much as think of altering the Signs at their Doors.

* In publick Commotions we can't conceive how they should ever be appeas'd; nor when quiet imagine what can distract us.

* A Government connives at some Evils, because they prevent greater. There are others purely so by their establishment, which, tho originally an abuse or ill use, are less pernicious in their practice and consequence, than a juster Law, or a more reasonable Custom. There's a sort of evil curable by novelty and change, which indeed is a very dangerous one. Others there are hid and sunk under ground, they are secret and obscure, bury'd in disgrace; these you cannot closely search into, without exhaling their Poyson and Infamy: And 'tis often a question among the wisest Men, which is to be prefer'd, the Knowledge or the Ignorance of them? The State sometimes tolerates one great evil, to keep

out Millions of less Mischiefs and Inconveniences, which would be inevitable, and without Remedy. Some there are, tho injurious to particular Persons, which tend to the good of the Publick, tho' the Publick is nothing else but a body of those very Particulars: So there are personal Ills, which turn to the good and advantage of every Family. Also there are others which afflict, ruine and dishonour Families, but tend to the conversation and advantage of the State or Government. Some there are which subvert Governments, and erect new ones upon their Ruines, and we can't but observe, that vast Empires have been utterly extirpated and destroy'd, to change and renew the face of the Universe.

* That *Ergastus* is Rich, that he has a good Pack of Hounds, that he has been the Inventer of a great many new Fashions, and a Regulator of Equipages; that he abounds in Superfluities; what signifies all this to the State? Is a particular Interest to be consider'd, when the Publick is in question? 'Tis some comfort for the People, when they find themselves prest a little, to know that 'tis for the service of their Prince, and to enrich him alone, that they put themselves to some inconveniency; 'tis not to *Ergastus* that they think themselves oblig'd for having got a vast Estate.

* War pleads its antiquity from all Ages, it has always stor'd the World With Widows and Orphans, drain'd Families of their Heirs, and destroy'd several Brothers in one Battel. Young *Socycour*! How do I mourn thy losf, thy Virtue and Modesty, thy Wit just ripe, sagacious, lofty and converisible: I must bemoan that untimely Death, which transported thee to thy Magnanimous Brother, and snatcht thee from a Court, where thou hadst

hadst only time to shew thy self : Oh misfortune, too deplorable and yet common ! For Men, in all Ages, for a little spot of Earth have agreed to Destroy, Burn and Murther one another ; which, to accomplish with the greater certainty and ingenuity, they've invented exquisite Rules of Destruction, which they call the Art of War ; the practice of which, they reward with Glory, and the most lasting Honour, and every Age improves in the Art of mutual destruction. The Injustice of the first Men made Soldiers necessary to the establishment of their Right and Pretensions ; and doubtless was the primary source of War ; for could they have been content with their own, and not violated the Rights of their Neighbours, the World would have enjoy'd an uninterrupted Peace and Liberty.

* Those who sit peaceably by their own Fires, in the midst of their Friends, and enjoy the Goods of Fortune in a secure part of the Town, where there is no danger of their Lives or Estates, are the Men that generally breath Fire and Sword, are taken up with Wars, Ruins, Conflagrations and Massacres, that cannot bear without a great deal of impatience two Armies being in the Field and not meeting ; or if they are in fight, that they don't engage ; or when they are engag'd, that the Fight was not more bloody, that there were scarce ten thousand Men kill'd upon the spot : These are sometimes so far transported, that they would quit their darling Interest, their Repose and Security, out of a passionate desire of change, and extravagant relish of novelty ; nay, some of 'em go so far, they d be content to see the Enemy at the very Gates of the City, and make Barricadoes, draw the Chains cross the Streets in apprehension of his Assault, for the bare itch of hearing and telling the News.

* *De.*

The Abbot [✓] Demophilus here on my right hand laments, St Helene, and cries all's lost, we're just on the brink of ruine,
 who was dissatisfy'd with the Ministry. how can we resist so strong and so general a Confederacy? Which way can we, I dare not say, overcome, but hold out against so many and so potent Enemies? 'Tis unpresidened in our Monarchy. A Hero, an Achilles must succumb. Besides, adds he, we've been guilty of many gross errors in our management; I know it particularly, I've been a Soldier my self, I've seen some Battels, and improv'd very much by reading. Then he admires *Oliver le Daim* and *Jacques Cœur*: *Those were Men*, says he, *those were Ministers indeed*. He disperses his News, which is the most disadvantageous and melancholy that can be feign'd: Now a Party is fallen into the Enemies Ambuscade, and are cut in pieces; presently some of our Troops shut up in a Castle, surrender upon discretion, and are all put to the Sword; and if you tell him this report is false, and wants confirmation, he will not hear you, but adds, that such a General is kill'd, and tho' you truly assure him, that he has but a slight wound, he deplores his Death, mourns for the Widow and Children, and bemoans his own loss; *He has lost a good Friend and a powerful Patronage*. He tells you, the German Horse are invincible, turns pale if you name but the *Imperial Cuirassiers*. If we Attack that Place, continues he, we shall be oblig'd to raise the Siege; either we shall stand on the defensive, or come to an Engagement, but if we do, we shall certainly have the worst on't; and if we are beaten, look (he cries) the Enemy's upon the Frontiers; and according to Demophilus, will be presently in the heart of the Kingdom. He fancies the Bells ring in an Alarm, he is in pain for his Estate, he's considering whether he shall remove

remove his Money, his Moveables and Family ; whether he shall fly to the Swiss Cantons, or Venice.

But on my left *Basilides* raises an Army of 300000 <sup>The Comm-
Seller Ad-
bray.</sup> Men in a Minute, he wont abate you a single Brigade : He has a List of the Squadrons, Batallions, Generals and Officers, not omitting the Artillery and Baggage. He has the absolute Command of these Forces ; some he sends into *Germany*, others into *Flanders*, reserves a certain number for the *Alps*, a lesser for the *Pyrenees*, and transports the rest beyond Seas : He knows their marches, he can tell you what they have done, and what they have not done, you'd think he had the King's Ear, or were the only Confident to his chief Minister. If the Enemies are beaten and lose ten thousand, he positively avers 'twas thirty, not ten more or less ; for his numbers are always as fixt and certain, as if he had the best intelligence. Tell him in the Morning we have lost a poultry Village, he not only sends to excuse himself to the Guests he has invited to Dinner, but fasts himself, and if he Sups 'tis without Appetite. If we Befiege a Place, naturally strong, regularly fortify'd, and well stor'd with Ammunition and Provision, besides a good Garrison, commanded by a Hero, he tells you the Town has its weak places, is very ill fortify'd, wants Powder, and its Governour Experience, and that 'twill capitulate in eight days after the opening of the Trenches. At another time he runs himself out of breath, and after he's recover'd a little, he opens, I have News, great News to tell you, they are beaten, totally routed, the General and chief Officers, at least a great part of them, ate kill'd ; there's a Slaughter, Fortune's on our side, and we have much the best of the Game : Then he sits

down and rests, after this extraordinary News, which want this only circumstance, that 'tis certain, of Savoy. there has not been a Battel. He assures us further, that such a Prince has renounc'd the League, and quitted the Confederacy ; a second is inclin'd to England. follow him ; he believes firmly with the Populace, that the third is dead, and names you the place of his Interment ; and even, when the whole Town is undeceiv'd, he alone offers to lay wagers on it. He has unquestionable Intelligence, that Teckley is very successful against the Emperor, that the Grand Signior is making great Preparations, and will not hear of a Peace, and that the Vizier will once more sit down before Vienna ; he's in an extasie, as much transported as if there were not the least doubt of it. The triple Alliance is a, *Cerberus* with him, and the Enemies so many Monsters to be knock'd down : He talks of nothing but Lawrels, Triumphs and Trophies, his familiar expressions run thus, *Our August Hero, our Mighty Potentate, our Invincible Monarch*. He's not to be perswaded to such mean Expressions as these, *The King has a great many Enemies, thy're Potent, they're United and Exasperated ; he has overcome them, and I hope will always overcome them*. This Stile, as 'tis too bold and decisive for Demophilus, so 'tis not exaggerated nor pompous enough for Bafilides ; his Head's full of loftier thoughts, he's taking care of Inscriptions, Triumphal Arches and Pyramids, to adorn the Capital City against the Conqueror's entrance, and as soon as he hears that the Armies are in sight of each other, or a Town is invested, he's preparing to sing *Te Deum* in the Cathedral.

* An affair which is to be debated by the Plenipotentiaries and Agents of Crown'd Heads and Republicks, must needs be extraordinary intricate and difficult,

difficult, if the concluding of it requires a longer time than the settling of the Preliminaries, nay, even than the very regulation of publick Precedencies, and other Ceremonies.

A Publick Minister, or a Plenipotentiary, is a *Camelion*, a *Proteus*; sometimes like a cunning Gamester, he dissembles his very Humour and Temper, as well as to avoid the conjectures and penetration of others, as to prevent any Secret escaping thro' passion or weakness; he's always ready to put on that shape his designs or occasions require, and very artificially appears what 'tis his Interest to be thought. So when he designs to dissemble that his Master is very formidable, or very low, he's very resolute and inflexible, to prevent any large demands; or easie and complaisant, to give others occasion to make them, that he may be sure of the same liberty. At other times either he is profound and subtle, to conceal a truth in the very publishing of it, because it concerns him to divulge it, and that it should not be believ'd; or else he is free and open, that whenever he shall have occasion to conceal what must be kept secret, People may not so much as suspect him, but on the contrary, believe that he has discover'd whatever he knew. At the same time, he's violent and very verbose, to excite others to talk, or hinder their speaking what he desires not to hear, or acquainting him with what he would be ignorant of. He talks of indifferent things, which soften or destroy one another, and leaves them confounded betwixt Confidence and Distrust, that he may make amends for a lost opportunity, by dextrously gaining another; or he's cool and silent, to engage others to talk: He hears patiently a tedious while, to obtain the same favour himself. His discourse is lofty and

weighty, when he designs to make such promises or threats as may carry a great stroke with them, and make a strong impression upon such to whom they are directed. Sometimes he speaks first, the better to discover the Oppositions and Contradictions, Intrigues and Cabals of Foreign Ministers, upon the propositions he has advanc'd, and to take his Measures from their Answers. At another meeting he stays till the last, that he may be sure not to lose his labour; he can then be more exact, having nicely observ'd every thing that may be serviceable to his Master or his Allies. He knows what to ask, and what he can obtain; he knows how to be clear and expressive, or obscure and ambiguous; he can use equivocal words and turns, which he can render more or less forcible, as his interest or occasions require. He asks little, because he won't grant much, or his Requests are large, that he may be sure of a little. He desires small things, which he pretends to be of no value, that they may not hinder him of greater. He avoids the gaining of an important point at first, if it's like to hinder him of several, which, tho in themselves of less value, yet united, exceed the other. His demands are extravagant, with design to be deny'd, that he may be furnish'd with a just excuse for refusing those he knows will be made. He very assiduously aggravates the enormity of these, and warmly urges the reasons why he cannot hearken to them, and as earnestly endeavours to entervate those which they pretend for their denial. He's equally concern'd to aggrandize those Trifles he offers, as to slight openly the little they are willing to grant. He feigns extraordinary proffers, which beget a distrust, and oblig'd them to reject what indeed accepted would be useless; this serves to colour his

exorbitant demands, and throw the blame of the refusal on them : He grants more than they can ask, to get yet more of them. He shews himself very hard, and unwilling to grant trivial things, that he may quash all hopes and expectations of better from him. If he's perswaded to part with any thing, 'tis on such conditions, that he may share the advantages of it. He directly or indirectly espouses the interest of an Ally, as he finds it profitable, or tends to advance his Pretensions. He talks of nothing but Peace and Alliances, the Publick Good and Tranquility ; in all which he means only his Masters Interest. Sometimes he reconciles disagreeing Parties, at other times he divides those he found united ; he terrifies the strong and potent, and encourages the weak : He unites several feeble Interests against a more powerful one, to render the Balance equal ; he joyns with the former, that they may desire his Alliance and Protection, which he sells them at a dear rate. He knows how to interest those with whom he treats, and by a dexterous management, by fine and subtil turns, he makes them sensible of their private Advantage, the Riches and Honours they may hope for by a little easiness, which will not in the least clash with their Commissions, nor the Intentions of their Masters ? And that he may not be thought impregnable on this side, he betrays some small concern for his own Fortune. By this he discovers their most secret Intentions, their most profound Designs, and last Efforts ; which he turns to his own Advantage. If he's injur'd in any considerable Article he is very loud, but if he finds 'tis not so, he is yet louder, and throws the Injur'd on their Justification and Defence. All his measures are order'd, his steps are pointed out, and his least ad-

vances prescrib'd by the Court; yet he appears as complacent and free in the most difficult contests, as if all his compliances were *Extempore*, and purely owing to his condescending Temper. And the better to perswade the World it is so, he dares not engage that the Proposals shall be approv'd of, and that his Master will not disown him. By his Emissaries, he spreads false rumours concerning those things which he alone is intrusted with; he closely reserves some particular instructions, these he never discloses, but at such extremities as to neglect the use of them would be very pernicious. All his Intrigues tend to solid and substantial ends, for which he willingly sacrifices Punctilio's, and imaginary points of Honour. He has a great deal of Moderation, and is arm'd with Resolution and Patience; he fatigues and discourages others, but is himself unwearied. He's forewarn'd and fortify'd against all tedious delays and affronts, jealousies and suspicions, difficulties and obstacles. He's fully perswaded, that patience and a happy conjecture will influence their Minds, and accomplish his desir'd ends. He feigns a secret Interest to break off the Negotiation, when he passionately desires its continuance; but on the contrary, when he has strict Orders to use his last Endeavours to break it off, he thinks the best way to effect it, is to press its continuation. After a very great Event, he's either stiff or easie, according as 'tis advantageous or prejudical; and if by a vast prudence he can foresee any thing advantageous to the State, he follows it close, temporizes and manages himself according to the hopes, fears and necessities of his Master: He takes his measures from Time, Place and Occasion, his own strength or weakness, the Genius of the Nations he treats with, and the par-

particular Temper and Character of their Ministers. All his Maxims, Designs, and most refin'd Politicks, tend only to prevent being deceiv'd, and to deceive others.

* The Character of the *French* Nation requires gravity in their Sovereign.

* 'Tis one of the Misfortunes of a Prince to be over-burthen'd with Secrets, because the discovering of 'em is dangerous ; but he's happy if he can meet with a faithful Confident to discharge himself.

* A Prince wants only the pleasures of a private Life to compleat his happiness ; a loss that nothing can render supportable, but the charms of Friendship, and the fidelity of his Friends.

* A Monarch that deserv'dly fills a Throne, finds it extreamly pleasant to lay down sometimes his Grandeur, to leave the Theatre, quit the Bussins, and act a more familiar part with a Confident.

* Nothing conduces more to the Honour of a Prince, than the Modesty of his Favourite.

* No Ties of Friendship or Consanguinity affect a Favourite ; tho he's crowded with Relations and Creatures, he is not concern'd with 'em. He stands detach'd and disjoyn'd from all.

* Certainly a Favourite, who has any measure of Wit and Reason, must be often disorder'd and confounded at the sordid and base Flatteries, the frivolous and impertinent Applications of those who make their Court to him, and hang upon him like Slaves and Spaniels ; and no doubt but he laughs at them in private, to make amends for the trouble they put him to.

* You who are in great Posts, Publick Ministers or Favourites, give me leave to advise you.

Intrust not the care of your Memory with your Progeny, expect not they'll preserve the lustre of your Name: Great Titles fly away, the Princes Favour vanishes, Honours leave their Possessors, Riches disperse themselves, and Merit degenerates: 'Tis true, you have Children worthy your selves, and capable of maintaining the Character you leave them, but can you promise to your selves to be as fortunate in your Grand-Children? Will you not believe me? Cast your Eyes for once on certain Men, whom you cannot look on without scorn and disdain; they're descended from the very Men (great as you are) whom you succeed. Be Virtuous and Affable, and if you ask what more is necessary, in answer I must tell you, Virtue and Humanity command a lasting Fame, and are independant on your Posterity; by these your Name is sure to live as long as the Monarchy endures; and when future Generations shall walk over the Ruins of your strongest Castles, and noblest Edifices, the Idea of your great Actions will still remain fresh in their Minds, they'll greedily collect your Medals and Portraits: This, they will say, is the Effigies of a Man that dar'd to speak to his Prince with force and freedom, and was more afraid of inuring than displeasing him: He endeavour'd to make him a generous and good Prince, the Father of his Country, and taught him to say, *my good City, my good People*: The other Person you see painted there with a bold Countenance, an austere and majestic Air, acquires a greater Reputation every Year; the greatest Politicians allow him amongst their Number: His great design was to establish the Authority of the Prince, and the Safety of the People, by humbling the Nobility; from this neither the oppositions of strong Parties, Conspiracies,

Cardinal
George of
D'Albigny.

cies, Treasons, the danger of Death, not his own Infirmities were able to divert him ; and yet he had time enough to attempt and begin a more noble Enterprize, since pursu'd and accomplish'd by one of the best and greatest Princes in the World, that is, the extirpation of Heresie.

* The most specious and the least suspected Snare, that ever was laid for great Men by their Servants, or for Kings by their Ministers, has been the Advice to enrich themselves. An admirable Maxim, Counsel which is worth a Treasure, a Mine of Gold, or a *Peru*, at least to those who have the Address to instil it into their Masters.

* That Nation is extream happy, whose Prince chooses the very same Persons for his Confidents and Minister, whom the People would have chosen themselves, if the choice had been in their power.

* The knowledge of the detail of Affairs, and a diligent application to even the more minute cares of the Commonwealth, are essential to a good Government, tho' too much neglected by Kings and their Ministers in these last Ages : 'Tis a knowledge we cannot too earnestly desire in the Prince that's ignorant of it, nor value too highly in him that's thoroughly acquainted with it. In effect, what does it signifie for the ease and pleasure of the Subjects, that their Prince extends the Bounds of his Empire beyond the Territories of his Enemies, that he makes their Soveraignties become Provinces of his Kingdom ; that he is Victorious in Sieges and Battels, that the best fortify'd Camps and Bastions afford no security against him ; that the neighbouring Nations ask Aid of one another, and enter into Leagues, to defend themselves, and put a stop to his Conquests ; that their

their Confederacies are vain, that he's continually advancing, and still victorious; that their last hopes are frustrated by the recovery of such a vigorous Health and Constitution in the Monarch, as will afford him the pleasure of seeing the young Princes his Grand Children support and increase his good Fortune; of seeing them lead an Army into the Field, destroy the strongest Fortresses, conquer new States, and command Old and Experienc'd Officers, rather by their Wisdom and Merit, than by their high Quality and Royal Birth; of seeing them tread in the steps of their Victorious Father, imitating his Goodness, Docility, Justice, Vigilance and Magnanimity? What signifies it to me, in a word, that my Sovereign is successful, that the prudent Management of his Ministers, nay, that his Personal Merits exalt him to the highest pitch of Glory, that my Country is powerful, that it is the terror of all the Neighbouring Nations; what should I, or any of my Fellow Subjects, be the better for all these things, if I were forc'd to labour under the dismal and melancholy burthen of Poverty and Oppression? If, while I was secur'd against the Sallies from without of a cruel Enemy, I was expos'd within the Walls of our Cities to the Barbarity of a treacherous Assassin? If Rapine and Violence were less to be fear'd in the darkest Nights in the Wildest Desarts, than at Mid day in our Streets? If Safety, Cleanliness, and a good Order, had not render'd the sojourning in our Cities so delightful, and had not added to Plenty, the means of our conversing with so much ease one with another? Or, if being weak and defenceless, I was encroach'd upon in the Country by every Neighbouring Great Man? If there was not a Provision made to protect me against his Injustice? If

I had not at hand so many Masters, and those eminent Masters too, to breed up my Children in those Arts and Sciences, which will one day raise their Fortunes? If the promoting of Trade had not made good substantial Stuffs for my Cloathing, and wholesome Food for my Nourishment, both plenty and cheap? If, to conclude, the care of my Sovereign had not given me so much reason, to be as well contented with my Fortune, as his extraordinary Virtues must needs make him with his own?

* Eight or ten thousand Men are like Money to the Prince; with their Lives he buys a Town or a Victory: But if he's sparing of them, if he can purchase either at a cheaper rate, he's like a Merchant who best knows the value of the Coin.

* All things succeed happily in a Monarchy, where the Interests of the Sovereign and Subjects are undistinguish'd.

* To say a King is *the Father of his People*, is no more an Encomium to him than to call him by his Name, or to define what he is.

* There's a sort of Commerce, or reciprocal return of the Duties of the Sovereign to his Subjects, and of theirs to him; which are most strongly binding, or most difficult in the performance, I won't determine; and 'tis not indeed very easie to judge between the strict Engagements of Reverence, Assistance, Service, Obedience and Dependance, on the one side; and the indispensible obligations to Goodness, Justice and Protection on the other: To say the Prince is the Supream Dispenser of the Lives of the People, is to tell us only that the Vices of Mankind have entail'd on them a natural subjection to Justice, and the Laws, with the Execution of which the Prince is intrusted; to

add

add, that he is absolute Master of his Subject's Goods, without any Reason or legal Process, is the Language of Flattery, or the distorted Opinion of a Favourite, who will make his Recantation at the point of Death.

* When on a fine Evening you see a numerous Flock of Sheep, spread over a little Hill quietly grazing on the fragrant Thyme, and other tender Herbs, or in a Meadow, nibbling the short and tender Grafs which has escap'd the Scythe, the diligent and careful Shepherd, you observe, is always amongst them ; he will not suffer them out of his sight, he leads them, he follows them, he changes their Pasture ; if they wander he gathers them together ; if the greedy Wolf approaches, he sets his Dog on to beat him off, he nourishes and preserves them ; the Morning finds him in the open Field, in which the Sun left him. What Care ! What Vigilance and Slavery is this ! Which Condition appears the most delicious and free, that of the Sheep or of the Shepherd ? Was the Flock made for the Shepherd, or the Shepherd for the Sheep ? This the genuine Image of a good Prince and his People.

* A Luxurious and Proud Monarch is like a Shepherd adorn'd with Gold and Jewels, a Golden Crook in his Hand, a Collar of Gold about his Dogs Neck, and a Golden String to lead him ; but what's his Flock the better for all his Gold ? Or what avails it against the Wolves ?

* How happy is that Post, which every minute furnishes opportunities of doing good to thousands ! How dangerous is that, which every moment exposes to the injuring of Millions !

* If Men are not capable of a felicity on Earth, more natural, sensible, and sublime, than to know they

they are tenderly belov'd ; and if Kings are Men, can they purchase the Hearts of their People at too dear a rate ?

* There are very few general or certain Rules of Governing well ; they depend on Times and Conjunctions, the Prudence and Designs of the Governors ; so that perfect Government is the Master-piece of the Understanding ; and perhaps it would be impossible to arrive at it, if Subjects did not contribute one moiety by an habitual dependance and submission.

* Those who, under a great Monarch, are posseſſ'd of the first Posts of Honour and Profit, have very easie places, and officiate them without any trouble : Every thing flows naturally ; the Authority and Genius of the Prince plains their way, rids them of all difficulties, and prospers every thing beyond their expectation. They have the merit of Subalterns.

* If the Care of a ſingle Family be ſo burthenſom, if a Man has enough to do to anſwer for himſelf, what a weight, what a load is the charge of a whole Realm ? Is the Sovereign recompenc'd for all his anxious cares by the proſtrations of his Courtiers, or the Pleaſures an Absolute Power ſeems to afford ? When I think on the troubleſome, hazardous and dangerous paths they're forc'd to tread to arrive at a publick Tranquillity ; when I reflect on the extream difficult, tho' neceſſary methods, they are frequently oblig'd to uſe to compaſſ a good end ; that they are accountable to God, even for the felicity of their People ; that Good and Evil are in their hands, and that Ignorance is no excuse for them ; I can't forbear asking my ſelf this Question, Wouldſt thou Reign ? Would a Man but meanly happy in a private condition, quit it for

a Throne? Is it even insupportable to be born a Monarch?

* How many Indowments, how many Gifts of Heaven are necessary for a Prince to reign well? A Royal Birth an August and Commanding Air, a presence to satisfy the curiosity of those who crowd to see him, and to command respect from his Courtiers. His temper must be perfectly even, he must be very averse to ill natur'd Railery, or at least discountenance it; he must neither threaten, reproach, nor give way to his passion, and yet oblige an entire obedience to all his Commands: His Humour must be complacent and engaging; his Heart so sincere and open, that all may think they found the bottom of it; this will qualifie him to gain Friends, Creatures and Allies. He must be always secret, profound and impenetrable in his ends and designs: He must be very grave and serious in Publick: When in Council, or giving answers to Ambassadors, his expressions must be brief, joyn'd with a great deal of Justness and Grandeur: He must chuse fit Objects to bestow his Favours on, and confer them with such a grace as doubles the Benefit: He must be very sagacious to penetrate into the Minds, Qualifications and Tempers of Men, for the distribution of Places and Employments, and the choice of Generals and Ministers: He must have such a strong and solid decisive Judgment in affairs, as immediately to discern the best and most just: A mind so sincere and just, as to declare against himself in favour of his Subjects, Allies and Enemies: Such a happy Memory as continually presents to him the Names, Faces, Petitions and Occasions of his Subjects: A vast Capacity, that extends not only to Foreign Affairs, to Commerce, State Maxims, Political Designs, New Conquests, and

and the defence of them by numerous and unac-
cessible Forts, but knows how to confine himself at
home, to consider the particular wants of the
Realm, to banish all false Worship he meets with
prejudicial to Sovereignty, to abolish all impious
and cruel Customs, to reform the Laws and Usages
if they are fill'd with Abuses, to make his Cities
rich and easie by an exact Polity, and render them
Noble and Magnificent by the addition of sumptu-
ous Edifices: To punish scandalous Vices severely;
to advance the Honour of Religion and Virtue by
his authority and example; to protect the Church
and Clergy, their Rights and Liberties; to govern
with the tenderness of a Father, always contriving
the ease of his Subjects; to lighten their Taxes
and Subsidies, that they may not be impoverish'd.
He must be enrich'd with several great Talents for
War; he must be vigilant, sedulous and unwea-
ry'd; he must be able to Command numerous Ar-
mies in Person, and be sedate and compos'd in the
midst of danger; his sole design ought to be the
Safety and Honour of his Kingdom, which he must
always prefer to his own Life; his Power must
be of such an extent as to leave no room for
underhand Silicitations, private Intrigues and Ca-
bals, and sometimes to lessen the vast distance be-
twixt the Nobility and the Populace, that they may
all agree to be equally subject; his Knowledge so
extensive, as to enable him to see every thing with
his own Eye, and act immediately and by him-
self. So that his Generals be but his Lieute-
dants, and his Ministers but his Ministers; a pro-
found Wisdom to know when to declare War,
how to overcome, and to make the best use of
Victory; to know when to make Peace and when to
break it, to force his Enemies to accept it accord-
ing

ing to their Interests ; to set bounds to a vast Ambition ; and to know how far to extend his Conquests ; to have leisure for Plays, Feasts and Shews ; to cultivate Arts and Sciences ; to design and erect magnificent Structures, even when surrounded with private and declar'd Enemies : To conclude, a vigorous and commanding Genius, that renders him belov'd by his Subjects and fear'd by Strangers ; and that reduces his Court and all his Realm to that Union and good Intelligence, that they are like a single Family, perfectly united under one Head. These admirable Virtues seem to be compriz'd in the Idea of a Sovereign. 'Tis true, we rarely see them all meet in one Subject, several of them are owing to the Soul and Temper, others to Conjectures and Extraneous things ; yet I must tell you, it appears to me, that the Prince that unites all these in his single Person, very well deserves the Name of Great.

Of M A N.

LET us not be angry with Men, when we see them Stubborn, Ungrateful, Unjust, Proud, Lovers of themselves and forgetful of others ; they are made so, 'tis their nature, 'tis quarrelling with the Stone for falling to the Ground, or with the Fire for flying upwards.

* In one sense Men are not Light, or but in little things : They change their Habits, Language, Fashions, Decorums, and sometimes their Taste ; but

but they always preserve their bad Manners ; are firm and constant to what is ill, and to an indifference for Virtue.

* Stoicism is a mere Fancy, an Idea, something like Plato's Republick. The Stoicks feign that a Man may laugh at his Poverty ; be insensible of Injuries, Ingratitude, or the loss of his Estate, Parents and Friends ; look coolly on Death, and regard it as an indifferent thing, which ought not to make him merry or melancholy ; may never let Pleasure or Pain master him ; may undergo the Torments of Fire or Sword without the least sight of a single Tear ; and this phantom of Virtue, and imaginary Constancy, they are pleas'd to call a Wise Man. They have left Mankind as full of the same defects as they found them, and not cur'd them of the least weakness. Instead of painting Vice in its most frightful and ridiculous forms, to correct their Minds, they have form'd an Idea of Perfection and Heroism, of which they are not capable, and exhorted them to what is impossible. Thus this Wise Man that is to be, or will never be, but in Imagination, finds himself naturally above all Ills and Events ; the most painful Fit of the Gout, or the most sharp Fit of the Cholick, can't extort from him the least Complaint ; Heaven and Earth may be turn'd upside down without concerning him in their fall ; he would stand firm on the Ruins of the Universe, while another Man grows almost distracted, cries, despairs, looks fiery, and is out of breath, for a Dog lost, or a *China* Dish broke in pieces.

* Restlessness of Mind, an inequality of Humour, an inconstancy of Heart, and uncertainty of Conduct, are all Vices of the Soul, but different, and as like as they appear, are not always found in one Subject. P 'Tis

* Tis difficult to decide, whether irresolution makes a Man more Unfortunate than Contemptible, or even, if there is not always more convenience in being of the wrong side, than of none at all.

* A Man unequal in his Temper is several Men in one; he multiplies himself as often as he changes his Taste and Manners: He is not this Minute what he was the last; and will not be the next what he is now; he is his own Successor; ask not of what Complex he is, but what are his Complexions; nor of what Humour, but how many sorts of Humours has he. Are you not deceived? Is it *Eutichrates* whom you meet? How cold is he to day! Yesterday he sought you, careſſ'd you, and made his Friends jealous of you, does he remember you? Tell him your Name.

*The Count
de Bran-
cas.*

✓ * *Menilcas* goes down Stairs, opens the Door to go out, shuts it; he perceives that his Nightcap is still on; and examining himself a little better, finds but one half of his Face shav'd, his Sword on his Right side, his Stockings hanging over his Heels, and his Shirt out of his Breeches. If he walks into the Street, he feels something strike him on the Face, or Stomach, he can't imagine what 'tis, till waking and opening his Eyes, he sees himself by a Cart Wheel, or under a Joyners Penthouse, with the Coffins about his Ears. One time you might have seen him run against a Blind Man, push him backwards, and afterwards fall over him. Sometimes he happens to come up Forehead to Forehead with a Prince, and obstructs his passage; with much ado he recollects himself, and has but just time to squeeze himself close to a Wall, to make room for him. He seeks, quarrels and brawls, puts himself into a Heat, calls to his Servants,

vants, and tells them one after another, every thing is lost, or out of the way, and demands his Gloves, which he has on his hands, like the Woman who ask'd for her Mask when she had it on her Face. He enters an Apartment, passes under a Sconce, on which his Perriwig hitches, and is left hanging; the Courtiers look on him and laugh; *Menalcas* looks too, laughs louder than any of them, and turns his Eyes round the Company to see the Man who shews his Ears, and has lost his Wig. If he goes into the City, after having gone pretty far, he believes himself out of his way, stands still and asks of such as pass by, where he is, they tell him in the Street he lies in; he enters his own House, runs out in haste fancying himself deceiv'd. He comes out of the Palace, and finding a Coach at the Stair-foot, takes it to be his own, throws himself into it; the Coachman whips on, and thinks he is driving his Master home; *Menalcas* jumps out, crosses the Court-yard, mounts the Stair-case, runs into the Anti-Chamber, Chamber and Closet, all is familiar to him, nothing new, sits down and reposes himself as at his own House; the Master come in, he rises up to receive him, treats him very civilly, prays him to sit, and believes he is paying the same honour, he uses to give such as visit him at his own Chamber; he talks, reflects and talks again; the Master of the House is tit'd and astonish'd, and *Menalcas* as much as he; he will not say what he thinks, but supposes the other to be some very impertinent and lazy Fellow, who will at last retire; this he hopes and is Patient; the Night comes, when with some difficulty he is undeceiv'd. At another time he pays a Visit to a Lady, and persuading himself that she is visiting him, he sits

The Characters, or

down in her Elbow Chair ; and thinks not of quitting it ; he thinks afterwards the Lady makes long Visits, expects every moment when she will rise, and leave him at liberty ; but she tarries yet longer, he grows hungry ; Night comes on, he intreats her to sup with him ; she laughs and so loud, that at last it wakes him. He Marries in the Morning, forgets it at Night, and lies abroad ; some time after his Wife dies in his Arms, he assists at her Funeral, and the next day when the Servants come to acquaint him that Dinner is on the Table, he demands if his Wife be ready, and if they have given her notice on't. This Man entring a Church, and taking a Blind Man sitting at the door for a Pillar, and his Dish for the Holy Water Pot, plunges in his hand and crosses his Forehead, when on a sudden he hears the Pillar speak, and offer him his Petitions ; he turns towards the Quire, he fancies he seeks a Desk and a Cushion, he throws himself rudely on it ; the Machine bends, pushes him, and strives to cry out ; *Menalcas* is surpriz'd to see himself kneeling on the Legs of a very little Man, resting on his back, his two Arms over his Shoulders, his Hands taking him by the Nose, and stopping his Mouth ; he retires confus'd, and kneels elsewhere. He takes out of his Pocket a Prayer-Book, as he thinks, but he pulls out a Slipper instead of it ; he is hardly got out of the Church, but a Footman runs after him, pulls him by the Sleeve, and asks him, laughing, if he has not got my Lord's Slipper ? *Menalcas* shews him his, and tells him, *This is all the Slippers I have about me :* However, he searches himself, and finds the Slipper of the Bishop of whom he had been visiting, and whom he found by his Fire-side, being indispos'd ; for *Menalcas* letting one of his Gloves fall

fall to the Ground, instead of it took up one of his Lordship's Slippers, and went away. He plays at *Trick Track*, and calls for Drink, 'tis brought him; he is to play, and holds the Box in one hand, and the Glaſs in the other, and being very thirsty, swallows the Dice and almost the Box, and throws the Water on the Tables, and so drowns the Man he play'd with. He goes by Water; asks, What's a Clock? They shew him the Watch, he scarce looks on't before he forgets both the Hour and the Watch, and throws it into the River as a thing which troubles him. He writes a long Letter, Saſſes the Paper, and then throws the Sand into the Ink-horn; he writes a ſecond, makes up both, and miſtakes the Superscription; one of them is ſent to a Duke and Peer; and when he opens it, he reads; *Mr Oliver, Pray don't fail to ſend me my Quarters Rent, that was due at Lady-day, as ſoon as poſſible, &c.* His Tenant opens the other, and finds in it; *My Lord, I receive with a blind ſubmiſſion, the Orders which your Grace was pleau'd, &c.* He writes another at Night, and after he has made it up and ſeal'd the ſame, puts out the Candle, is ſurpriz'd to be in the dark, and can hardly remember how it happen'd. Coming down Stairs from the *Louvre*, he meets another coming up; ſays *Menalcas*, *You are the Man I lookt for*, takes him by the hands, hauls him along with him, they cross ſeveral Courts, enter the Halls, go out and come in; he looks more narrowly on the Man he drew after him, wonders who it ſhould be, has nothing to ſay to him, lets him go, and turns another way. He often asks you a Question, and is almost out of fight before you can answer him. He finds you at another time in his way, *He is ravifh'd to meet you, he just came from*

from your House, wherè he would have discours'd you about a certain Affair, he looks on your Fingers. You have, says he, a fine Ruby, is it a true Crystal one? Then leaves you, and continues his march; this is the important affair he was so earnest to discourse you about. If he is in Company, he begins a Story, which he forgets to end; he laughs to himself, and at something he was thinking of, and makes answer to his own thoughts; he sings thro his Teeth, whistles, rouls up and down in his Chair, makes his moan, gapes and believes he's alone. When he is at a Feast, he gathers insensibly all the Bread on his own Plate; his Neighbours indeed want it, as well as Knives and Forks, which he along while plays with. There are large Spoons us'd at the Tables for the better conveniency of helping every body; he takes one of them up, plunges it into the Dish, fills it, puts it to his Mouth, and is extreamly surprized to see the Potage on his Cloaths and Linnen, which he thought had been in his Belly. He forgets to drink at Dinner; or if he remembers it, he thinks there is too much Wine fill'd for him, he flings half on't in the Man's Face who sits next to him, drinks the rest with a great deal of composure, and can't comprehend why People should laugh at him for throwing to the Ground the Wine he was not willing to drink. He keeps his Bed a day or two upon some light Indisposition, he is visited, the Men and Women make a circle round his Bed; he turns off the Quilt before them, and spits in his Sheets. He is carry'd to the *Chartreux*, where he is shewn a Cloyster painted by an excellent Hand; the Religious, who explains to him the Figures, talks much of St *Bruno*, the Adventure of the Canon, makes a long Tale on't, and shews the Story in the Picture:

Menalcas,

Menalcas, whose thoughts were all the while out of the Cloyster, and far beyond it, comes to it again, and at last asks the good Father, if 'tis the Canon or *St Bruno* who is damn'd. By chance he finds himself with a young Widow, he talks to her of her deceas'd Husband, and asks how he dy'd ; the Woman, in whom this Discourse renews her late Sorrows, weeps, sighs, and acquaints him with all the particulars of her Husband's Distemper, from the Night before the Fever took him, to his last Agonies: *Madam*, says *Menalcas*, who had heard her relation very attentive, *Have you never another but him?* He bids Dinner to be got ready, rises before the Fruit is serv'd, takes his leave of the Company, and you are sure that day to see him in all the noted places of the City, that excepted, where he had made an appointment about the affair, which made him rise in such haste, and would not let him tarry till his Horses were put to his Coach, but oblig'd him to trudge out a foot. You may frequently hear him scold, chide, and be in a Passion with one of his Domesticks for being out of the way. Where is he? says he : What can he be doing? What is become of him? When I want him I can never find him, I'll this minute give him Warning; while he is speaking the Servant comes in ; he asks him in a fury, Whence he came? He answers, From the place he sent him to, and gives him a faithful account of his Errand. You are very often mistaken in him, and take him for what he is not ; for Stupid, because he hears little and speaks less ; for a Fool, because he talks to himself, and is subject to a set of Grimaces and careleſs Motions with his Head ; for Proud and Uncivil, because when you salute him, he takes no notice on you, passes by and neglects it ; for an in-

considerate Man, because he talks of Statutes of Bankrupt in a Family that has a Bankrupt belonging to it ; of Executions and Scaffolds before a Person whose Father was beheaded ; of mean Extraction before rich Farmers, who would pass for Gentlemen. He even brings a Bastard into his Family, and pretends to let him live like his Valet ; and tho he would have his Wife and Children know nothing of the matter, he can't forbear calling him his Soh every hour in the day. He resolves to marry his Son to a Tradesman's Daughter, and from time to time boasts of his House and Ancestors, and says, that the *Menalcas's* never us'd to match below themselves. In short, he seems as if he were not present, nor heard what the Company discours'd of, when he himself is the subject of their Conversation ; he thinks and talks of a sudden, but what he talks is seldom the thing he thinks on ; by which means there is little coherence in any thing he says ; he says *Yes* commonly instead of *No*, and when he says *No*, you must suppose he would say *Yes* ; when he answers you perhaps his Eyes are fix'd on yours, but it does not follow that he sees you, he minds neither you, nor any one else, nor any thing in the World. All that you can draw from him, even when he is most sociable, are some such words as these : *Yes indeed, 'tis true, good, all the better, sincerely, I believe so, certainly : Ah ! Oh Heaven !* And some other Monosyllables, which are not spoken in the right place neither. He never is among those whom he appears to be with ; he calls his Footman very seriously *Sir*, and his Friend *Robin*. He says, *Your Reverence*, to a Prince of the Blood ; and *Your Highness* to a Jesuit. When he is at Mass, if the Priest sneezes, he cries out aloud, *God bless you.* He is in Company with

a Judge, Grave by his Character, and Venerable by his Age and Dignity, who asks of him if such a thing is so, *Menalcas* replies, *Yes, Madam.* As he came up once from the Country, his Footmen attempted to rob him, and succeeded ; they jumpt down from behind the Coach, presented the end of a Flambeau to his Throat, demanded his Purse and he deliver'd it to 'em ; being come home, he told the Adventure to his Friends, who ask'd him the circumstances, and he referr'd them to his Servants : *Enquire of my Men, said he, they were there.*

* Incivility is not a Vice of the Soul, but the effect of several Vices ; of Vanity, Ignorance of Duty, Laziness, Stupidity, Distraction, Contempt of others, and Jealousie : If it discovers itself all on the outside of a Man, 'tis the more odious, because 'tis a visible and manifest defect ; however, 'tis more or less offensive, according as the Cause is that produces it.

* If we say of a choleric, unsteady, quarrelsome, melancholy, formal, capricious Person, 'tis his humour, this is not to excuse him, whatever we fancy ; but owning, tho we don't think on it, that such great Vices are not to be remedy'd.

What we call Humour, is a thing too much neglected among Men ; they should understand, 'tis not enough to be good, unless they do appear so, at least if they would endeavour to be sociable, qualify'd for Union and Commerce ; that is, if they would be Men. We don't require that malicious Souls shou'd be tender and complacent ; they never want complacency and tenderness when they serve to ensnare the simple, and set a Price on their Artifices. But we wish that honest and sincere Men wou'd be easie, complacent and civil, that we may hope to have no longer reason to say that the wicked

wicked Men are hurtful, and that good Men make others uneasie.

* The generality of Men, from being choleric, proceed to be injurious; others act quite otherwise, for having first injur'd their Neighbour, they grow afterwards angry: The surprize that we are in at such proceedings, will not always give us time for resentment.

* Men don't apply themselves enough to embrace all opportunities, wherein they could promote each others satisfaction: When a Person takes an Employment on him, it seems as if his design was to have it in his power to oblige, but to do no such thing; the most ready thing in the World is a denial; we never grant but with reflection.

* Every Man ought to know exactly what he is to expect from Mankind in general, and from each of them in particular, before he ventures to throw himself into the World.

* If Poverty is the Mother of Crimes, want of Sense is the Father.

* 'Tis difficult for a Man to have Sense and be a perfect Knave: A true and sharp Genius leads to Order, Truth and Virtue: 'Tis want of Sense and Penetration that makes a Man obstinate in Evil as in Error: We strive in vain to correct a Blockhead by Satyr, which describes him to others, while he will not himself know his own Picture; 'tis like railing to a deaf Man. 'Twould be well for the pleasure of Men of Wit and Honour, and for publick Vengeance, if a Rogue had some feeling, and were sensible when he is corrected.

* There are some Vices for which we are indebted to no body, they were born with us, and from time to time are fortify'd by custom; there are others which we contract, and were before

Strangers

Strangers to us: Men are sometimes born with easy dispositions, complacency, and a desire to please; but by the treatment they meet from those they live with, or on whom they depend, they are suddenly oblig'd to change their measures, and even their nature; they grow melancholy and flegmatick; humours, with which they were before unacquainted; they have another Complexion, and are astonish'd to find themselves petulant and stubborn. *

* Some ask why Mankind in general don't compose but one Nation, and are not contented to speak the same Language, to live under the same Laws, to agree amongst themselves in the same Customs and Worship: For my part, seeing the contrariety of their Inclinations, Taste and Sentiments, I wonder to see seven or eight Persons live under the same Roof, within the same Walls, and make a single Family.

* There are some strange Fathers, who seem, during the whole course of their Lives, to be preparing reasons for their Children to be comforted with their Deaths.

* Every thing is strange in the Humours, Morals and Manners of Men: One lives Sowre, Passionate, Covetous, Furious, Submissive, Laborious, and full of his own Interests, who was born Gay, Peaceable, Lazy, Magnificent, of a noble Courage, and far from any thing base or pitiful: The cares of Life, the disposition they find themselves in, and the Law of Necessity forces Nature, and cause such great changes. Thus at the bottom, such a Man cannot tell what to make of himself, his outside changes so often, has so many alterations and revolutions, that he is really neither what he thinks he is himself, nor what he appears to be.

* Life

* Life is short and tiresome, 'tis spent in wishes and desires ; we adjourn our joy and repose to the time to come, often to an Age, when our best Blessings, Youth and Health, are already disappear'd. The time comes and surprizes us in the midst of new desires : Here we are when a Fever seizes us, and extinguishes us ; if we recover 'tis only that we may have a longer time to desire in.

* When a Man desires a favour of a Person, he surrenders himself to him at Discretion ; when he's sure it cannot be deny'd him, he watches his opportunities, parleys and capitulates.

* 'Tis so common for Man not to be happy, and so essential to all good to be acquir'd with trouble, that what comes with ease is suspected : We can hardly comprehend how any thing can be for our advantage which costs us so little, or how we could reach the ends we propos'd by none but just measures : We think we deserve good Fortune, but ought not often to rely upon our Merits.

* The Man who says he was not born happy, may at least become so, if he would make use of his Friends and Relations good Fortune. Envy robs him of this advantage.

* Tho perhaps I have said somewhere or other, that unhappy People are in the wrong, yet Men seem to be born for Misfortune, Grief and Poverty ; few escape, and since all sorts of disgraces befall them, they ought to be prepar'd for all sorts of disgrace.

* Men meet one another about their Affairs with so much difficulty, are so sharp where the least interest is concern'd, so apt to be intangl'd with the least Intricacies, are so willing to deceive, and so unwilling to be deceiv'd, set so great value on what belongs to themselves, and so mean a price on

on what belongs to others; that I protest I know not how or which way they can conclude Marriages, Contracts, Acquisitions, Peace, Truces, Treaties and Alliances.

* Among some People Arrogance supplies the place of Greatness; Inhumanity, of Stedfastness; and Cheating, of Wit.

Cheats easily believe others as bad as themselves: They cannot often be deceiv'd, but they will not deceive a long while.

We are never deceiv'd for our advantage, for Malice and Lying always attend Cheating.

* We hear nothing in the Streets of great Cities, and out of the Mouths of those that pass by us, but such words as these; Writs, Executions, Interrogatories, Bonds and Pleadings: What is the meaning of it? Is there no shadow of Equity left in the World? And is the World full of People, who ask confidently what is not due to 'em, or who deny, with the same confidence, to pay what they owe to others?

The Invention of Parchments is a scandal to Humanity; what a shame is it that Men can't keep their words without being forc'd to it!

If you suppress Passion, Interest and Injustice, what a calm wou'd there be in the greatest Cities! The necessaries of Life and Subsistence do not make up a third part of the hurry.

* Nothing helps a Man more to bear quietly the injuries he receives from Parents and Friends, than a reflection on the Vices of Humanity; and how painful 'tis for Men to be constant, generous and faithful, or to love any thing better than their own Interests: He knows the extent of their Capacity, and does not require them to penetrate solid Bodies, fly in the Air, or be equitable: He may hate

Man.

Mankind in general, for having no greater respect for Virtue; but he excuses it in particulars, he is engag'd by higher motives to love 'em; and studies as much as possible never to deserve the same indulgence.

* There are certain Goods which we most passionately desire, the very Idea of 'em moves and transports us; if we happen to obtain 'em, we are less sensible of 'em than we thought we should be, and are less busie in rejoicing over 'em, than in aspiring after greater.

* There are some evils so frightful, and some misfortunes so horrible, that we dare not think on them, the very prospect of 'em makes us tremble; if they chance to fall on us, we find more relief than we could imagine, we arm our selves against a cross Fortune, and do better than we hop'd for.

* Sometimes a pleasant House falling to us; a fine Horse, a pretty Dog, a Suit of Tapistry, or a Watch presented to us, will mitigate a great grief or a vast loss.

* I often suppose that Men were to live for ever in this Worid; and reflect afterwards whether 'tis possible for them to do more towards their establishment here, than they do now.

* If Life is miserable, 'tis painful to live; if happy, 'tis terrible to die; they both come to the same thing.

* There's nothing Men are so fond to preserve, and less careful about, than Life.

* We are afraid of Old Age, but we are not sure we can attain it.

* Death never happens but once, yet we feel it every moment of our Lives. 'Tis worse to apprehend than to suffer.

* *Irene* is at great Expence convey'd to *Epidaurus*, she visits *Æsculapius* in his Temple, and consults him about all her ills. She complains first that she's weary and fatigu'd ; the God pronounces 'tis occasion'd by the length of her Journey : She says she has no Stomach to her Supper ; the Oracle orders her to eat the less Dinner : She adds, she's troubl'd a-nights with broken Slumbers ; he prescribes her, never to lie a Bed by day : She asks how her grossness may be prevented ; the Oracle replies, she ought to rise before Noon, and now and then make use of her Legs : She declares that Wine disagrees with her, the Oracle bids her drink Water ; that she has a bad digestion ; he tells her she must go into a Diet : My fight, says *Irene*, begins to fail me ; use Spectacles, says *Æsculapius* : I grow weak, continues she, I an't half so strong and healthy as I have been ; You grow old, says the God : But how, says she, shall I cure this Languishment ? Why you must die like your Grandfather and Grandmother, if you'll get rid on't quickly : What advice is this thou givest me, thou Son of *Apollo*, cries *Irene* ? Is this the mighty Skill which Men praise and worship thee for ? What hast thou told me rare and mysterious ? Did not I know this much before ? The God answers, Why did you not put it in practice then, without coming so far out of your way to seek me, and shortning your days by a tedious Journey to no purpose ?

* Let us think, when we are fighing for the loss of our past Youth, which will no more return, Dotage will come, then we shall regret the Age of our full strength, which we now enjoy, and don't enough esteem.

* Inquietude, fear and dejection cannot keep Death far from us, yet I question if excessive laughter becomes Men who are mortal.

* What there is in Death uncertain, is a little sweeten'd by what there is certain ; there's something indefinite in the time of it ; which looks like something Infinite, and what we call Eternity.

* We hope to grow old, and we fear old age ; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

* One had better give way to Nature, and fear Death, than be always striving against it, arming our selves with Reasons, and continually combatting our selves that we may not fear it.

* If some Men dy'd, and others did not, Death would indeed be a terrible affliction.

* A long Sickness seems to be plac'd between Life and Death, that Death it self may be a comfort to those who die, and those who survive 'em.

* To speak like Men, Death is in one thing very good ; it puts an end to old age.

That Death which prevents Dotage, comes more seasonable, than that which ends it.

* The Regrets Men have for the time they have ill spent, does not always induce them to spend what remains better.

* Life is a kind of Sleep, old Men sleep longest ; they never begin to wake, but when they are to die. If then they run over the whole course of their Lives year by year, they find frequently neither Virtues nor Commendable actions enough to distinguish them one from another ; they confound their different Ages, they see nothing sufficiently remarkable to measure the time they have liv'd by : They have had confus'd Dreams without any form or coherence ; however they are sensible like those who awake, that they have slept a long while.

* There

* There are but three events which happen to Mankind ; Birth, Life and Death. They know nothing of their Birth, suffer when they die, and forget to live.

* There is a time, which precedes Reason, when we live like other Animals by Instinct, of which we can't trace the least footsteps. There's a second time, when Reason discovers it self, when 'tis formed, and might act, if it were not obscur'd, and almost extinguisht by the Vices of Constitution, and a Chain of Passions, which succeed one another, and lead to the third and last Age : Reason then is in its force, and might bring forth; but 'tis soon lessen'd and weaken'd by Years, Sickness and Sorrow ; render'd useless by the disorder of the Machine, which is now declining ; yet these Years, imperfect as they are, make the Life of Man.

* Children are haughty, disdainful, choleric, envious, inquisitive, self-interested, lazy, light, fearful, intemperate, liars, dissemblers, laugh easily, and are soon pleas'd ; have immoderate joys and afflictions on the least subjects ; would not have ill done 'em, but love to do ill : They are Men long before they are one and twenty.

* Children think not of what's past, nor what's to come ; but enjoy the present time, which few of us do.

* There seems to be but one Character of Childhood ; the Manners at that Age are in all much the same, and it must be with a very nice observation that you can perceive a difference ; it augments with Reason, because with it the Passions and Vices increase, which alone makes Men so unlike one another, and so contrary to themselves.

* Children have in their Childhood what Old Men lose, Imagination and Memory ; and which

are very useful to them in their little Sports and Amusements ; by the help of these they repeat what they have heard, and mimick what they see done ; by these they work after others, or invent themselves a thousand little things to divert them ; make Feasts, and entertain themselves with good Chear ; are transported into Enchanted Palaces and Castles, have rich Equipages and a Train of Followers, lead Armies, give Battel, and rejoice in the pleasure of Victory ; talk to Kings and greatest Princes, are themselves Kings, have Subjects, possess Treasures, which they make of Leaves, Boughs, Shells or Sand ; and what they are ignorant of in the following part of their Lives, they know at this Age, that is, how to be Arbiters of their Fortune, and Masters of their own Happiness.

* There are no exterior Vices, or bodily defects, which are not perceiv'd by Children ; they strike 'em at first sight, and they know how to expres 'em in fit words, Men could not be more happy in their terms ; but when they become Men, they are load-ed in their turn with the same Imperfections, and are themselves mock'd.

* 'Tis the only care of Children to find out their Master's weakness, and the weakness of those to whom they must be subject ; when they have found it, they get above 'em, and usurp an ascendant over them, which they never part with ; for what de-priv'd them of their Superiority, will keep them from recovering it.

* Idleness, Negligence and Laziness, Vices so natural to Children, are not to be seen in 'em while they are at play : They are then lively, heedful, exact lovers of Rule and Order, never pardon one another the least faults, begin again several times if but one thing is wanting : Certain

presages that they may hereafter neglect their Duty, but can forget nothing that can promote their Pleasure.

* To Children, Gardens, Houses, Furniture, Men and Beasts appear great : To Men, the things of the World appear so, and I dare say, for the same reason, because they are little.

* Children begin among themselves with a Popular State, where every one is Master ; and what is very natural, can't agree long about it, but go on to a Monarchy : One of 'em distinguishes himself from the rest, either by a greater vivacity, strength, or a more exact knowledge of their little Sports and Laws ; some submit to him, and then they form an absolute Government, which is guided only by Pleasure.

* Who doubts but that Children conceive, judge and reason to the purpose ? If 'tis on small things only, consider they are Children, and without much Experience ; if 'tis in bad terms, 'tis less their fault than their Parents and Masters.

* It baulks the Minds of Children, to punish them for Crimes they have not really committed, or to be severe with them for light offences ; they know exactly, and better than any one what they deserve, and deserve seldom but what they fear ; they know when they are chastis'd, if 'tis with or without reason, and unjust Punishments do 'em more harm than Impunity.

* Man lives not long enough to profit himself by his faults ; he is committing them during the whole course of his Life, and as much as he can do at last, is to die corrected.

Nothing pleases a Man more, than to know he has avoided a foolish action.

* Men are loath to confess their faults ; they hide them, or change their quality ; this gives the *Director* an advantage over the *Confessor*.

* The faults of Blockheads are sometimes so odd, and so difficult to foresee, that wise Men are at a loss to know how they could commit 'em, and Fools only can be profited by them.

* A spirit of Party and Faction sets the great Men and the Mob on an equal foot.

* Vanity and Decency makes us do the same thing, and in the same manner, which we should do by Inclination and Duty : A Man dy'd at *Paris* of a Fever, which he got by sitting up all night by his sick Wife, tho he did not love her.

* All Men in their hearts covet esteem, yet are loath any one should discover they are willing to be esteem'd ; because Men would pass for virtuous, that they may draw some other advantages from it, besides Virtue it self, I would say, Esteem and Praise. This should no longer be thought Virtue, but a love for Praise and Esteem, or Vanity : Men are very vain Creatures, and of all things hate to be thought so.

* A vain Man finds his account in speaking good or evil of himself ; a modest Man never talks of himself. We can't better comprehend the ridiculousness of Vanity, and what a scandalous Vice 'tis, than by observing how 'tis afraid to be seen, and how it often hides it self under the appearance of Modesty.

False Modesty is the most cunning sort of Vanity, it makes a Man never appear what he is ; on the contrary, raises a Reputation by the Virtue quite opposite to the Vice which forms this Character : This is a Lye. False Glory is the Rock of Vanity ; it tempts Men to acquire Esteem by things which

*The late
Prince of
Conti.*

which they indeed possess, but are frivolous, and not fit for a Man to value himself on; this is an Error.

* Men speak of themselves in such a manner, that if they grant they are sometimes guilty of a few little faults, or have some small defects, these very faults and defects imply fine Talents and great Qualifications. Thus they complain of a bad Memory, well enough contented otherwise with their good Sense and Judgment; forgive People when they reproach them for being distracted or whimsical, imagining it a sign of Wit; acknowledge they are awkward, and can do nothing with their Hands, comforting themselves for the loss of these little Qualities in those of their Minds, and the Gifts of their Souls, which every one allows them; talk of their Negligences in Phrases, which denote their being disinterested, and void of Ambition: They are not ashame'd of being slovenly, which shews only that they are heedless about little things, and seems to suppose in them an application for things solid and essential. A Soldier affects to say, 'twas too much rashness and curiofity engag'd him in the Trenches, or in such a dangerous Post, without being on Duty or Command there; and adds, that the General chid him for't. Thus a solid Genius, born with all the Prudence which other Men endeavour in vain to acquire; who has strengthen'd the Temper of his Mind by great Experience; whom the number, weight, variety, difficulty and importance of Affairs employ without encumbering; who by his large insight and penetration, makes himself Master of all Events; who, very far from consulting the Nations and Reflections written on Government and Politicks, is perhaps one of those sublime Souls

born to rule others, and from whose Example those Rules were first made ; who is diverted by the great things he does, from the pleasant and agreeable things he might read, and needs only to turn over his own Life and Actions : A Man thus form'd may say safely, and without doing himself any prejudice, that he knows nothing of Books, and never reads.

* Men would sometimes hide their Imperfections, or lessen the Opinion we have of 'em, by confessing them freely. I am a very ignorant Fellow, says a Blockhead that knows nothing : I am Old, says a Man above threescore : And another, I'm not Rich, when he is wretchedly Poor.

* There is either no such thing as Modesty, or 'tis confounded with something in it self quite different. If we take it from an interiour Sentiment, which makes a Man seem mean in his own Eyes, this is a supernatural Virtue, and we call it Humility; Man naturally thinks proudly and haughtily of himself, and thinks thus of no body but himself ; Modesty only tends to qualifie this Disposition ; 'tis an exterior Virtue, which governs our Eyes, Conduct, Words, tone of Voice, and obliges a Man to act with others to outward appearance, as if it was not true, that he despis'd them.

* The World is full of People, who making by custom and outward appearance, a comparison of themselves with others, always decide in favour of their own merit, and act accordingly.

* You say Men must be Modest ; all Persons well born say the same in return ; then do you take care that such as give way by their Modesty, may not be too much tyranniz'd over, and that when they bend, they be not broken to pieces.

* Thus

* Thus some say, People shou'd be modest in their Dress; Men of merit desire nothing more: But the World are for Ornament; we give it them; they are covetous of superfluity, and we shew it; some value others for their fine Linnen, or rick Silks, and we can always refuse esteem, even on those terms: There are some places where a full or a thin Sword knot will get or hinder a Man admittance.

* Vanity, and the great value we have for our selves, make us imagine that others carry it very proudly towards us, which is sometimes true, and often false: A Modest Man has not this kind of delicacy.

* As we ought to forbid our selves the vanity of thinking that others regard us with so much curiosity and esteem, that they are always talking of our merit, and in our commendation: So we should have so much confidence in our selves, that we should not fancy when any whisper, 'tis to speak ill of us, and that they never laugh but to ridicule us.

* Whence comes it that *Alissippus* salutes me to day, smiles, and throws himself almost out of the Coach to take notice of me? I am not rich, and am a foot; according to the rules now in vogue, he should not have seen me. Oh now I have hit on't, 'twas that I might see him in the same Coach with a Person of the first Quality.

* Men are so full of themselves, that every thjng they do partakes on't; they love to be seen, to be shewn, to be saluted, even by such as don't know 'em; if they forget 'em, they are presently disgusted: They would have People conjure to find out who they are.

* We never seek Happiness in our selves, but in the Opinion of Men, whom we know to be flatterers, unsincere, unjust, envious, suspicious and prepossest: Unaccountable folly!

* One would think Men could not laugh, but at what is really ridiculous: There are some People who laugh as well at what is not so, as at what is. If you are a Fool and inconsiderate, and something impertinent escapes you, they laugh at you: If you are wise, and say nothing but reasonable things in a proper accent, they laugh at you however.

* Those who ravish our Wealth from us, by violence and injustice, or rob us of our Honour by Calumnies, shew that they hate us; but 'tis not at all an argument, that they have lost all manner of esteem for us, or that we are render'd incapable of forgiving them, and being one time or other friends with them. Ridiculing, on the contrary, is, of all Injuries the least pardonable; 'tis the Language of Contempt, and the best way, by which it makes it self understood; it attacks a Man in his innermost Intrenchment, the good opinion he has of himself; it aims at making him ridiculous in his own Eyes; and thus convincing him, that the Person who ridicules him, cannot have a worse disposition towards him, renders him irreconcileable.

* 'Tis monstrous to consider how easie and pleas'd we are, when we rally, play upon, and despise others, and how angry and choleric when we are our selves rally'd, play'd upon and despis'd.

* Health and Riches hindering Men from experiencing Misfortunes, inspire them with hardness for their fellow Creatures; but such who are burthen'd with their own Miseries, express more Compassion for others.

* In

* In Souls well born, Feasts, Sights and Musick, have so strange an operation, that they make 'em more sensible of the Misfortunes of their Friends and nearest Relations.

* A great Soul is above injury, injustice, grief or raillery ; and would be invulnerable, were it not sensible of Compassion.

* There is a kind of shame in being happy, at the sight of certain Miseries.

* Men are readily acquainted with their least advantages, and backward enough to examine their defects: They are never ignorant of their fine Eyebrows and handsome Nails, but loath to know they have lost an Eye, and will not at all be persuaded, that they want Understanding.

Argira pulls off her Glove to shew her White Hand, remembers very punctually to talk of her little Shoe, that she may be suppos'd to have a little Foot ; she laughs at things pleasant or serious, to shew her fine set of Teeth ; if she discovers her Ears, 'tis because they are well made, and if she does not dance, 'tis because she is not well satisfy'd with her Shape, which is somewhat too square ; she knows perfectly well what is for her Interest, one thing only excepted, she is always talking and wants Wit.

* Men reckon the Virtues of the Heart worth nothing, and idolize their Wit, and bodily Endowments. He who says coldly of himself, and without the thoughts of hurting Modesty, that he is good, constant, faithful, sincere, just and grateful, dare not say he is brisk, has fine Teeth and a soft Skin ; he's not so vain, that would be too much for him.

'Tis true, there are two Virtues which Men admire, Bravery and Liberality ; because they are two

two things which they very much esteem, and these Virtues always neglect Life and Money; yet no body boasts of himself, that he is Brave or Liberal.

No body says of himself, at least without reason, that he is Beautiful, Generous or Sublime. Men value those Qualifications at too high a price; they are contented with thinking themselves so.

* Whatever likeness appears between Jealousie and Emulation, there is as vast a difference, as between Vice and Virtue.

Jealousie and Emulation operate on the same object, that is, another's Wealth or Merit; with this difference, the last is a Sentiment, voluntary, bold, sincere, which renders the Soul fruitful, and profits by great Examples, so far as often to excel what it admires; and the former on the other hand is a violent motion, and a forc'd confession of the Merit it does not possess, which goes so far as even to deny the Virtue of the Objects where it exists; or if it 'tis compell'd to confess it, refuses to commend, and envies the reward; a barren passion, which leaves a Man in the same state it found him, fills him with high Ideas of himself and his reputation, and renders him cold and sullen on another Man's Actions or Works, which makes him astonish'd to see any Qualifications in the World better than his own, or other Men enjoy Talents that he pretends to: A shameful Vice, which grows by its excess to Vanity and Presumption; and does not so much perswade him who is infect-ed with it, that he has more Sense and Merit than others, as that he alone has Sense and Merit.

Emulation and Jealousie are always found in Persons of the same Art, the same Talents and Conditions. The vilest Artificers are inost subject

to

to Jealousie ; those who profess the Liberal Arts, the *Belles Lettres*, as Painters, Musicians, Orators, Poets, and all those who pretend to write, ought not to be capable of any thing but Emulation.

Jealousie is never free from some sort of Envy, and these two Passions are often taken one for the other. On the contrary, Envy is sometimes separated from Jealousie, as when it exercises it self on conditions, very much above our own, on prodigious Fortunes, Favour or Employments.

Envy and Hatred are ever united, and strengthen one another in the same object ; and are not to be known from each other but in this, that one fixes on the Person, the other settles on his state and condition.

A Man of Sense is not jealous of a Cutler that works up a good Sword, or a Statuary who makes a good Figure: He's sure there are in these Arts, Rules and Methods, which he does not apprehend, and Tools to be manag'd, whose uses, names and forms he does not know, and he satisfies himself with not being Master of a Trade, when he considers he has not serv'd an Apprenticeship to it ; he may be, on the contrary, expos'd to Envy, and even Jealousie toward a Minister of State, and those who govern, as if Reason and good Sense, which are common to both of them, were the only instruments that are made use of, in ruling a Nation and presiding over publick Affairs ; as if that they could supply the place of Rules, Precepts, and Experience.

* We meet with few very dull and stupid Souls ; fewer sublime and transcendant ; the generality of Mankind floats between these two extremes : The interval is fill'd with a great number of ordinary Genius's, but which are very useful, and

and serve to support the Commonwealth : It contains what is agreeable and profitable ; as Commerce, Busines, War, Navigation, Arts, Trades, Memory, Intrigue, Society and Conversation.

* All the Sense in the World is useless to him that has none ; he has no Views, and can't be profited by another Man's.

* To feel the want of Reason is next to having it ; a Fool is not capable of this knowledge. The best thing we can have after Sense, is to apprehend that we need it ; without Sense a Man might then know how to behave himself so, as not to be a Sot, a Coxcomb or Impertinent.

* A Man who has but little Sense is serious, and of an even frame ; he never laughs, banters, and makes any thing of a trifle, as incapable of rising higher, as of accommodating himself to what he thinks below him ; he can hardly condescend to toy with his Children.

* Every one says of a Coxcomb, that he is a Coxcomb ; no body dares tell him so to his face ; he dies without knowing it, and no body is reveng'd on him.

* What a strange misunderstanding there is between the Heart and Mind ! Philosophers live wickedly with all their Maxims ; and Politicians, full of their Notions and Reflections, can't govern themselves.

* Wit wears like other things ; Sciences like Food, nourish it and consume it.

Ordinary Men are sometimes blest with a thousand unprofitable Virtues, having no occasion to make use of them.

* We meet with some Men who support easily the weight of favour and power, who make their Greatnes familiar to them, and are not giddy on the

the high Posts they are advanc'd to. On the contrary, those whom Fortune, without choise or discernment, has blindly almost overwhelm'd with Blessings, act proudly, and without moderation; their Eyes, their Conduct, their Voice, and difficulty of access, declare a long while the admiration they are in themselves, to see they are grown so eminent: They become in the end so wild, that their fall only can tame them.

* A stout robust Fellow, with a broad pair of Shoulders, carries heavy Burdens with a good grace, and keeps one hand at liberty, while a Dwarf would be crusht with half on't. Thus eminent stations make great Men yet more great, and little ones less.

* Some Men gain by being extraordinary; they *Mr. De Feuillade.* skud along with full Sail in a Sea, where others are lost and broken in pieces; are advanc'd and promoted, by ways quite opposite to those which seem most sure for promotion or advancement; they draw from their irregularity and folly all the advantage of a consummate Wisdom, Men devoted to other Men, particularly to the Great, on whom they depend, and in their favour repose all their hopes: They don't serve, but they amuse them; Men of Merit and Capacity are useful to the Great; are necessary, are always ready with their Jests, which are as meritorious in them, as the most valuable Actions are in others: And by being Pleasant obtain the most grave Posts, and the most serious Dignities by continual Grimaces: They have done at last, and before they are aware, find themselves in a condition, which they neither hop'd nor fear'd; all that remains of them in the end is the example of their Fortune, which is dangerous for any one to follow.

* One

* One would require of some Persons, who were once capable of a noble heroick Action, that without being spent by such vast efforts as were requir'd to produce it, they should at least be as Wise and Judicious as commonly Men are, that they shou'd not be guilty of any little meanness unbecoming the reputation they have acquir'd ; that by mingling less with the People they shou'd not, give 'em an opportunity to view them at too near a distance ; that they should not suffer them to let their curiosity and admiration grow to indifference, and perhaps to contempt.

*The late
Archbishop
of Paris,
Duc de la Haye*

* 'Tis easier for some Men to enrich themselves with a thousand Virtues, than to correct one single defect : They are even so unfortunate, that this Vice often agrees least with their condition, and makes 'em most ridiculous ; it lessens the splendour of their great Qualifications, hinders 'em from being perfect, and prevents 'em of a compleat reputation : A greater knowledge and higher degrees of morality are not exacted from them, nor that they should be more fond of order or discipline, more faithful to their Duty, more zealous for the publick good, or more laborious ; we would only desire them to be less amorous.

* Some Men in the course of their Lives, differ so much from themselves as to their Inclinations, that we shall certainly mistake them, if we judge of them only by what appear'd in them in their Youth. Some were pious, wise and learned, who by the inseparable softness of a too smiling Fortune are so no more : Others begin their Lives, by applying all their thoughts to promote their pleasures, whom at last Misfortunes have render'd Religious, Just and Temperate. The latter are commonly great Men, who may be rely'd upon ; they have

have an experienc'd sincerity, learn'd by Patience and Adversity ; they owe their Politeness, Contemplation, and the high Capacity they sometimes acquire, to a Confinement at home, and the leisure of a bad Fortune.

All Mens Misfortunes proceed from their Inability to be alone ; from Gaming, Riot, Extravagance, Wine, Women, Ignorance, Railing, Envy, and forgetting God and themselves.

* Men are sometimes unsufferable to themselves ; shades and solitude trouble them, creating in them fears and vain terrors ; the last evil that can befall 'em is to give way to trouble.

* Laziness begat weariness and tediousness, and the application which some Men have for Pleasure, is never free from it ; Gaming, and keeping much Company, have their share of it ; he who works hard, has enough to do with himself otherwise.

* The greatest part of Mankind employ their first Years to make their last miserable.

* There are some Works which begin at one end of the Alphabet and end at the other ; good, bad and worst, all find room in 'em, nothing of whatever nature is forgot ; after a great deal of pains, and much affectation, we call them the sport of the Mind ; and there's the same sport in Mens Conduct ; when they have begun a thing they must end it, and try all ways to affect it ; perhaps it might be better to change their design, or to let it quite alone, but the difficulty and oddness of the thing tempts 'em to proceed ; they go on, and are encourag'd by a spirit of Contradiction and Vanity, which serves instead of Reason, that gives them over, and desists being concern'd with them. This way of management is found, even in the most virtuous actions, and often in such wherein Religion is concern'd.

* Duty

* Duty is that which costs us most, because in doing that we do only what we are strictly oblig'd to, and are seldom prais'd for't. Praife of all things is the greatest excitement to commendable Actions, and supports us in our Enterprizes. *The Curate of the Hospital of the Invalids at Paris.* loves a pompous Charity, which gets him the Government of the necessities of the Poor, makes him the Repository of their Income, and his House the Publick Office to distribute it in; his Gates are open to any that has a Blue Gown and a Badge. Every one fees and talks of his Charity, and who is there that dares suspect his Honesty besides his Creditors.

* *Gerentes* dy'd of meer old Age, and without signing the Will that had lain by him thirty years; his Estate, dying intestate, is shar'd among ten or a dozen Relations, tho he had been kept alive so long purely by the care of his Wife *Asteria*, who, young as she was, stood always near him, comforted his old Age, and at last clos'd his Eyes. He has not left her Money enough to free her from the necessity of marrying another old Husband.

* When People are loath to sell their Offices in their dotage, or to resign them to others, 'tis a sign they perswade themselves that they are immortal, and hope certainly that Death has nothing to do with 'em; but if they believe Death may one time or other overtake them, and yet keep what they have, 'tis a sign they love no body but themselves.

* *Fauſtus* is a Rake, a Prodigal, a Libertine, Ungrateful and Cholerick, yet his Uncle *Aurelius* cou'd neither hate him, nor disinherit him.

Frontinus, his other Nephew, after twenty years known honesty, and a blind complaisance for this old Man, could never gain his favour, nor get any thing

thing at his Death, but a small Pension, which Faustus, his Uncle's Executor, is to pay him. 1701
Hate is so durable and so obstinate, that Reconciliation on a Sick Bed, is the greatest sign of Death. 1702
We insinuate our selves into the favour of others, either by flattering their Passions, or pitying the Infirmities that afflict their Bodies; these are the only ways we have to shew our concerer for them. Whence it proceeds, that the rich and healthy are the least tractable. 1703
Softness and Voluptuousness are innate; they are born with Men and die with them; happy, or unhappy Accidents never cut short Goods and bad fortune; equally produce them. 1704
The worst sight in the World, is an Old Man in Love. 1705
People remember that they have been Young, and how hard it was then to live Chaste and Temperate; the first thing Men do, when they have renounc'd Pleasure, either out of Decency, Surfeit, or Conviction, is to condemn it in others. 1706
This sort of management is however seldom free from a particular affection for those very things they left off; they would have no body enjoy the Pleasure they can no longer enjoy themselves, which proceeds more from Jealousie than any thing else. 1707
Tis not that Old Men apprehend that they shall want Money one time or other, which makes them covetous; for some of them have such prodigious heaps, that 'tis impossible for those fears to prevail over them. Besides, how can they fear in their doatage that they shall want Necessarits, when they voluntarily deny themselves of 'em, to satisfie their Avarice? Neither is it a desire to leave

The Count
de Guiche
and Bussy
Rabutin,

vast summs to their Children, for they naturally love no body but themselves ; and supposing otherwise, there are many Misers who have no Heirs. This Vice is rather the effect of Age and Constitution in old Men, who as naturally abandon themselves to it then, as they did to their pleasures in their Youth, or to their Ambition in their Manhood ; there's no need of Vigour, Youth or Health, to be Covetous, nor of any trouble for a Man to save his Revenues ; one has nothing to do but to lock up his Money in his Coffers, and deny himself the use of it ; this agrees with old Men, who must have one passion or other, because they are Men.

* There are some People who are badly lodg'd, lye hard, wear wretched Cloaths, and eat the worst of Meat ; who deprive themselves of the Society of Men, and live a continual solitude ; who are in pain for the time present, past, and to come ; whose lives are a perpetual penance ; who have cunningly found out the most troublesome way to Perdition ; I mean the Covetous. Horrids even

* Old Men please themselves in rememb'ring their Youth ; they love the places where they past it, the Persons with whom they then began an acquaintance are dear to them ; they effect certain words which they us'd to speak when they were young ; they keep up the old manner of singing and dancing, boast of the Fashions in use formerly, in Cloaths, Furniture and Equipages ; they can't yet disapprove the things which serv'd their passions, but are always calling 'em to mind. How can one imagin they should prefer new Customs and Methods which they have no share in, from which they have nothing to hope, which young Men have invented, and in their turn get by them such great advantanges over the old ?

* Too

* Too much negligence, as well as too much nicety in dressing, encreases old Mens wrinkles, and makes 'em look older.

* An old Man is proud, disdainful and troublesome, if he has not a great deal of Sense.

* An old Man who has liv'd at Court, and has good Sense, and a faithful memory, is an inestimable treasure ; he is full of transactions and maxims, in him one may find the History of the Age, adorn'd with a great many curious circumstances, which we never met with in our reading ; from him we may learn such rules for our Conduct and Manners, that are to be depended on, being founded on experience.

* Young Men by reason of their passions and amusements, are fitter for Solitude than Old Men.

* *Phidippus*, old as he is, is very nice and effeminate, even to little delicacies ; he Eats, Drinks, Dance, Sleeps, and plays by Art ; he scrupulously observes the least rules he has prescrib'd himself, which tend to the ease of his Person ; a Mistress would not tempt him to break 'em, if his regularity allow'd of a Mistress ; he is almost o'rewhelm'd with superfluities, which custom has at last render'd necessary for him ; he does all he can to keep himself alive, and employs the remains of his Life in making its loss more grievous, imagine then if he is not afraid enough of dying.

* *Gnatho* lives for no body but himself, and the rest of the World are to him as if they were not in being : Not satisfy'd in taking the first seat at Table, he alone fills the place of two other Men ; he forgets the Dinner is provided for him and all the Company ; he makes himself Master of the

Dish, and looks on each Service as his own; he never fixes himself to one sort of Meat, he trys all, tastes all, no hands are seen on the Table but his, he turns about the Dishes, manages the Meat, tears it to pieces, and if the Guests will dine, it must be on his leavings: He never spares any of his nasty Customs, enough to spoil the Stomachs of such as are most hungry; you see the Gravy and the Sauce run over his Beard and Chin; if he takes part of a Ragou out of a Dish, he spills it by the way on other Dishes, on the Cloath, and you may distinguish his Plate by the tracks he makes to it; he eats with a great deal of bustle and noise, rouls his eyes, and uses the Table as if it were a Manger; he picks his Teeth, and continues eating; he thinks himself always at home, and behaves himself at Play, as if he were in his Bed chamber; when he rides in a Coach it must be always forward, he grows pale and swoons if he's set backward; when he travels, he gets first to the Inn, chuses the best Chamber and Bed for himself; his own and other Mens Servants run about his occasions: Baggage and Equipage, every thing is his he lays his hands on; he troubles every one, troubles himself for none, pities none, knows no Evils but his own, his Spleen and Choler; weeps for no body's Death, and fears no body's but his own, and to save himself would willingly consent to the extirpation of Mankind.

Mr. de O^{ne}lonne and de Brou^{ne}fin.

* Clito never had but two things to do in his Life, to dine at noon and sup at night; he seems only born for digestion, his whole Life is but one Entertainment, he is always talking of the Courses which were serv'd up at his last Meal, how many Soups there were, what sort, what Roast-meat, what Dainties; he never forgets the Dishes that made

made the second course; he remembers the several Fruits and different kinds of Sweetmeats, all the Wines, and every sort of Liquor that was drank; he is perfectly well vers'd in the Language of the Kitchin, and would make one desire to eat at a good Table, provided he were not to be there; he has so sure a Palate, that he cannot be impos'd upon, and therefore is never expos'd to the dismal inconvenience of making a bad Dinner, eating a bad Ragou, or drinking indifferent Wine. He is, in short, a Person admirable in his way, who has brought the art of feeding well to the highest Perfection, and 'tis to be fear'd we shall never see his fellow, who will eat so much, and so nicely as he did; he is the judge of good Bits, and it would be criminal to like any which he did not approve. But he is no more, he was to the last gasp carry'd to the Table; he eat in his last minutes, he eats where-ever he is, and should he rise again from the Grave, 'twould be only to eat.

✓* *Ruffinus* begins to turn grey, but he's healthy; his Colour and quick Eye promise him at least twenty years more; he is gay, jolly, familiar and indifferent; he laughs heartily, aloud, and fears nothing; he is content with himself and what belongs to him; he's satisfy'd with his little fortune, calls himself happy. Some time since his only Son dy'd, who was the hopes of the Family, and might have been its honour; he referr'd weeping to others, said, *My Son is dead, 'twill be the Death of his Mother*, and was comforted. He has no passions, no Friends nor Enemies, no body troubles him, all the World agrees with him, every thing suits him, he talks to those he never saw before, with the same liberty and confidence as to those he calls his old Friends; he tells them presently all his

Stories and Puns ; he is accosted, forsaken ; he takes no notice on't, but the tale he began to one, he finishes to another that comes after him.

W. . . . is less worn out with age than disease, the poor Gentleman is but threescore and eight ; but alas ! He has the Gout and Gravel, looks meagre, and has all the symptoms of decay ; he marles his Lands, and reckons that he must not dung them this fifteen years ; he plants a young Wood, and hopes that in less than twenty years 'twill be a good shade for them. He builds a Stone House, makes its corners firm with Iron plates, and assures you, coughing in a weak languishing tone, that 'twill last for ever ; he walks all the day long supported by his Valets, among his Masons and Carpenters ; he shews his Friends what he has done, and tells them what he designs to do : He does not build for his Children, for he has none, nor for his Heirs, they are mean Persons, and he long since quarrell'd with them. 'Tis for himself only, who must expire to morrow.

Antegoras has a trivial and popular Phiz : 'Tis as well known to the Mob, as the Parish Beadle's ; Every morning he runs up and down the Courts of Justice, and every evening walks the Streets and Squares, as if he had every where a Cause on foot : He has been a Petty-fogger these 40 years, always nearer the end of his Life than of his busines : There has not been a troublesome Suit depending since he put on the Gown, but he has had a hand in't ; his Name becomes the Sollicitors Mouth, and agrees as well with Plaintiff and Defendant, as the substantive with the adjective. He's every body's Kinsman, and every one's Enemy ; there's scarce a Family but has some quarrel with him, or he with them : He is perpetually in Commissions of Bankrupt or

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Statutes, always putting Judgments in Execution, and scattering Writs: Some leisure minutes he finds for a few private visits, where he talks of Briefs, Tryals and false News: You leave him one hour at one end of the Town, and find him the next at another: If perhaps he has been there before you, you'll hear of him by the Lyes he has left behind him: If any body has occasion to wait on a Judge at his Chamber, they are sure to meet *Antagoras* there, whose Affairs must be first expedited, or neither they, nor the Judge will have any peace with him.

* Some Men live all their Life, opposing some, and injuring others, and dye at last, worn out with Age, after having caus'd as many evils as they suffer'd:

* There must, I confess, be Judgments, Seizures, Prisons, and Executions: But Justice and Law apart, 'tis always strange to me, when I consider with what violence and fury Men act towards one another.

/* We meet with certain wild Animals, Male and Female, spread over the Country: They are black and tann'd, united to the Earth, which they are always digging and turning up and down with an unwearied resolution; they have something like an articulate voice, and when they stand on their feet they discover a man-like face, and indeed are Men; at night they retire into their Burrows, where they live on brown Bread, Water, Roots, and Herbs: They spare other Men the trouble of sowing labouring, and reaping for their maintenance, and deserve, one would think, that they should not want the Bread they themselves sow.

* *Don Fernando* in his Province lives lazy, is ignorant, quarrelsome, knavish, intemperate and

impertinent, draws his Sword against his Neighbours, and exposes his Life for nothing ; he kills Men for trifles, and must expect to be kill'd himself for as little Reason.

* A Country Nobleman, useless to his Nation, Family, or himself, oftentimes without House, Cloaths, or the leaſt Merit, tells you ten times a day that he's a Gentleman, despises Citizens and Tradesmen, spends his time among Parchments and old Titles, which he would not part with for a Chancellors Mace.

* Power, Favours, Genius, Riches, Dignity, Nobility, Force, Industry, Capacity, Virtue, Love, Weakness, Stupidity, Poverty, Impotence, Villainage and Servility, mingle one with another in a thouſand various manners, and compound one for the other in ſeveral ſubjects, and this agreement makes the harmony we find in diſſerent qualities and conditions. When People know each others Strength and weakness, they act reciprocally as they believe it their duty ; they know their equals, understand the respect they owe their Superiours, and what others owe them, from whence proceeds familiarity, diſference, pride and contempt : This is the reaſon which induces Men in places of concourse and publick meeting, to be willing to avoid ſome, and court others ; that they are proud of ſome, and aſham'd of others : This is the Reaſon why the very Person who complimented you, with whom you are diſirous to conveſe, thinks you troublousome and quits you ; the ſame perhaps finds the next ſtep the treatment he gave ; the ſame Person that bluſhes to meet a Man, another bluſhes to meet ; the ſame Person who diſdains here, is diſdain'd there ; 'tis common enough too for People to diſpife ſuch as diſpife them. Miferable

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disposition! Since then 'tis certain, that what we gain one side, we lose on another; should not we do better, if we even renounc'd all manner of Pride and Haughtiness, which so little agree with humane frailties, and resolv'd among ourselves, to treat each other with mutual goodness, by which means we should at once gain two mighty advantages, never to be mortify'd our selves, and never to mortify others.

* Instead of being frighted or ashame'd at the Title of Philosophers, every body ought to have a good knowledge in Philosophy: It agrees with every one; its practice is useful to People of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions; it comforts us for others happinesses, and for the advancement of such as we think do not deserve it; for our own misfortunes, the declension of our Estate and Beauty; it arms us against Poverty, Age, Sicknes and Death, against Fools and Buffoons; 'twill help us to live well without a Wife, or to make her tolerable if we have one.

* Men are one hour overjoy'd with little accidents, and overcome with grief the next for the least disappointments; nothing is more unequal and incoherent than such sudden Revolutions in Men's Hearts and Minds. This would be prevented if we set a true value on things of this World.

* 'Tis as difficult to find a vain Man who believes himself happy enough, as a modest Man who believes himself too unhappy.

* When I look on Princes or their Ministers Fortune, I am always prevented from thinking my self unhappy, by considering at the same time the fate of the Plowman, Soldier and Mason.

* There's but one real misfortune that can befall a Man, and that is to find himself in a fault, or to have any thing to reproach himself with. * Men

* Men are generally more capable of great endeavours to obtain their ends, than of a long perseverance: Their laziness and inconstancy rob 'em of the fruits of the best beginnings; they are overtaken by such as they left behind 'em, such as marcht perhaps slowly, but with a constant resolution.

* I dare affirm, that Men know better how to take good measures than how to pursue 'em, or to resolve on what they must say and do, than to do and say what they ought: A Man promises himself that in such an Affair, which he is to negotiate, he will keep a certain secret, and afterwards either thro Passion, Intemperance of Tongue, or warmth of Conversation, 'tis the first thing which escapes him.

* Men act very negligently in what is their duty, but they think it meritorious, or rather it pleases their vanity to busie themselves about such things as don't belong to them, nor suit with their Condition and Character.

* When a Man puts on a Character which he's a stranger to, there's as much difference between what he appears, and what he is really in himself, as there is between a Vizard and a Face.

* *Telephus* has Wit, but ten times less, if 'tis rightly cast up, than he presumes he has. 'Tis necessary then in every thing he says, does, meditates and projects, that he should have ten times as much Wit as he has: Thus he never acts according to the true measure of his parts and capacity. And this reasoning I'm sure is just: He is limited, within certain bounds, which he ought not to pass, but he leaps over 'em, gets out of his Sphere, and tho he perceives his own weakness, always discovers it by pretending most to what he least understands; he talks most about what he knows

knows nothing, or but very little of ; attempts things above his power, and aims at what is too much for him: If he does something, of what kind soever, to a degree of perfection, he judges of himself by that ; what he has in him good and commendable, is obscur'd by his affecting something great and wunderful ; we can easily see what he is not, but we must strive to find out what he is. He is a Man who never measures his ability, who knows nothing of himself, cannot tell his own Character, but always takes on him one which does not belong to him.

* The greatest Wits have their ebbings and flowings, they are sometimes out of humour. If they are wise, they will then talk little, and cease writing ; they will not then endeavour to please : Should a Man sing when he has a Cold ? Should he not rather wait till he recovers his Voice.

A Blockhead is a meer Machine ; he moves by Springs and Weights, which turn him about always in one manner, and keep him in an equality ; he is uniform, he never alters his Figure, if you have seen him once, you have seen him as he ever was : He is as fixt and settl'd by nature as the Ox that loughs, or the Black-bird that whistles. I may venture to say he acts according to his species, what you see least is his Soul, that never acts, is never exercis'd, but always at rest.

* A Blockhead never dies ; or if according to our manner of speaking, he must once dye, I may lawfully say he gets by it, and that in the moment when others dye, he begins to live ; his Soul then thinks, reasons, infers, concludes, judges, foresees, and does every thing she never did before ; she finds her self disingag'd from a lump of Flesh where she seem'd to be bury'd without function, motion, or any

thing becoming her Dignity. She blush'd to see her self lodg'd in such a body, and so long confin'd to such brutish and imperfect Organs, ashame'd that she could produce nothing but a Blockhead or a Fool. She now is equal to the greatest of those Souls who animated the bodies of the most famous Men, and inform'd the Men of Wit. The Soul of *Alain* is not distinguish'd from the Great *Conde's*, *Richelieu's*, *Paschal's* or *Lingendes*.

* A false delicacy in familiar Actions, in Manners or Conduct, is not so call'd because 'tis feign'd, but because 'tis exercis'd in little things, which do not deserve it. On the contrary, a false delicacy in a Man's Taste and Constitution, is only so when 'tis feign'd and affected. *Emilia* crys out with all her might if her Coach jerks, she screams at the danger which she does not fear; another nicely turns pale at the sight of a Mouse; a third is fond of Violets, and swoons at a Tuberoise.

* Who can promise himself to content Mankind? Let not the Prince, tho never so Great and Good, pretend to it. Let him concern himself about their Pleasures, let him trust them with his secrets, admit them into those Places, the bare sight of which is a noble Spectacle; let him afterwards shew 'em a thousand other sights to divert 'em, set their Inventions at work, order Conforts and Feasts, and allow them all the liberty they could desire; let him associate with 'em in their amusements, let the Great Man become loving, or the Hero humane and free, it would not be enough. Men are tir'd in the end, with the very things that charm'd 'em in the beginning; they would forsake the Table of the Gods: *Nectar* would in time become insipid: Vanity and a wretched delicacy would tempt 'em to criticize on the most perfect things;

things ; their Taste, if we will believe 'em, is above all that we can do to satisfie it ; a Royal Expence would be unsuccessful ; malice prompts them to do what they can to lessen the joy, which others may have in contenting 'em. These very People, who are commonly so civil and complaisant, can sometimes forget themselves, and one would not think they were the same Persons, for we then see a true Man even in a Courtier.

* Affectation in Gesture, Speech or Manners, is frequently the product of Idleness or Indifference, much Business and an Application to serious Affairs oblige a Man to keep to Nature.

* Men have no certain Characters ; or if they have any, that have none which they always pursue, which never change, and by which they may be known. They are impatient in being always the same, in persevering either in Virtue or Vice. If they sometimes leave one Virtue for another, they are more often disgusted with one Vice for the sake of another. They have several contrary Passions and Weaknesses : Extreams are more easie to them, than regular and natural Conduct ; Enemies to Moderation, excessive in all things, in good as well as evil, and when they cannot support, they ease themselves by changing. ^{Adrastus} was so great a Libertine, and so debauch'd, that it had been difficult for him to appear Devout, and ^{have} follow'd the Fashion ; but it would have cost him much more to have been honest. ^{how ed : inillimt}

* Whence comes it that some People hear the greatest disasters with scorn and indifference, and are always so choleric on the least inconveniences. Certainly this sort of Conduct is not Virtue ; for Virtue is equal, and never does any thing that it ought not to do. 'Tis a Vice then, and nothing else

else but Vanity, that never awakens and rouzes her self, but at those events which make a noise in the World, but neglects herself in the rest.

* We seldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much; a common and trivial Maxim, which every body knows, and no body practices.

* We are reveng'd on our selves, and give our Enemies too much advantage over us, when we say things of them which are not true, and lie to reproach 'em.

* If Men could blush at their own Actions, how many sins, publick and private, would they save by't!

* If some Men are not so honest as they might have been, the fault is in their Education.

* Some Men have just sense enough to make them prudent.

* Ferula's and Rods are for Children, and Crowns, Scepters, Furs, Swords, Maces, Caps and Hoods for Men. Reason and Justice, without their Ornaments, would neither perswade nor deter. Men are more led by their Eyes and Ears, than their Understandings.

* *Timon* the Man-hater's Soul may be wild and austere, but he is outwardly civil and ceremonious, he seldom shuns, or frowns on any Man: On the contrary, he treats them decently and honourably, but he takes care not to give them any cause to be familiar; he would know them as little as possible, and like a Lady in her visits, is very cautious not to make any one his friend.

* Reason is ever ally'd to Truth; we come at it but by one way, and have a thousand to miss. The study of wisdom is not so extensive as that one cou'd make of Coxcombs and the Impertinent: He who

who has seen none but polite and reasonable Men, either knows not Mankind, or knows them only by halves: Whatever Variety he finds in Constitution or Manners, Conversation and Politeness produce the same appearances, and make Men resemble each other by some outward Civilities, which please, and which being common to all, make us believe that they have the like affinity and relation in other things: He, on the contrary, who mingles himself with the People, or retires into the Country, if he has Eyes, makes presently strange Discoveries, sees things perfectly new to him, which he never thought the least of before; he increases his knowledge of Humanity by continual Experiences, and calculates by how many different ways Men may be intolerable.

* After having maturely consider'd Mankind, and found out their false thoughts, opinions, inclinations and affections, we are forc'd to own, that ~~obstinacy~~ is more prejudicial to 'em than inconstancy.

* How many weak, effeminate, indifferent Souls are there, who have not very great defects, and yet are good Subjects for Satyrs: What variety of ridiculousness is spread over the whole humane Race, yet by its singularity is of no consequence, and useless for instruction or morality: These are particular Vices, which are not contagious, and are more personal than humane.

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Of Judgment.

NOthing more nearly resembles a lively Conviction than an obstinate Conceit; whence proceed Parties, Cabals and Heresies.

* We think not always constantly on the same subject: Conceit and Disgust follow one another very closely.

* Great things astonish us, and small dishearten: Custom makes both familiar.

* Two contrarieties equally affect us, Custom, and Novelty.

* There's nothing so mean, and so like the Vulgar, as to talk much in the praise of those very Persons, of whom we thought indifferently before their promotion.

* Princes favour neither excludes nor includes Merit.

* 'Tis surprizing, that with all the Pride which puffs us up, and the vast opinion we have of our own Judgment, we neglect to make use of it when we speak of other Peoples Merit. The common vogue, popular favour, or the Prince's fancy, bear us down like a Torrent: We extol what is prais'd more than what deserves its praise.

* I doubt whether any thing is approv'd and prais'd with so much difficulty, as what deserves most to be prais'd and approv'd; and whether Virtue, Merit, Beauty, Good Actions, and the best Writings,

Writings, have a more natural and sure effect, than Envy, Jealousie or Antipathy. 'Tis not of a Saint that a *Devote* speaks well of, but of a Brother *Devote*: If a handsome Woman allows another's Beauty, you may rationally conclude she excels in what she approves; or if a Poet praises another's Verses, 'tis an even wager they are flight and frivolous.

* Men have much ado to like one another; they have but a weak inclination to approve reciprocally of the Actions, Conduct, Thoughts and Expressions of others; nothing pleases, nothing contents; they substitute in the place of what others either recite, speak or write, what they should have done in such a conjuncture, what they think or have written upon such a subject, and are so full of their own Ideas, that they have no room for anothers.

* The generality of Men are so inclin'd to irregularity and trifling, and the World is so full of Examples, either pernicious or ridiculous, that I should be apt to believe Singularity, could it keep its bounds, would come very near to right Reason and a just Conduct.

We must do like other Men, a dangerous Maxim, which for the most part signifies we must do ill; if you speak not of things purely exterior, and of no consequence, but what depends on Custom, Fashion or Decency.

* If Men were not more like Bears and Panthers than Men; if they were equitable, if they were just to themselves and others, what would become of Law, the Text, and the prodigious Commentaries that are made on it? Where would you find the Plaintiff and Defendant, and all that you call Justice? To what would even they be reduc'd who we all their livelihood and grandeur to the Authority

riety that they have given the Laws ? If Men were honest and impartial, whither would the Quarrels of the Schools and Bar vanish ? If they were temperate, chaste and moderate, what occasion for the unintelligible jargon of Phyfick, which is a Golden Mine to such who take upon them to speak it ? O Lawyers, Doctors and Apothecaries, what a fall would you have, could we all become wise !

How many great Men in the different exercises of Peace and War should we have lost ! To what point of refin'd perfection are several Arts and Sciences brought, which are not necessary, and were introduc'd into the World only as remedies to those evils, to which Injustice gave the original !

How many things are there since *Varro*, of which *Varro* was ignorant ! What would not such a knowledge as that of *Plato* and *Socrates* suffice us ?

To hear praise and dispraise on a Sermon, a piece of Musick, or a Picture ; and upon the very same subject to be entertain'd with quite opposite sentiments, is what makes me freely conclude we may safely publish any thing, good or bad ; for the good pleases some, the bad others, and the worst has its admirers.

Mr Quinaut
Author of most
of the
French
Opera's.

* The Phoenix of singing Poetry rose out of his own ashes, and in one and the same day saw both the dissolution and resurrection of his Reputation ; and that same infallible Judge, who is ever so obstinate (I mean the Publick) chang'd upon his account, and either did deceive or was deceiv'd. He that would now say, that *Quinaut* is an ill Poet, would speak almost as improperly, as he that said formerly he was a good one.

† Two
Poems.

* *Chapelian* was rich, *Corneille* was not ; † *La Pucelle* and † *Rodoguene* merited each a different fate :

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So it has always been a question, Why in this or that Profession, one has made his fortune, and another mist? For the reason of this, Mankind must inform themselves from their own capriciousness, which in the most pressing conjunctures of their Affairs, either of their Pleasure, Health or Life, makes 'em often leave the best, and chuse the worst.

* The Character of a Comedian was infamous amongt the *Romans*, but with the *Greeks* honourable: What is it with us? We think of them like the *Romans*, and live with them like the *Greeks*.

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* 'Twas sufficient for *Bathyllus* to be an universal Mimick, to be courted by the *Roman* Ladies; for *Rhoe* to Dance on the Theatre, or for *Roscia* and *Nerina* to sing in a Chorus, to engage a Crowd of Lovers. Vanity and Impudence, the consequences of too great a Power, made the *Romans* lose the gust there is in secret Pleasures; they were fond of acting their Loves upon the Publick Stage; they had no jealousie of the Amphitheatre, nor of sharing the charms of their Mistresses with the Multitude; their satisfaction lay in shewing they lov'd not a Beauty, or a good A^tress, but an A^tress.

* Nothing discovers better what disposition Men have to Knowledge and Learning, and how profitable they esteem them to the Publick, than the price which is set on them, and the Idea they have form'd of those who have taken the pains to improve them. There is no Art so mechanick and mean, that has not a quicker and surer way to Riches. The Comedian lolling in his Coach, bespatters the very face of *Corneille* walking afoot. With many People, Knowledge and Pedantry are synonymous.

Often when the Rich Man speaks, and speaks of Learning, the Learned Man must be silent; listen and

applaud ; at least if he would pass for one of some Learning.

* There is a sort of Courage to be us'd amongst Men of some Humours, to support the scandal of being learned : You find there an establisht Opinion against Learning ; they know not the World, say they, nor how to live, neither have they any genius for Society ; and so they send 'em back to their Closet and their Books. As Ignorance is an easie condition, which costs but little pains, most of the World follow it, and they form such a numerous Party, in Court, City and Country, that the Learned can't bear head against 'em. If they alledge in their favour, the Names of *Estree, Harlay, Bossuet, Seguier, Montausier, Wardes, Chevreuse, Novion, La Moignon, Scudery, Pelisson*, and of many other Persons equally learned and polite ; nay, if they dare cite the great Names of *Chartres, Conde, Conti, Bourbon, Maine, Vandome*, as Princes that knew how to joyn the highest knowledge to the *Grecian and Roman Politeness*, they'll not fail to tell 'em these are singular Examples ; if then they have recourse to solid reasons, alas ! they are too feeble to stand against the publick vote : However, it seems just, that the Publick should be somewhat more wary in giving a decisive judgment, and should at least take the pains to question, whether that Mind that has made so great a progress in Knowledge, as to be capable of thinking, judging, speaking and writing well, could not, if it gave it self the trouble, be when it pleas'd Polite.

A Man with a little trouble may perfectly refine his Manners, but there is much more requir'd to polish his Mind.

* Such a one is Learned says the Politician, consequently no Man of Busness, I'd not trust him with

with the management of my Wardrobe ; and he's to be sure in the right : *Ossat, Ximenes, Richelieu*, were learned, Were they Men of Ability ? Did they pass for good Ministers ? He understands *Greek*, says the Statesman, he's a Philosopher. At that rate an *Athenian Fruiterer* was a Philosopher, for he understood *Greek* : What a whimsie, what a folly was it in the great, the wise and judicious *Antonine* ! To say, *That the People would then be happy, when the Emperor philosophiz'd, or a Philosopher came to the Empire*.

Languages are no more than the Keys of Sciences. He that despises the one, slighteth the other : 'Tis of no importance, whether Languages are ancient or modern, dead or living ; but whether they are barbarous or polite, whether the Books they afford us are good or bad. Suppose the *French* should meet with the fortune of the *Greek* or *Roman Tongues* ; should he be thought a Pedant that should read *Moliere* or *La Fontaine*, some Ages after it ceas'd to be commonly spoken ?

* If I talk of *Euripilus*, you say he is a Wit ; you also call him a Carpenter that lays a Floor, and he that builds a Wall a Bricklayer : But I would ask you, Where doesthis *Tradesman* follow his Trade ? What *Sgn* has h s Shop, and by what marks shall we know him ? What are his *Tools*, a Hatchet or a Chissel ? Where does he finish his Work ? Where does he expose it to Sale ? An *Artificer* sets up for an *Artificer* ; Does *Euripilus* set up for a Wit ? If he does he's a Coxcomb, a vile Mechanick wretch, who has neither Wit nor any thing that is agreeable, and is uncapable of a serious thought ; but if he pretends to nothing, I'll take him for a wise and ingenious Man : Why therefore would you call this Pedant, or that ill

Poet a polite Man? Do you believe of your self that you have no Wit? If you have any, without doubt, 'tis that which is fine and agreeable, yet should a Man call you a Wit, would you not take it for an Affront: However, I'll give you leave to call *Euripilus* so, let the Irony pass upon Fools and Men of no Judgment, as ignorant wretches pride themselves in those defects, which they find in others, and cannot discover in themselves.

✓ * Speak no more to me of Pen, Ink or Paper; no more of Style, Printer or Press: Do not venture to tell me any more, *Antisthenes* you write well, proceed, What shall we never see a piece of yours in Folio? Treat of all the Virtues and Vices in one work, well pursu'd, methodical, without end, (and they should add) without Sale too. I renounce every thing that either was, is, or ever will be a Book. The fight of a Cat throws *Beryllus* into a Swoon, and a Book me. Am I better fed, or finer cloath'd, has my Chamber a more pleasant situation, or do I enjoy my ease more after having been expos'd to Sale these twenty years? You say I have a great Name and Reputation, say rather I am stockt with unprofitable wind; have I one grain of that Metal that produces all things? The vile Lawyer enlarges his Bill, and will be paid those charges which he never expended, and has

*Mr Berri-
ere, who
had been a
Footman.* for his Son-in-law a Count or a Judge. A Lacquey is made a Commissioner, and in a little time becomes richer than his Master, then soon scorning his mean Character, buys a Title with his Money. B. . . . enriches himself by a Puppet shew. B. B. . . . by selling Water in Bottles. A Mountebank foots it to Town with his Wallet at his back, not able to defray his charges, and goes from thence in his Coach and Six. Mercury is Mercury, and nothing more,

more, and Gold not being sufficient to pay for his thoughts and intrigues, they reward him with favour and distinction. Not to speak of any thing but lawful gains, you pay a Gardiner for his skill, and the Workman for his time and labour; Do you pay an Author for his Thoughts and Writings? If his Sense is good, do you pay him largely? Does he enrich or ennable himself by thinking or writing well? Men must be cloath'd and shav'd, have Houses that must have doors to shut close; But is it necessary they should be instructed? 'Twere folly, simplicity and weaknes, continues *Antisthenes*, to set up again for an Author or Philosopher; could I have a profitable Employment, which would enable me to lend my Friend, and give to those that can ne're return, to write for sport or idleness, as *Tytyrus* plaid or whistl'd upon his Flute; (this or nothing) I would write on the same terms, and easily give way to the violence of those who take me by the Throat, and cry out, you shall write. They should then read for the Title of my Book; *Of things Beautiful and Good, of Truth, of Ideas, of first Principles, by Antisthenes the Fishmonger.*

* If Ambassadors of Foreign Princes were Apes, ^{those of} Siam.
who had learnt to walk on their hind Legs, and to make themselves understood by Interpreters, we could not have a greater surprize than what the justness of the Answers of such as are sent us, and the ingenuity which sometimes appears in their discourse, gives us: Our prepossession in favour of our Country, joyn'd to the pride of our Nation, makes us forget that Reason belongs to all Climates, and just Thoughts to all places wherethere are Men: We don't love to be so treated by those we call *Barbarians*; if amongst us there is any bar-

ritie, 'tis in being amaz'd at the hearing other People reason like our selves.

All Strangers are not *Barbarians*, nor are our Country-men all civiliz'd; in like manner all the Country is not wild, nor all the City polite: There is in *Europe* a certain place, part of a Sea Province in a great Kingdom, whose Husbandmen are soft and affable, and their Burgeesses and Magistrates rude, and of an hereditary rusticity.

* With a Language so pure, such nicety of Habit, Manners so cultivated, such good Laws and white Complexions, we are *Barbarians* to some sort of People.

* If we should hear it reported of the *Eastern* People, how they ordinarily drink a Liquor that flies up into the Head, makes them mad, and forces them to vomit, we should be apt to say, this is very *Barbarous*.

*Cardinal
Camus.*

* This Bishop comes no more to Court, lives retir'd, is no more to be seen with Women; Plays not, makes not one at Feasts and Shews, is no Man at Cabal, nor has the Spirit of Intrigue, but is always in his Dioceſſ, where he makes his continual residence, and thinks of nothing but instructing his People by discourse, and edifying them by his example; consumes his Riches in Charity, and his Body in Pennance, is an Imitator both of the Zeal and Piety of the Apostles. Times are changed, and he is threatcn'd in this Reign with a more eminent Title.

* May not we insinuate to People of a certain Character and serious Profession, (to say no more of them) that they are not oblig'd to make the world talk of their Gaming, Singing and playing the Buffoon like other Men, and that to see them so pleasant and agreeable, one would not believe they were

else.

elsewhere so regular and severe; may we not presume to urge, that thereby they digress from themselves, and from that politeness which they pretend to; which politeness, on the contrary, suits and conforms outward Actions to Conditions, causes us to avoid the Contract, and shewing the same Man under such different shapes, as make the Pieces entirely Fatastical and Grotesque.

* We ought not to judge of Men as of a Picture or Statue, at the first sight: There is a Mind and Heart to be searcht: The vail of Modesty covers Merit, and the Masque of Hypocrifie disguises Malignity; there are but few Judges that have knowledge to discern aright, and to pass sentence; 'tis but by little and little, and perhaps even by time and occasion that compleat Virtue and perfect Vice, come at last to shew themselves.

* . . . He said that Wit, in that fair Lady, was a Diamond set to the best advantage, and continuing to speak of her; all who talk to her, added he, find something in her Wit so reasonable and agreeable, that they can hardly distinguish their Admiration from Love; she is equally qualify'd to make a compleat Friend, or to oblige you to proceed beyond Friendship: Too young and beautiful not to please, but too modest to affect it, she esteems Men for nothing but their Merit, and believes none of 'em are any thing more than her Friends: Her vivacity and sentiments surprize every body, and engage every body; and tho' she knows perfectly the delicacies and niceties of Conversation, sometimes makes such happy Sallies, as among other Pleasures which they give, dispense with all reply. She talks to you like one who is not learned, who seems to doubt, and wants to be inform'd, and hearkens

' hearkens to you like one who knows a great deal,
 ' can set a true value on what you say, and will
 ' not let any thing be lost of your conversation.
 ' Far from affecting by contradicting to shew her
 ' Wit, or imitating *Elvira*, who had rather be
 ' thought brisk, than a Woman of good Sense and
 ' sound Judgment, she appropriates your thoughts
 ' to her self, believes 'em to be her own, extends
 ' 'em, embellishes 'em, and makes you contented
 ' that you thought so well, and spoke so much
 ' better than you your self believ'd you did. She's
 ' always above Vanity, and in speaking or writing
 ' never uses Ornament instead of Reason, knowing
 ' Eloquence consists in Simplicity: If 'tis to serve
 ' any one, and to engage you in the same interest,
 ' leaving raillery and politeness to *Elvira*, who
 ' makes use of them in all cases, *Artenice* employs
 ' only sincerity, warmth, earnestness and persuasi-
 ' on. What is most predominant in her, is the
 ' pleasure she takes in reading, and conversing with
 ' Persons of Worth and Reputation, not so much
 ' to be known to them, as to know them: We
 ' may Prophetically commend her for the Wisdom
 ' she will one day certainly have, and for all the
 ' Merit she prepares for her riper Years; since
 ' with a just Conduct she has juster Intentions
 ' some sure Principles, useful to those, who like
 ' her, are expos'd to Assiduity and Flattery; and
 ' being particular enough without being rude, and
 ' indeed a little too much inclin'd to Retire-
 ' ment; 'tis impossible she can want any thing but
 ' opportunities, or as some would call it, a large
 ' Theatre, to show all her Virtues to their full
 ' Lustre.

* A handsome Woman, the more natural she is,
 the more beautiful; she loses nothing by being
 careless,

careless, and without any other Ornament than what she draws from her Beauty and Youth: An innocent Grace shines in her Face, animates every little Action so much, that there would be less danger to see her adorn'd with all the advantages of Dress and Fashion. Thus an honest Man is respected; independant from all those outward Actions, by which he would endeavour to make his Person more grave, and his virtue more specious: Too great a Modesty, a singularity in Habit, or the state with which some walk, add nothing to Probity, nor heighten Merit, but hurt, and often make it look less pure, and more suspected.

Gravity too much affected becomes Comical: 'tis like Extremities that touch, whose middle is Dignity; you cannot call this being grave, but abstracting the part of a grave Man: He that studies to be so will never obtain it. Either Gravity is natural, or there is no such thing, and 'tis easier to descend from, than ascend to it.

* A Man of Parts and Reputation, if he is sowe and austere, frightens Youth, gives 'em an ill opinion of Virtue, and makes it suspected of too great a reformation, and to uneasie a practice; if on the contrary, he's free in Conversation, he gives 'em a profitable Lesson, he teaches 'em that Men may live in pleasure and yet in busines, be serious without renouncing honest diversions; he becomes an example they can follow.

* Phisiognomy is not given us for a rule to judge Men by; it may serve us to give a guess at 'em.

* An ingenious Air in Men, is the same with regular Features among Women; 'tis a kind of Beauty the most vain may aspire to.

* A Man that has much Merit and Ingenuity, and is known to have 'em, is not ugly with the most deform'd Features ; or if there is a Deformity it makes no impression.

* How much Art is there requir'd to return to Nature ? how much time, what rules, attention and labour, to dance with the same freedom and grace you walk with, to sing as you speak, to speak and express your self as you think, to give the same life and force, the same passion and perswasion to discourses you are to pronounce publickly, which we sometimes naturally, and without meditation entertain our Intimates with ?

* Those that without knowing us enough think ill of us, do us no wrong ; they attack not us, but the fantome of their own Imagination.

* There are some little Rules and Duties of good Manners, which belong to Place, Time, and Persons, which are not attainable by the force of ingenuity, and which custom teaches us without any trouble ; to judge of Men by the faults which they commit in this kind, before they are well instructed, is to pass judgment of 'em by their Nails, or the curl of their Hair ; 'tis to make a judgment in which we shall one day be deceiv'd.

* I know not if 'tis permitted to judge of Men by a single fault ; and if an extreim necessity, a violent passion, or a natural impulse can be drawn into consequence.

* The contrary to the report, either of Affairs or Persons, is often the truth.

* Without a great regard and continual attention to what we speak, we are expos'd to say, Yes, or No, to the same thing, or on the same Person, in an hours time, determin'd only by a Spirit of Society and Company, that naturally obliges one not

to contradict this Man, or that, tho they talk of things quite different in themselves.

* A partial Man is perpetually expos'd to little Mortifications; for 'tis equally impossible that his Favourites can be always happy and wise, or such as he declares himself against, be always in fault or unhappy. This puts him frequently out of Countenance, and makes him blush at his Friends Misfortunes, or the new Glory which those acquire whom he does not like.

* A Man subject to be prepossest, if he dares accept a place of Authority, either Ecclesiastical or Secular, is a Blind Man that would Paint, a Dumb Man that would Preach, a Deaf Man that judges of Symphony; these are but weak resemblances, and which imperfectly express the misery of Prepossession: We should add, that 'tis a desperate Malady, incurable and infectious, to all that approach the sick Person; it makes us desert our Equals, Inferiors, Relations and Friends, even our Physician; they are far from being cured, if they can't be made to understand neither their Disease nor their Remedy, which would be, to hear, doubt, to inform themselves, and to see into Things; Flatterers, Cheats and Backbiters; those that never open their Mouths but to Lye, or for their own interest, are Knaves in whom they confide, who make them swallow all they please; 'tis they that poyson and kill them.

* Descartes's Rule, never to decide on the least truth, before 'tis clearly and distinctly known, is convenient and just, and ought to extend to the judgment we give of Persons.

* Nothing revenges better the ill judgment Men make of our Wit, Actions or Manners, than the

the base and poor Characters of those they approve of.

* From the same Fond that you neglect a Man of Merit, you admire a Blockhead.

* A Blockhead is one that has not Wit enough to be a Coxcomb.

* The Coxcomb is the Blockhead's Man of Merit.

* The Impertinent is a forward Coxcomb ; the Coxcomb wearies, tires, distastes and disgusts. The Impertinent disgusts, irritates and offends ; he begins where the other left off.

The Coxcomb is between the Impertinent and the Blockhead, and is compos'd of one and the other.

* Vices come from the deprivation of the Heart ; the defects of Vice from Constitution ; ridiculousness from want of Sense.

The Ridiculous Man is one, that whilst he is so, has the appearance of a Blockhead.

The Blockhead always is ridiculous, 'tis his Character ; a Man of some Sense may sometimes be ridiculous, but will not be so long.

An error committed, makes a wise Man ridiculous.

Dulness belongs to the Blockhead, Vanity to the Coxcomb, Impertinence to the Impertinent. Ridiculousness seems to reside sometimes in those that are really ridiculous, and sometimes in the imagination of those that believe they see ridiculousness, where it neither is nor can be.

* Rudeness, Clownishness and Brutality, may be the Vices of a Man of Sense.

* A stupid Man is a silent Blockhead, and in that more supportable than a talking Blockhead.

* What

* What is oftentimes a jest from a Man of Sense, is a blunder from a Blockhead.

* If a Coxcomb could believe he speaks ill, he would lose his Character.

* One sign of mediocrity of Sense is to be always telling Stories.

* The Blockhead is perplext in himself, the Coxcomb has an air of freedom and assurance; the Impertinent carries it off with Impudence; Merit has always Modesty.

* The sufficient Man is one that has a few small Concerns, dignify'd with the name of Affairs, joyn'd to a very little stock of Sense.

A grain or two of Sense, and an ounce of Business more than there was in the Sufficient, makes an important person.

While you only laugh at the Important, he has no other Name, complain of him, and 'tis arrogant.

* The Character of the Man of Honour, is between that of the Able Man and the Honest Man, tho' in an unequal distance in respect to those two extremes.

The distance from the Man of Honour to the Able Man grows less and less, and is upon the point of disappearing.

The Able Man is one that hides his Passions, understands his Interest, sacrifices many things to it, has either acquir'd Wealth, or knows how to keep it.

The Man of Honour is one that robs not on the Road, commits no Murthers, and in fine, a Person whose Vices do not make him scandalous.

We know very well that an Honest Man is a Man of Honour, but it is pleasant to think, that every Man of Honour is not an Honest Man.

The

The honest Man is neither a Saint nor a Devote,
but has confin'd himself only to have Virtue.

* Genius, Judgment, Wit and Sense, are things
different, but not incompatible.

There is as much difference between good Sense
and good Taste, as between the Cause and the Ef-
fect.

Genius is to Wit as the whole is in proportion
to its part.

Shall I call a Man confin'd and circumscrib'd to
any one Art, a Man of Sense, tho he has any one
Science in perfection, but out of that shews nei-
ther Judgment, Memory, Vivacity, Manners, nor
Conduct, that understands me not, thinks not, and
expresses himself ill; a Musician for example,
that after he has, as it were, bewitcht me with his
harmony, seems to be shut up with his Lute in
the same Cafe, and when he is without his Instru-
ment, is like a dismounted Machine, we perceive
quickly something is wanting in him, and his
Company is no longer supportable.

Again, what shall I say of Play, who can define
it to me? Is there no occasion of forecast, cunning
or skill to play at Ombre or Chess? And if there
is, how comes it that we see Men of weak Parts to
excel in it, and others of great ingenuity that can't
reach that point, whom a Man or Card in their
hand perplexes and puts out of Countenance?

Mr La
Fontaine.

There is a thing in the World, if 'tis possible,
more incomprehensible. A Person that appears
dull, softish and stupid, knows neither how to
speak, or relate what he has seen; if he sets to
write, no Man does it better; he makes Animals,
Stones and Trees talk, and every thing that cannot
talk; his works are full of nothing but Elegance,
Natural Sense and Delicacy.

Another

✓Another is plain, timerous and tiresom in Conversation ; he takes one word for another, and judges not of the goodness of his own Writings, but by the Money they bring him in, knows not how to recite or read what he has writ : Leave him to compose, and he's not inferior to *Augustus*, *Pompey*, *Nicomedes* and *Heraclius* ; he's a King, a Politician, a Philosopher ; he undertakes to make Heroes speak and act ; he describes the *Romans*, and they are greater, and more *Romans* in his Verse, than in their History.

Would you have another Prodigy ? Imagine a Man easie, soft, complaisant, tractable, and then all of a sudden choleric, furious and capricious ; conceive a Man simple, ingenious, credulous, a trifler and giddy, a Child with grey hairs ; but permit him to recollect himself, or rather to give himself up to a certain Genius that operates within him, perhaps without his being concern'd, and it may be without his knowledge ; What Rapture ! what Elevation ! what Figures ! what Latinity ! You will ask me, do you speak of one and the same Man ? Yes, of the same *Theodas*, and of him alone. He cries, labours, rolls on the ground, rises, thunders and roars, and from the midst of the Tempest comes a light which warms and delights us ; let us speak without a figure, he talks like a Fool, and thinks like a wise Man, speaks truth in a ridiculous way, and in folly shews sense and reason : What shall I say farther, he talks and acts better than he understands ; they are in him, as it were, two Souls that are not acquainted, have no dependance one on the other, and have each their turns and distinct functions. This Picture would want one surprizing stroke, should I omit to tell you, that he is at once covetous and insatiably desirous of Praise,

ready to expose himself to his Criticks, and in the main pliable enough to profit by their censure. I begin to fancy my self, that I have made the Picture of two different Persons ; and 'tis not impossible to find a third in *Theodas* ; for he is a good, pleasant and excellent Man.

* Next to sound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rarest things to be met with.

* Such a one is known in the World for his great Capacity, and where ever he goes is honour'd and cherish'd, but is flighted at home, and can't create an esteem of himself in his Relations ; another, on the contrary, is a Prophet in his own Country, amongst his Servants enjoys a good Name, and is applauded by all that live with him for his singular merit ; his whole Family concur in it, he is their Idol ; but this Character he leaves at home, as often as he goes abroad, and carries it not about with him.

* The World mutiny against a Man that begins to grow in Repute ; those he esteems his Friends hardly pardon a growing Merit, or the first report that seems to give him a share of the Glory they possest ; they hold out to extremity, till the Prince has declar'd himself by recompences : Then they immediately congratulate him, and from that day he takes place as a Man of Merit.

* We often affect to praise some Men immoderately, who little enough deserve it ; we elevate 'em, and if we could, would advance 'em above such as are really excellent, which proceeds either from our being weary of applauding always the same Persons ; or, because their Glory thus divided becomes more supportable, and we can then look on't without being so much offended as before.

* We see that the wind of Favour carries Men away with a full sail ; in a moment they lose sight of

of Land, and continue their course ; all things smile on 'em and succeed with 'em, their words and actions are all attended with Elogies and Rewards, they appear not but to be complimented and caress'd. They are like an immoveable Rock on the Coast, against which all the Waves split, all the Winds of Power, Riches, Violence, Flattery, Authority and Favour stir them not, 'tis on the Publick that these are dasht to pieces and suffer Shipwreck.

* 'Tis common and natural to judge of others labours by the agreement they have with our own. The Poet, fill'd with great and sublime Ideas, makes small account of the Orators discourse, that is often exercis'd on mean Objects ; and the Historian can't comprehend how a reasonable Soul can employ his time in contriving Fictions, or finding out a Rhime : Thus the Divine, plung'd into the study of the Fathers and Councils, thinks all other Learning or Knowledge dull, vain and insignificant, whilst he perhaps is as much despis'd by the Geometrician.

* One may have Sense enough to excel in a particular thing, and in that to give instructions, who wants Sense to know that he ought to be silent upon another Subject, of which he has but a flight knowledge ; he comes off handsomly whilst he keeps within the limits of his Genius, but when he wanders, he makes the Man of Sense talk like a Blockhead.

✓* *Herilius*, whether he speaks, declaims, or writes, is continually citing ; he brings in the Prince of Philosophers to tell you that Wine will make you drunk ; and the *Roman* Orator, that Water qualifies it ; when he discourses of Morals, 'tis not he, but the *Divine Plato*, that assures you *Virtue*

True is amiable, and Vice odious, or that one and t'other will turn into habit: Things the most common and trivial, and which he is capable of thinking himself, he will owe to the Ancients, to the *Latins* and *Greeks*: 'Tis not to give authority to what he says, nor to gain it for what he knows; 'tis for the sake of Citation.

* You often hazard, and sometimes spoil a Jest, by speaking it as your own; 'tis dull, and loses its force with the Men of Wit, or those that think themselves so, who perhaps would never have said any thing so well: On the contrary, it would meet with better reception if told as another's; 'tis but a matter of fact, which no body has any extraordinary concern for; 'tis more insinuating, and gives less Jealousie; it offends no body: If it is diverting, 'tis laugh'd at; if it's admirable, it's admir'd.

* 'Twas said of *Socrates*, that he was delirious, and a Fool with abundance of Wit; but those *Greeks* who so freely Characteriz'd that great Man, may not unjustly pass for Fools themselves. What whimsical Images, said they, does this Philosopher represent unto us! what strange and particular Manners does he describe! whence had he, or how could he collect these extraordinary Ideas? What Colours, what Pencil did he make use of! they are all *Chymera*'s. They were deceiv'd, they were Monsters, they were Vices, but all so painted to the Life, that the very sight of them terrify'd. *Socrates* was far from a Cynick, he spar'd their Persons, but lash'd their Manners which were bad.

* A Man who has rais'd himself by Tricks, is acquainted with a Philosopher, his Precepts, Morts and Conduct; and not imagining that Mankind has

has any other end in their actions, than what he has all his life propos'd to himself, says in his heart, I pity him, his Maxims are low and rigid, he has mist his way, this wind will never carry him to the prosperous Port of preferment: And according to his own Principles he argues justly.

I pardon, says *Antisthius*, those I have prais'd in my Works, if they forget me; what have I done for them? They deserv'd Praise. But I will not so easily pardon forgetfulness in those, whose Vices I have attackt, without touching their Persons; if they owe me so great an obligation, as that of being corrected; but as this is a success that never happens, it follows that neither the one nor the other are oblig'd to make me any return.

They may, adds this Philosopher, envy or deny my Writings their due recompence; but they are not able to diminish their reputation; if they were able, why should not I scorn reputation?

* It is a good thing to be a Philosopher, and very advantageous only to pass for such; to give one the Title of Philosopher is an affront, 'till the suffrage of Men have declar'd it otherwise, and restoring to that August name its proper Idea, have attributed to it all the esteem which it deserves.

* There is a Philosophy which raises us above Ambition and Fortune, equals us to, do I say, places us above the Rich, the Great and the Powerful; that prompts us to contemn Preferments, and those that procure them; that exempts us from the fatigue of cringing, petitioning, and importunate solicitations, and even prevents those excessive Transports of Joy, which are the usual Companions of great Promotions.

There is another Philosophy which disposes and subjects us to all these things, for the sake of

our Relations and Friends: This is the better of the two.

* It will shorten and rid us of a thousand tedious discussions, to take it for granted, that some Persons are not capable of talking well ; and to condemn all that they have said, do, or will say.

* We only approve of others for the resemblance we imagine they bear to our selves, and so it seems, to esteem any one is to equal him to our selves.

* The same Vices which are deform'd and in-supportable in others, we don't feel in our selves, they are not burthensome to us; but seem to rest without weight, as in their proper center. Such an one, speaking of another, draws a dismal Picture of him, not in the least imagining that at the same time he is Painting himself.

There is nothing would make us correct our own faults so readily, as to be able to discern and avow them in others; 'tis at this just distance, that they appear what they are, and raise in us an indignation equal to their demerit.

* Wise Conduct turns upon two *Axis's*, the past and the future: He that has a faithful memory and a great foresight, is out of danger of censuring in others those faults he may have been guilty of himself, or condemning an action which in a parallel case, and in like circumstances, it will be impossible for him to avoid.

* The Soldier and the Politician, like cunning Gamesters, do not make Chance; but they prepare it, induce it, and seem almost to determine it; they not only know what the Fool and the Coward are ignorant of, I mean to make use of Chance when it happens; but by their measures and precaution they know how to serve themselves of this or that Chance, or of several of them together: If this

this point happens, they get by it ; if that comes to pass, they also get by it ; and the same point is advantageous several different ways. These wise Men may be commended for their good Fortune, as well as Wise Conduct, and Chance ought to be recompenc'd as Virtue in them.

* I place nothing above a great Politician but he that despises to become such, and is more and more perswaded that the World does not deserve his Thoughts.

* There is in the best of Counsels something to displease us ; 'tis not our own thought, and therefore presumption and caprice furnish pretences enough to reject it at first sight, and reflection and necessity only force us to receive it.

* What surprizing success has accompany'd that Mr. Le Favourite during the whole course of his Life ! Tillier, what better Fortune could support him without interruption, without the least disgrace ! The first Posts, the Princes Ear, vast Treasures, a perfect Health and an easie Death ; but what a strange account he has to give for a Life spent in favour ! For Counsels given, for those that have been neglected, for good deeds which have not been done ; and on the contrary, for the evil ones commirited, either by himself or others : In a word, for all his Prosperity.

* We gain by our Death the Praises of our Survivors, frequently without any other merit than that of ceasing to be ; the same *Elogiums* serve at present for *Cato* and *Piso*.

There runs a report that *Piso* is dead ; 'tis a great loss ; he was a good Man and deserv'd a longer life ; he was an agreeable Man, had Wit, Resolution and Courage ; he was Generous and Trusty ; add, provided that he's dead.

* The manner in which we decry some People that distinguish themselves by their honesty, impartiality and probity, is not so much their *Elogium*, as the discrediting of Mankind.

* Such a one relieves the necessitous, who neglects his own Family, and leaves his Son a Beggar: another builds a new House, tho he has not paid for the Lead of that which was finish'd ten years before; a third makes Presents and Largefes, and ruins his Creditors; I would fain know whether Pity, Liberality, Magnificence can be the Virtues of an unjust Man? Or whether Humour and Vanity are not rather the causes of this Injustice?

* Dispatch is an essential circumstance of that Justice we owe to others: To occasion attendance is Injustice.

Those do well, or do their duty, who do what they ought. He does very ill who suffers the World to speak always of him in the future Tense, and to say, he will do well.

* 'Tis said of a great Man, who has two set Meals a day, and spends the rest of his time to cause digestion, that he starves, to express he is not rich, or that his affairs are in ill circumstances; this is a figurative expression, and it might be more literally said of his Creditors.

* The Honesty, Respect and Politeness of those advanc'd in years of either Sex, give me a good opinion of what we call Ancient time.

* 'Tis an over confidence in Parents, to have too great Expectation from the good Education of their Children, and a great error, to expect nothing, and neglect it.

* Were it true, what several affirm, that Education does not change the Soul and Constitution, and that the alterations that it makes were not substantial

stantial, but meerly superficial, I would yet forbear saying that it would be unprofitable.

* He that speaks little is sure of advantage, 'tis presum'd he has Wit ; and if indeed he does not want it, 'tis presum'd he has an excellent Wit.

* To think only of our selves and the present time, is the source of Error in Politicks.

* The greatest misfortune, next to that of being convicted of a Crime, is often that of being oblig'd to clear our selves from it: One may be acquitted in a Court of Justice, and yet found guilty by the voice of the People.

* A Man is just to some practical rules of Religion, we see him nicely observe them ; no Man commends or discommends him, he is not thought of ; another reclaims, after ten years neglect of all Religious Duties, he is cry'd up and applauded for it ; every Man's judgment is free ; for my part, I blame his long forgetfulness of his duty, and think him happy in his Reformation.

* The Flatterer has not an opinion good enough either of himself or others.

* Some Persons are forgot in the distribution of Favours, which puts us upon inquiry, *Why were they forgot ?* And if they were preferr'd, we should be apt to ask, *Why were they remembred ?* Whence proceeds this contrariety ? Is it from the Character of the Persons, or the incertitude of Judgments, or rather from both ?

* 'Tis a common way of talking, after such an one, who shall be Chancellor, Archbishop or Pope ? We proceed further ; every one makes the promotion according to his wishes or caprice, which is often of Persons more aged and infirm, than those that at present enjoy those places ; and as there is no reason why dignity should kill the present possessors,

cessors, which serves on the contrary to make 'em young again, and gives the Body and Soul fresh vigour, so 'tis no unusual thing for such to bury their Successors.

* Disgrace extinguishes Hatred and Jealousy : and it may very well do so. He that is not great enough to raise our Envy, we think has no Merit. There is no Virtue so sublime, but we can pardon in him. 'Tis no crime in him to be a Hero.

Nothing appears well in a Man out of favour, Virtue and Merit are slighted, misinterpreted or miscall'd Vice : Has he so much Courage, that he fears neither Fire nor Sword, or does he face the
 * *Marquis of Mon-trevel, Com. Gen.* Enemy with as much bravery as *Bayard* and * *Moxtrevel* ; he is rash and fool-hardy, and has nothing of the Hero in him.

D. L.C. I contradict my self, I own it, but blame for it *Licet. Gen.* Mankind, whose Judgments I relate ; I speak not of different Men, but of those very same Men that judge so differently.

* We need not tarry twenty years to see Men change their opinion about the most serious things, or those that appear most certain and true. I shall not attempt to maintain that Fire in its own nature, and independant from our Senses, is void of heat, that is to say, nothing like what we feel in our selves at its approaching us, lest some time or other it becomes as hot again as ever. Nor shall I assert, that one Right Line falling on another, makes two Right Angles, or Angles equal two Right, for fear something more or less be discover'd, and I may be rally'd for my proposition ; neither shall I say with all *France*, that *Vauban* is infallible ; for who can secure me, but that in a short time some body will discover, that even in Sieges, which is his peculiar Excellency, and where he decides arbitrarily, he

he errs oftentimes, liable to mistakes as well as *Antiphilus.*

* If you believe People exasperated against one another, over whom Passion has the ascendancy, the Learned Man is a Pedant, the Magistrate a Boor or Mechanick, the *Financier* an Oppressor, the Gentleman an Upstart ; but it is strange, that these scurrilous Names, which choler and hatred have invented, should become so familiar to us, and that disdain, as cold and peaceable as it is, should dare to use 'em.

* You hurry your self, and make a splutter, especially when the Enemy begin to fly, and the Victory is no longer doubtful, or before a Town that has Capitulated : You mightily affect in a Fight, or during a Siege, to seem to be in a hundred Places at once ; that is, to be no where ; to prevent the Orders of the General, for fear of obeying 'em, and to seek occasions, rather than to wait for 'em or receive 'em ; What if this Courage of yours should be a false Courage ?

* Place Men to maintain a Post where they may be kill'd, and where nevertheless they are not kill'd : they love both Honour and Lite.

* To see how Men love Life, can it be imagin'd that they love any thing more than it, and that Glory which they prefer to Life, is often an opinion of themselves, establish'd in the minds of a thousand People, whom either they don't know or don't esteem.

* Some, who are neither Soldiers nor Courtiers, make Campaigns, and follow the Court ; they make not the Siege, but assist at it, and have soon satisfy'd their curiosity about a fortify'd Town, how surprizing soever it may be, about the Trenches, the effects of Bombs, Cannon and Carcasses, the Order

Order and Successes of an Attack, which they view at a distance ; the opposition continues, the Rains fall, the fatigues encrease, Dirt and Water are to be waded thro, and both the Seasons and the Enemy are to be encounter'd, perhaps the Lines are forc'd, and we are enclos'd between a Town and an Army : What extremities ! Their Courage fails, they murmuring cry out, Will the raisng this Siege be of so fatal a consequence ? Does the safety of the State depend upon one Citadel ? The Heavens themselves declare against us, and shan't we submit to 'em, and defer the Enterprize till another Season ? 'Tis then they lose all their resolution, and if they durst, would rail at the obstinacy of the General, who withstands all obstacles, and is animated even by the difficulties of the Enterprize, who exposes and fatigues himself night and day to accomplish his design. But as soon as the Enemy capitulates, these dispirited Wretches cry up the importance of the Conquest, by anticipating the consequences, and exaggerating the necessity there was of doing it, and the danger and shame, which would have attended the raisng of the Siege, endeavouring to prove that the Army that cover'd us from the Enemy was invincible ; they return with the Court, and as they pass thro Towns and Villages, are proud to be gaz'd at by the Inhabitants from their Windows ; they triumph on the Road as if they were the Men that took the place, imagining themselves to be brave ; at their return home, they deafen you with Flankers, Curtains, Ravelins, Bastions, Half Moons and Covert Ways, give you an account of those places where curiosity led them, and the unavoidable hazards they were in, and the danger they ran of being kill'd, or taken by the Enemy ; they are only silent concerning their fears.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis the least inconvenience in the World to be out in a Sermon or Oration ; it leaves the Orator all the Wit, good Sense, Fancy, good Manners and Instructions that he had, and robs him of nothing ; but it is very surprizing, that Men should affix a sort of Shame and Ridicule to the thing, and yet expose themselves by tedious and often unprofitable discourses to run so great a risque.

* Those that make the worst use of their time are the first that complain of its shortness ; such as waste it in Dressing, Eating, Sleeping, and Imper-
tinent Talk, in contriving what to do, and generally doing nothing at all, want it for their busi-
ness or pleasure ; on the contrary, those that make the best use of it have some to spare.

There is no Statesman so taken up with busines, but that trifles away two hours every day, which amounts to a great deal in a long Life ; and if the evil is much greater in other stations, what an infinite waste is there made of this precious thing, which you complain you want !

* There are a sort of God's Creatures which are call'd Men, who have a Soul, which is a Spirit, whose whole Life is employ'd in, and whose most vigorous attention is taken up in sawing of Mar-
ble ; this is very foolish and trivial : There are others who are astonish'd at it, but who are entire-
ly useles, and spend their days in doing nothing ; this is yet less than sawing Marble.

* The major part of Mankind so far forget that they have a Soul, and launch out into such Actions and Exercises, where it seems to be of no use, that 'tis thought we speak advantageously of any Man when we say he thinks ; this is become a com-
mon *Elogium*, and yet it raises a Man only above a Dog or a Horse.

* How

* How do you divert your self? How do you pass your time? Is the Question ask'd both by Fools and Men of Sense: If I answer, in opening my Eyes, and seeing, in lending an Ear and hearing, in enjoying Health, Ease and Liberty, 'tis to say nothing; the solid, the great and the only good is slighted, makes no impression: The Answer should be. Do you Game, do you Dance?

Is it good for a Man to have liberty (if it were possible) so large and extensive, that it would only prompt him to desire one thing else, that is to have less liberty?

Liberty is not Idleness, 'tis a free use of time, 'tis to chuse our Labour and our Exercise: In one word, to be free is not to do nothing, but to be the sole Arbiter of what we do, and what we leave undone; In this sense how great a good is Liberty!

* *Cæsar* was not too old to think of the Conquest of the Universe; * He had no other happiness to endeavour after, than a brave course of Life, and a great Name after Death; being born fierce and ambitious, and enjoying a vigorous health, he could not better employ his time than in the Conquest of the World. *Alexander* was very young for so serious a design; 'tis stupendious that in his Juvenile Years, Women and Wine did not confound his Enterprize.

* A young Prince of an august Race, the Love and Hope of his People, given by Heaven to prolong the felicity of the Earth, greater than his Progenitors, the Son of a Hero, who is his Pattern, has already convinc'd the Universe by his divine Qualities and anticipated Virtues, that the Sons of He-

* Contrary to the trial Latin Maxim. * If the World is of an hundred Millions of Years standing, it is still in all its freshness, and is but

but just begun ; we our selves are not far from the first Men and the Patriarchs, and who could distinguish us from them in Ages so distant : But if we may judge of what is to come by what is past, What new things unknown to us are there, in the Arts and Sciences, in Nature, nay, I durst say, in History too ! What discoveries will there be made ! what different Revolutions will there happen in the States and Empires of the whole World ! What Ignorance is ours, and how slender our Experience, that is not of above six or seven thousand Years !

* There is no way too tedious for him that travels gently and without hurry ; and there are no advantages too remote from those that prepare themselves with patience.

* To court no body, and expect no Courtship from any, is an happy Condition, a Golden Age, and the most natural state of Man.

* The World is for those that follow Courts or People Cities ; but Nature is for them who inhabit the Country ; they only live, or at least only know that they live.

* Why do you treat me with this coldness ? And why do you complain against me for some Expressions of mine, in relation to some of our young Courtiers ? You are not vicious, *Thrasilius*, are you, for my part I knew it not, but you inform me so your self ; that which I know is, that you are not young.

And you that are personally offended at what I said of some great People, don't cry out of a wound intended for another : Are you Haughty, Malicious, a Buffoon, a Flatterer, a Hypocrite ? I was ignorant of it indeed, and did not think of you ; I was speaking of Great Men.

* Mo-

* Moderation and Prudence in Conduct leave Men obscure; to be known and admir'd, 'tis necessary to have great Virtues, or what's perhaps equal, great Vices.

* Men are pre-engag'd, prejudic'd and charm'd indifferently, with the conduct of great and mean Persons; a fortunate Crime wants little of being commended, as much as a real Virtue, and Success supplies the place of all Virtues: 'Tis a black action, a horrid odious attempt indeed that Success cannot justifie.

* Men, seduc'd by fair appearances and specious Pretences, are easily induc'd to like, and approve an ambitious design of some great Man's contrivance; they speak of it with concern; the boldness or the novelty pleases them; it becomes familiar to 'em already, and they expect nothing but the success: When, on the contrary, it happens to miscarry, they confidently, and without any regard to their former Judgment, decide of the action, that it was rash, and could never take.

* There are some designs, which are of that vast consequence, and make so great a figure; which have caus'd so much hope or fear to several People engag'd in 'em, according to their different Interests; in which all the Honour and Fortunes of a Man are concern'd; these have made too much shew to be withdrawn, without being executed, how dreadful soever the danger may be that a Man begins to foresee will be the consequence of his undertaking: He must on, tho it overwhelms him; the least evil he is to expect is the miscarriage.

* In an ill Man there is not wherewithal to make a great Man: You may commend his Insight and his Contrivance, admire his Conduct, extol his Address to make use of the properest and shortest means

elf means to attain his ends ; if his ends are bad
Prudence has no share in them ; and where Pru-
dence is wanting, find Greatness if you can.

Of the Fashion.

’T IS a very foolish thing, and which very much betray’s our weakness, to be subject to the Fashion in our Dyet, way of Living, Health and Conscience. Brown Meat is out of Fashion, and therefore insipid : ’Twould be an offence against the Fashion to cure a Fever by bleeding. It has been out of Fashion this great while to dye by the hands of *Theotymus* ; none now but the Populace are fav’d by his Pious Exhortations ; he has outliv’d himself.

✓ * Curioty is not an Inclination to what is good and beautiful, but to what is rare and singular, for those things which another can’t match. ’Tis not an affection for those things which are best, but for those which are most in the Fashion. ’Tis not an amufement, but a passion, and often so violent, that it yields to Love and Ambition, only in the meanness of its object. ’Tis not a passion for every thing that is scarce and in vogue, but only for some particular, that is rare, and yet in Fashion.

✓ The Florist has a Garden at his Country house, where he spends his time from Sun-rising to Sun-setting ; you’d think him planted there, that he had taken root in the midst of his Tulips, and

* General
French
Names of
different
sorts of
Tulips.

before his *Solitaire* ; he rubs his Hands, stares stoops down, and looks nearer at it, he never saw it look so fine before, he's in an extasie of Joy ; he leaves that for the *Orientale*, * then goes to the *Vieue*, from thence to the *Drap d'or*, so to the *Agath*, and at last returns to his *Solitaire*, where he fixes himself, is weary, sits down and forgets his Dinner ; observes all its particular excellences, its fine pod, delicate top ; he contemplates and admires it ; God and Nature are in all that the things which he does not admire ; he goes no farther than the Root of his Tulip, which he won't part with for a thousand Crowns, tho he'll give it you for nothing when Tulips are out, and the Carnations come in. This reasonable Creature, that has a Soul, a divine Worship and Religion, returns tir'd and famisht, but infinitely pleas'd with his days labour ; he has seen some Tulips.

✓ Talk to another of the Farmer's Wealth, of a plentiful Harvest, or a good Vintage, he is only nice in Fruit, he understands not a word you say ; discourse him of Figs and Melons, tell him that the Pear Trees break with their weight of Fruit this year, that there are abundance of Peaches, this is all out of his way ; he is curious in nothing but Plumb-Trees : Talk to him of them, he makes you no answer ; he is only fond of a certain species of them, and laughs at all others ; he leads you to the Trees, and artificially gathers this exquisite Plumb, divides it, gives you one half, and keeps the other himself, How delicious is this ! says he, Taste it, is it not divine ? The whole World can't match it ; at this his Nose swells, and 'tis with a great deal of pains that he veils his joy and vanity under an appearance of modesty. O ! exquisite Man indeed ! never enough to be prais'd and admir'd !

mir'd ! a Man to be talkt of in all Ages ! Methinks I see his mein and shape, while he liv'd, and remember the features of this great Man, who only amongst Mortals was the happy possessor of such a Plumb.

✓ Visit the third, and he talks of the curious persons of his Acquaintance, but especially of *Diognetes* : I admire him, says he, and understand him less than ever ; you imagine that he endeavours to instruct himself by Medals, that he esteems them the speaking evidences of past Transactions, and fixt unquestionable Monuments of Ancient History, nothing less ; perhaps you guesst that all the pains he takes to recover a head, proceeds from the pleasure he enjoys in seeing an uninterrupted series of the Emperors, 'tis yet less : *Diognetes* knows nicely all the parts of a Medal, he has a Case full of Medals, except one place, and 'tis this vacuity that makes him so uneasie, that truly and literally to fill this, he spends his Estate and Life.

✓ Will you see my Prints, adds *Democedes* ? And presently he draws them out, and shews them you ; there you find one that is neither finely Printed, neatly Grav'd nor well Design'd, and therefore more fit to hang the Walks of the most publick places on Holy-days, that to be preserv'd in a Closet ; he allows it to be ill Grav'd and worse Design'd, but he assures you 'twas done by an *Italian*, of whom there's little extant, that 'tis the only one in *France* of his hand, he bought it very dear, and would not part with it for a much better : I labour under a sensible affliction, continues he, which will oblige me to leave off troubling my self with Prints the rest of my Life ; I have all *Calot*, except one Print, indeed 'tis so far from being the best, that 'tis the worst that ever he did ; but how shall I

compleat my *Calot*? I have hunted after this Print these twenty years, and now I despair of ever getting it : This is very hard !

✓ Another satyrizes those who make long Voyages, either thro uneasiness or curiosity, who keep no Journal, or furnishes us with no Relations or Memoirs, who go to see, and see not any thing, or at best forget what they have seen, who desire only to remember new Towers, and new Steeples, and to pass Rivers only because they are unknown ; who go out of their own Country purely to return again, who love to be absent, that they may one day come from afar ; and this Satyrift talks well, and forces attention.

✓ But when he adds, that Books are more instructive than Travelling, and gives me to understand, that he has a Library, I desire to see it ; I visit this Gentleman, he receives me at his House, where at the foot of the Stairs, I am struck down with the scent of the *Russia* Leather, that covers all his Books ; in vain he encourages me, by telling me they are gilt on the Backs and Leaves, of the best Editions, and by naming some of the best of 'em ; in vain he tells me, his Gallery is full of 'em, except one place that is painted so like Books, the fallacy is not to be discern'd ; and adds, that he never reads, sets foot in this Gallery, and that he did it now to oblige me ; I thank him for his Complaisance, but would as soon visit a Tan-pit as his Library.

✓ Some People by an intemperate desire of knowledge, and unwillingness to be ignorant of any thing, are greedy of all sorts of Learning, and Masters of none ; they are fonder of knowing much, than knowing well, and had rather be superficial smatterers in several Sciences, than to dive profoundly into any one alone ; they every where meet

meet with Masters to reclaim 'em ; they are bubbles to their own vain curiosity, and often by very painful efforts cannot extricate themselves from their gross Ignorance.

✓ Others have the Key of the Sciences, but never enter themselves ; they spend their lives in learning, the *Eastern* and *Northern* Languages, those of both *Indies*, those of the two Poles, nay, that of the World in the Moon itielf ; the most useless Idioms, the most Ridiculous and Magical Characters, employ their Minds, and excite their Industry ; they are very angry with those who content themselves with their own Language, or at most with *Greek* and *Latin*. These Men read all the Historians, and know nothing of History ; run thro all Books, but are not the wiser for any ; their defect is a barren ignorance of things and Principles ; and indeed their best Collection, their greatest Riches, consist in abundance of Words and Phrases, which they huddle together, and load their Memory withal, whilst their Understandings are empty.

✓ A Citizen loves Building, he builds him a House so fine and so noble, that he's ashame'd to live in it, and yet is unwilling to let it to a Nobleman or States-man ; he retires into the Garret, where he spends his Life, whilst the Floors are worn out with shewing the Rooms to Travellers ; there's a continual knocking at the Gate, or desire to see the House, but none the Master.

✓ There are others, who have Daughters, and are not able to give them a Groat, nay, which is less, can hardly cloath and feed them ; they are so poor, that they are forc'd to deny themselves a Bed and clean Linnen ; the source of their misery is very obvious ; 'tis a Repository of rare Statues, cover'd with dust and filth, which indeed would sell at a

great rate ; but they cannot prevail with themselves to part with them.

✓ *Dyphilus* is a lover of Birds ; he began with one and ends with a thousand ; his House is so far from being the more pleasant, that 'tis pester'd with them ; the Hall, the Parlour, the Stair-case, the Porch, the Chamber and Closets are so many Aviaries ; nothing is heard but discord and wild notes ; the Autumnal Winds, and most rapid Cataraets do not make a noise so shrill and piercing ; you can't hear one another speak, but in those Chambers that are set apart for receiving visits, where you are also plagu'd with his little yelping Curs ; 'tis no longer an agreeable amusement to *Dyphilus*, but a toilsome fatigue, which his Body can hardly undergo ; he spends his days, those days that pass away and never do return, in feeding his Birds and cleaning them ; he gives a Man a Salary for no other service, but to teach them with a Flagelet, and to take care that his Canary Birds tread one another ; 'tis true, what he spends in one hand, he spares on the other ; for his Children have neither Tutors nor Education : In the Evening, tir'd with his own pleasure, he shuts himself up without being able to enjoy the least repose till his Birds are at roost, and these little Creatures that he only dotes on for their Song, cease their Notes ; he dreams of them in his sleep, he is himself metamorphos'd into a Bird, he is copple crown'd, he chirps, he perches, he fancies in the Night that he molts, that he is brooding.

*Names of
Shells.*

✓ Who can describe all the different kinds of trivial curiosity ; could you imagine when you hear such an one talk of his *Leopard*, of his *Plume*, of his *Musick*, and brag that they are the choicest and rarest Shells in the World ; could you imagin that

he

he intends to sell them ? Why not, if he bought them by their weight in Gold.

* There's another an admirer of Insects, he augments his Collection every day ; he is the greatest Critick in *Europe* at a Butterfly ; he has them of all sizes and colours. What an unlucky time do you take to pay him a Visit in ? He's afflicted with bitter sorrow, is in a sower Chagrin Temper, to the plague of his whole Family ; he has had an irreparable loss, go near him, observe what he shews you on his finger, 'tis dead, just departed this Life, 'tis a Caterpiller and such a Caterpiller !

* Duelling is the triumph of the Fashion, and the thing in which she has exercis'd her greatest Tyranny ; this custom does not give the Coward the liberty to live ; it obliges him to go to be kill'd by a Man of more bravery than himself, and so makes him to fall undistinguish'd from a Man of Courage ; it has entail'd honour and renown on an action full of folly and extravagance ; it has obtain'd Reputation by the presence of Kings, and sometimes has had a sort of Religion to countenance its practice ; it decided the Innocence of Men, and whether Accusations in capital Crimes were true or false ; it was so deeply rooted in the opinion of the World, and got such an entire possession of the minds of Men, that it has been one of the most glorious actions of the Life of a most potent Monarch to cure them of this folly.

* Such an one who was formerly in vogue either for commanding Armies, for Negotiations, for the Eloquence of the Pulpit, or for Poetry, is now obsolete and out of Fashion. What, do Men degenerate from what they formerly were ? Is it their Merit which is our of date, or have we lost the Taste we had of 'em.

A Man of Mode is not long so, for Fashions are very transitory ; if perchance he is a Man of Merit, he cannot suffer annihilation, but by something or other will still subsist ; equally worthy of estimation, tho he is less esteem'd.

Virtue has that happiness in her, that she can subsist of herself, and that she knows how to exist without Admirers, Partisans and Protectors ; the want of assistance and approbation does not only not affect her, but preserves, purifies and renders her more perfect ; whether she be in Fashion, or out of Fashion, she is still Virtue.

* If you tell Men, and especially the Great, that such a Man has Virtue, they will tell you, let him keep it then ; that he has a great deal of Wit, and especially that sort which is very pleasant and diverting, they'll answer you, so much the better for him ; that he has a Wit well cultivated, and is very knowing, they'll answer you, what's a Clock, or what Weather it is ; but if you give them to understand there's a Juggler, one that turns *Aqua Vita* black, and performs other surprizing things several times during a Feast, then they cry out, Where is he ? Bring him to me this Evening, to Morrow, or as soon as you can possibly find him ; he is brought, and this wretch who is only fit to be shown in Fairs, or at private Entertainments for Money, is presently admitted into their familiarity.

* There's nothing brings a Man sooner in fashion than playing high, 'tis equal to fuddling : I wou'd fain see a polite, gallant and witty Man, were he a *Catullus*, or one of his disciples, dare to compare himself with him that loses eight hundred Pistoles at a fitting.

* A fashionable Man is like a certain blue Flower, that grows spontaneously in plough'd Grounds, it choaks the Corn, spoils the Crop, and takes up the room of something that's better ; it has no beauty nor value, but what's owing to a slender caprice, which is born and dead in the same instant ; to day it is in vogue, and admir'd by the Ladies, to morrow 'tis neglected, and left to the Vulgar.

A Man of Merit, on the contrary, is a Flower which we do not describe by its colour, which we call by its name, which we cultivate for its odorous scent of beauty ; one of the graces of Nature, one of those things which beautify the Creation, which has been admir'd by all Men in all Ages ; on which our Fathers set a high value, and we in imitation of them have as great an opinion of it ; nor can the disgust and antipathy of any particular Persons injure its Reputation. A Lilly, a Rose.

* We see *Eustrates* plac'd in his small Boat, blef'd with a pure Air, and a serene Sky ; he sets sail with a fair Wind, which in all probability is like to continue, but all of a sudden it changes, the Heavens are clouded, the Tempest appears, a Wave oversets the Boat, 'tis sunk to the bottom ; *Eustrates* rises to the surface of the Waters, endeavours to swim, and we hope at least that he will reach the shoar, and save his Life ; but another Wave sinks him, and we give him over for lost ; he appears above Water a second time, and our hopes revive, when a foaming Billow drives him to the bottom, from whence he never rises ; he's drown'd.

* *Voiture* and *Sarazin* were born for the Age they liv'd in, and they appear'd in a time which seem'd to expect 'em ; if they had not made such haste,

haste, they had come too late, and I question whether at this time they would have been what they were then: Airy and diverting Conversation, gallant and familiar Letters, and the select Companies, where Wit only wou'd recommend, are all vanish'd, and there is no talk of reviving them; all that I can say in favour of the Genius's is, that perhaps they might have excell'd in another way: But the Ladies of this Age are either *Devotes*, *Cocquets*, *Gamesters* or *Ambitious*, and some of them all these together; Luxury, Gaming, Gallants, and *Directors*, have posseſſ'd themselves of the Fort, and defend it against the Men of Wit.

* The Fops and Coxcombs are singular in their dress; their Hats are broad, their Sleeves are larger, and their Coats of clear another cut than those of other Men; they frequent all the Publick Places, that they may be taken notice of: Whilst the Man of Sense leaves the fashion of his Cloaths to his Taylor; 'tis as great a weakness to be out of fashion, as to affect to be in it.

* We blame a fashion that divides the stature of a Man into two equal parts, which takes one entire to the waste, and leaves the other for the rest of the body, we condemn those dresses which make the Ladies Heads look like the base of an Edifice, with numerous stories above them; the order and structure of which alter with their whimsies; that separate the Hair from that part of the Face Nature design'd it for, and raise it in the manner of Bacchanals, as if they intended the Fair Sex should exchange the tender and modest Air of their Faces, for one much more fierce and bold: We exclaim against this or that Mode, which, ridiculous as it is, helps and embellishes Nature as long as it lasts, and from which we reap all the advantage we could expect,

expect, which is to please ; when we ought only to be surpriz'd at the levity and conconstancy of Men ; who successively call agreeable and decorous, those things so directly opposite to each other ; who use those Habits in their Comedies and Masquerades, which lately were the most grave and solemn ; and that so small a time should make such a difference.

* *N* — is rich, she eats well and lies well ; but her Commodes grow out of fashion, when she thinks least on't, and when she believes herself happy, she's out of the Mode.

* *Iphis* at Church sees a new fashion'd Shoe, he looks upon his own and blushes, and can no longer believe himself dreft ; he came to Prayers only to shew himself, but now he hides himself ; he is held by the Foot in his Chamber all the rest of the day : He has a soft Hand, with which he gives you a gentle pat ; he is sure to laugh often, to shew his white Teeth ; he sets his mouth in order, and is in a perpetual smile ; he looks upon his Legs, he views himself in the Glass, and no body can have so good an opinion of another as he has of himself ; he has acquir'd a delicate and clear voice, and is happy in a free way of talking ; he has a turn of his Head, and a sort of sweetnes in his Eyes, which he never forgets to make use of, as graces to set himself off : His gate his slow, and the prettiest he is able to contrive : He sometimes makes use of a little red, but 'tis very seldom, he does not make a custom of it : 'Tis true, he wears Breeches and a Hat, and has neither Ear-rings nor Necklace, therefore I have not put him in the Chapter of Women.

* Those very fashions which Men so willingly follow in their Persons, they won't endure in their pourtraictures, as if they really foresaw how indecent

cent and ridiculous they will appear, when they have lost what we call the flower of fashion, its agreeable Novelty ; they rather take up with the most extravagant Ornaments, the most indifferent Drapery, nay, the fancy of the Painter, which is neither agreeable to the Air of the Face, nor the Character of the Person ; they affect forc'd and indecent Postures, a rough, brutish and strange manner, which makes a Captain of a young Abbot, a *Harlequin* of a Man of the Long Robe, a *Diana* of a City Dame, an *Amazon* or a *Pallas*, of a silly timorous Girl, a *Lais* of a Woman of Honour, a *Scythian*, an *Aiata*, of a just and magnanimous Prince.

One fashion has hardly destroy'd another, but 'tis justl'd out by a newer, which must it self make way for its Successor, and that will not be the last, such is our levity ; during these Revolutions an Age is spun out, and then all these things are rank'd amongst things past which never return ; the finest mode, and which charms the Eye the most, is the most ancient ; which is advanc'd in respect by Ages and Years, appears as agreeable in our Pictures, as the [†] *Sagum* and the *Roman Habit* on the Theatres ; as the *Mantle*, the ^{*} *Veil* or the *Tiara* in our Tapestries and Paintings.

* *Roman warlike Habits*
* *Oriental Habits*.

Our Fathers have transmitted to us with the knowledge of their Persons, that of their Habits, their ^{*} Arms, and all the Ornaments which they ~~wore~~ were fond of during their Lives : A benefit we can make no other return for, than by doing our Post-
~~ity~~ the same service.

* Formerly the Courtier wore his own Hair, Doublets and large Breeches, and was a Libertine ; that's no longer becoming ; now he has a full Wig, a close Habit, whole Stockings, and is Devout. This is the effect of the Mode. * He

* He who after some considerable residence at Court was Devout, and thereupon, contrary to all reason, narrowly escap'd being ridicul'd, could he have ever flatter'd himself to come one day in fashion.

* What will not a Courtier do that has his Fortune in view, if rather than to make it, he will turn Devout?

* The colours are all prepar'd and the Cloath strain'd ; but how shall I fix this restless light and inconstant Man, who changes himself into a thousand and a thousand figures ? I paint him Devout, and fancy I have hit him, but he has deceiv'd me, and is just now a Libertine ; Let him continue in this ill posture and I shall know well enough how to hit that irregularity of Heart and Soul, by which he'll be known ; but the fashion comes on, and he is devout.

* He who throughly knows the Court, knows *False Devotion*, what is Vertue, and what is \dagger Devotion, and cannot *version* be impos'd upon.

* To neglect going to Vespers as a thing obsolete and out of fashion, to know all the Avenues of the Chappel, the place where he may be seen, and where he may be unobserv'd ; to be intent at Church on God and his own busines, to receive Visits there, to give out Orders and Commissions, and at the same time to attend the responses ; to chuse a Director, and rely on him more than the Gospel itself ; to derive all his Sanctity from the Reputation of this Director, to despise all those that he has a slender opinion of, and scarce allow 'em to be in a state of Salvation ; to be fond of the word of God only from the Mouth of his Director, to prefer Mass of his Celebration, and the Sacraments from his hands before all others ; to make mystical Books

Books the only Books of Devotion, as if there were neither Gospels, Epistles of the Apostles, or Morals of the Fathers; to read and talk a Jargon unknown to the first Ages; to be very exact to confess the sins of others, and palliate his own; to magnifie his own sufferings and patience; to talk of his small progres in Heroism as of a Sin; to be in a secret Alliance with some Persons against others; to have no value for any but those of his own Side and Cabal, and to suspect even Virtue herself; to taste and relish prosperity and favour, to wish no body well but himself, never to assist Merit, to make Piety subservient to his Ambition, to go to Heaven by the way of Fortune and Dignity; this is now a days the greatest effort of the Devotion of this Age.

A *Devote* is one, that under a King that was an Atheist, would be a *Devote*.

* The *Devotes* esteem nothing a crime but Incontinence, or to speak more exactly, the scandal and appearance of Incontinence. If *Pherecides* passes for one that is cur'd of his fondness for Women, and *Pherenece* for a chaste Wife, 'tis enough for them: Let them play a destructive game, ruin their Creditors, rejoice at the misfortunes of another and advantage themselves by it, idolize the Great, and contemn the meaneer sort, let them be intoxicated with their own Merit, parcht up with Envy, let them lye, calumniate, cabal, blacken, 'tis their way, would you have 'em usurp upon those good Men, who with all their secret Vices do yet avoid Pride and Injustice?

The Duke of Beauvilliers, President of the King's Council. * When a Courier shall be humble, cur'd of Pride and Ambition, when he shall cease to raise his Fortune on the ruin of his Companions; when he shall be Just, indulgent to his Vassals, and pay his

his Creditors ; when he shall be neither Knave nor Calumniator ; when he shall leave off luxurious Feasting and unlawful Love ; when he shall pray otherwise than with his Lips, and out of his Prince's Presence ; when he shall not be morose, and difficult of access to others ; when he shall have no austerity in his countenance, or sowerness in his mein ; when he shall not be negligent and contemplative ; when by his scrupulous application to busines, he shall render indifferent affaers compatible ; when he shall wholly apply himself and bend his mind and cares to laborious Employments, which concern the good of the State and People ; when his Character shall make me afraid to mention him in this place, and his modesty hinder it : If I do not name him to make him known, yet I shall say of him he is Devout, or rather that he is a Man given to this Age for a model of sincere Virtue, and for the detection of Hypocrites.

* *Onuphrius* has nothing for his Bed but a Coverlet of grey Serge, but he lies upon Cotton and Down ; he is plainly but decently habited, I would say, he wears a light Stuff in the Summer, and a very good Cloath in the Winter ; he wears extraordinary fine Shirts, but takes a great deal of care to hide 'em ; he does not brag of his course Garment and his strict Discipline ; no, on the contrary, he passes for what he is, an Hypocrite, whereas he intends to pass for what he is not in the least, a Devout Man ; 'tis true, he makes us in a sort believe without telling us, that he wears a course under-garment, and that he disciplines himself severely : He has several Books that are indifferently disperst about his Chamber : This is the *Spiritual Combat*, that the *Interior Christian*, the other the *Holy Year* ; his other Books are under Lock and Key.

Key ; if he is going along the Streets, and observes a Man to whom 'tis necessary he should seem devout, downcast Eyes, a slow and modest Gate, a devout Air, are familiar to him, he plays his part : If he enters a Church, he observes whose Eyes are upon him, and according to the discovery he makes, he falls upon his knees and goes to Prayers, or else he never thinks of kneeling and praying ; if he sees a good Man or a Man of Authority approach that observes him, he not only prays but meditates too, drops some tears and sighs ; but this good Man is hardly gone, but he is silent, and can scarce be perceiv'd to Breathe : Another time he goes to an holy place, rushes thro' the crou'd, and chooses a place for his Devotion, where all the World may see how he humbles himself ; if he perceives any Courtiers who langh and talk in the Chappel louder than in the Anti-chamber, he makes a greater noise than they, on purpose to silence them, and returns to his meditation, which is always the comparis'on he makes between those persons and himself, in which he finds his account. Of all things he avoids an empty Church where he may hear two Masses one after another, a Sermon and Vespers, only between God and himself, without any other witness : He loves that Parish and frequents the Churches where there is the greatest concourse, for there he does not lose his labour, he is observ'd by the Congregation : He chooses two or three Days to fast in without any occasion ; towards the end of the Winter he has a Cough, his Stomach is out of order, he has the Vapours and a Fever, he begs and presses with all the earnestness in the World to break Lent as soon as it is begun, and it is granted him in complaisance. If *Onuphris* is nam'd Arbitrator amongst Relations

or

or in a Family Cause, he is for the strongest, I would say the richest side, and cannot be persuaded that he or she that has a plentiful Estate can ever be in the wrong. If he finds a rich Man, whom he can impose upon and make his advantage of, he is his Parasite, he never cajoles his Wife, nor makes the least advances that way, but rather flies her, and will leave her a part of his Garment to be gone, unless he is as sure of her as himself: He never attempts to seduce or debauch her by his Jargon of hypocritical Devotion ; he never speaks that Language, because it is customary to him, but out of design, as it is advantageous to him, and never where his discourse would render him ridiculous. He knows where to find Ladies more sociable and easie than his Friend's Wife, whom he very seldom absents himself from, unless it be to give occasion to the publick to report, that he retires from the World ; and how indeed should they doubt it, when they see his Face fal'n away, like that of one who never spares himself. The Women, who carry on their Intrigues successfully under the veil of Devotion, excellently well with him, with this difference only, that he slighteth those who are old, and addresses himself only to the young, and amongst them 'tis those only who are the most beautiful that can please him : They go and he goes ; they return and he returns ; they stay and he stays ; he has the happiness to see them in all places, and at all hours ; and who in his place but would be edify'd ? They are Devout, and so is he: He is sure to make the best use he can of his Friend's stupidity and prepossession in his favour ; sometimes he borrows Money of him, at other times he manages him so dextrously, that he offers to lend it himself, and is very angry with him that he does not make

use of his Friends, when he has occasion. Some time he will not receive a halfpenny without giving a Note, when he's sure 'twill not be accepted: At another time he says, with a certain Air, that he wants nothing, and that is, when he only wants an inconsiderable Sum: at another time he publickly extols the generosity of this Man, on purpose to excite and oblige him in honour to bestow an extravagant Largeſſon him; he does not expect to ſucceed all his real Estate, nor to get a Deed of Gift of all his Personal Estate, if there is a right and lawful Heir to be ſet aside. A devout Man is neither covetous, violent, unjust, nor ſelf-interereſted; *Onuphrius* is not a devout Man, but he would paſſ for ſuch, and by a perfect, tho a false imitation of Piety, he tacitly imagines his intereſts; he never aims at the direct Line of a Family, nor inſinuates himſelf where there is a Daughter to provide for, and a Son to ſettle; he knows they have a Right too ſtrong and inviolable to be shaken without a great deal of noife, which may perhaps reach the Ears of his Prince, from whom he runs for fear of being discover'd, and appearing what he really is: He chufes the collateral Line, which he can attack with greater safety; he is the terror of all the firſt and ſecond Couſins, the flatterer and profess'd Friend of all the rich Unkles; he gives himſelf out to be the legitimate Heir of every rich old Man that dies without Iſſue, who muſt disinherit him, if he will have his Relations ſucceed to his Estate; If *Onuphrius* can't quite throw 'em out of it, he will at leaſt wrest a good part on't from 'em; a slender Calumny, a trifling Slander is ſufficient for that, and indeed is the Talent he poſſeſſes in the highest degree of perfection; and this ſometimes he repreſents as a duty, for (according to

to him) there are Men, whom in Conscience he's oblig'd to slander; and they are those he does not in the least affect, whom he designs to injure, and impatiently desires to ruine; he acquires his Ends sometimes without so much as opening his Mouth; you talk to him of *Eudoxus*, he smiles or he weeps; ask him why he does so, ask him again and again, he makes you no answer, and he has reason, he has said enough of him.

✓ * Laugh, *Zelia*, be gay and wanton, as you us'd to be, what's become of all your Mirth? I am rich, say you, don't you see I live at large, and now begin to have room to breathe in; laugh louder then, *Zelia*, what's a great Estate good for, if it brings seriousnes and melancholy along with it? Imitate the Great, who are born in the bosom of Riches, they laugh sometimes, and give themselves up to their Inclinations, do you follow yours, let it not be said of you, that a new place, or some thousand Livres of Rent, more or less, should make you pass from one extremity to the other. There is one thing, say you, for which I must depend on favour; I was afraid so, *Zelia*, but believe me, don't leave off laughing nor smiling on me, in passing, as you us'd to do before; fear nothing, I shan't have a less opinion of you and your post, I shall equally believe that you are rich and in favour: I am devout, you add; 'tis enough, *Zelia*, and I ought to remember that 'tis no longer the sense of a good Conscience, that imprints Joy and Serenity on the face, but the melancholy and austere Passions which have got the ascendant, and spread themselves over all your outward form; these Passions proceed yet further, and we are no longer surpriz'd to see that Devotion should sooner be able to make a Woman proud and disdainful, than Youth and Beauty.

* Arts and Sciences have been vastly improv'd in this Age, and are all now refin'd to the highest degree, even that of Salvation is reduc'd to Rule and Method, and augmented with all that's fine and sublime which humane understanding could invent.

+ The Author speaks of False Devotion throughout this Chapter.

† Devotion and Geometry have their manners of speaking, or what they call terms of Art; and he that is ignorant of them, is neither Devout nor a Geometrician: The first Devout Men, even those who were directed by the Apostles, were ignorant of 'em; those simple People had only Faith and Good Works, and thought of nothing but of believing and living well.

* 'Tis a very nice thing for a Religious Prince to reform this Court, and set up Piety in it: For knowing how far the Courtier will carry his complaisance, and what Sacrifices he will make for advancing his Fortune, he manages him with prudence, tolerates him, and conceals his dislike of him, for fear he should plunge him into Hypocrisie or Sacrilegious: He expects better success from God and Time, than from his own Zeal and Industry.

* 'Tis an old custom in Courts to give Pensions, and to distribute favours to Fidlers, Dancing-Masters, Players, Flatterers and Cringing Wretches: Their Merit is fix'd, and their Excellencies certain and known, they amuse and recreate the Great; 'tis known that *Favier* Dances well, and that *Lorenzani* composes fine Anthems: But on the contrary, who knows that the Devote has Virtue; he has nothing aforesight or in stock, and that with very good reason, 'tis a Profession easie to counterfeit, which, if it were rewarded, would often expose the Prince to honour Diffimulation and Knavery, and to allow Penfions for Hypocrisie.

+ 'Tis

* 'Tis to be hop'd that the Devotion of the Court, such as it is, will at least oblige Prelates to residence.

* I doubt not but true Devotion is the source of Repose ; it supports us in this Life, and sweetens Death, which are advantages that cannot be drawn from Hypocrisie.

* Every hour in its self, as it respects us in particular, is the only hour that is ours ; when once 'tis past 'tis entirely lost, Millions of Ages can't retrieve it : Days, Months and Years are fled away, and irrecoverably lost in the Abyss of Time ; Time it self shall be destroy'd, 'tis but one point in the immense space of Eternity, and it shall be raz'd out : There are several light and frivolous circumstances of time, which are unstable and pass away, which I call Fashions, Grandure, Favour, Riches, Power, Authority, Dependance, Pleasure, Joy and Superfluity : What will become of these Fashions, when Time it self shall disappear ? Virtue alone, tho least in fashion, will be able to survive Time.

O F

Certain Customs.

THREE are some Men, who want an Estate to make 'em Gentlemen.

There are others, who, if they could have put off their Creditors but one half Year longer, had been Gentlemen.

Others again rise up Gentlemen, who were Plebeians when they lay down.

How many Gentlemen are there, whose Fathers and elder Brothers never pretended to the Title?

* Such a one disowns his Father, that is known to keep such a Farm, or such a Shop, and brags of his Grandfather, who has been dead this long time, is unknown and forgotten; he has a large Estate, a great Place, and a Lord for his Son-in-law, and wants nothing but a Title to make him a Gentleman.

The Title of Gentleman is held by Patent in France.

* The King formerly was said to grant the Title of Gentleman; the term of grant was then a very proper and common expression, but now 'tis old and obsolete: That of rehabilitation is the only one in use; a Man who has got an Estate, is rehabilitated in his Gentility; this intimates that he was originally a Gentleman, that 'tis absolutely requisite he should be so; that his Father indeed may have forfeited the Title by Ploughing, Digg-

ging, Pedling, or wearing a Livery, but that the Son is now restor'd to the Right of his Ancestors, and is only continu'd in the possession of the same Coat of Arms they always had, tho' perhaps one of his own Invention, and quite different from that on his Pewter: In a word, it implies that a new Grant would not suit him, being proper only for the Plebeian, that is, the Man who still labours to be Rich.

* Man by often affirming he has seen some Prodigy, persuades himself that he really has seen it: Another by concealing his Age, comes to believe at last, he is as young as he would be thought: So the Man, who meanly born, has got a habit of talking of his being descended from that Ancient Baron, or that great Lord, has the Pleasure to believe he is so descended, tho' the thing is false.

* What Man is there that's never so meanly born, who having got an Estate, can want a Coat of Arms, and to this Coat a Crest, Supporters and Motto? What is become of the Distinction of Casks and Helmets? The name and use of them are abolisht, 'tis no longer in dispute whether they should be born in front or sideways, close or open, with more or les Bars; such niceties are out of doors, we are come to downright Coronets, we think we are worthy of them, and bestow 'em upon our selves. There are some of the better sort of Citizens that have a little Modesty still left, and use not the Ducal Coronet, being content with an Earls; some of them go not far for it, but take it from their Signs to clap it upon their Coaches.

* Provided you are no Citizen, you may be born in a corner of some Thatch'd House, or in the ruins of some old Tower, which stands in the middle of a Bog, and which you may qualify with the name

of Castle, then do but stile your self a Gentleman, and you will pass for one.

* A Gentleman strives to pass for a little Lord, and arrives to it. A great Lord can be satisfy'd with no less than the Title of Prince; he changes his Coat of Arms, produces a new Genealogy, which *Hosier* never made for him, arrogates to himself so many great Titles, has so many disputes about Rank and Precedency, that at last he really becomes a little Prince.

* Some Men are so fond of Names, they give themselves three rather than fail; one they use in the City, another in the Country, and a third in the place where they serve, or are employ'd. Others are content with one Name of two Syllables, ennobling it with *du* or *de*, to make it sound genteel, as soon as their circumstances are any thing tolerable; others again, by suppressing one Syllable of their Name, make that illustrious which was before obscure. Many suppress their whole Names, which had nothing shameful in them, to adopt others that sound greater, and by which they get nothing but the being compar'd, to their disadvantage, with the great Men from whom they borrow 'em. In short, there are some, who, tho born within the Walls of *Paris*, will feign themselves to be *Flemish* or *Italian*, as if there were not in every Country those that are meanly born, and will lengthen their Names, and give them another Termination to make them sound Outlandish, fancying a Name is much the better for being far fetch'd.

* The want of Money has taken off the inconsistence of Gentility with a mean Extraction, and sav'd many a Dispute about the quartering of Escutcheons.

* How

* How many would be gainers by a Law that should make Gentility to be drawn from the Mothers fide? and how many more would be losers by it?

* There are but few Famlies but what are at one end related to the greatest Princes, and at the other to the meanest Peasants.

* I here declare it openly, and desire all Men to take notice of it, that none may be surpriz'd hereafter: If ever any great Man shall think me worthy of his care, if ever I happen to make my Fortune, there is one *Godfrey de la Bruyere*, whom all the Chronicles of France place among the Men of the highest Rank, that follow'd *Godfrey of Bousillon* to the Conquest of the *Holy Land*, this *Godfrey* shall then be the Man from whom I am descended in a direct Line.

* If Gentility be a Virtue, that Man loses his Title that is not Virtuous; and if 'tis not a Virtue, 'tis a Trifle.

* There are things, which consider'd in their Principle, and in their first Institution, are wonderful and incomprehensible. Who could imagine, for Example, that this Abbot, who makes Dress his whole study, who wants nothing of the effeminacy, or of the vanity that is observ'd in either Sex, and in the highest quality, who has as good a Talent to insinuate himself into the Ladies favour as the greatest Beau, or the richest Banker, who out-does them both; who, I say, could imagine that such a Man was originally, and by the etymology of his Name, should be the Head and Father of a Society of humble and holy Men, who have devoted themselves to Solitude, and to whom he should be a Pattern and Example? How powerful, how absolute, how tyrannical is Custom! And not

to

to speak of greater disorders, how great a cause have we to fear it will bring one day our young Abbots to wear grey flower'd Velvet, like a certain Cardinal, or to paint and patch like Women?

* That the obscenities of the Gods, the *Venus*, the *Ganimede*, and all the other Nudities of *Carraчcio*, are Pictures that have been drawn for the Fathers of the Church, and for Men who stile themselves Successors of the Apostles, may be prov'd from the Palace of *Farnese*.

* There is no fine thing but loses something of its grace by being misplac'd; no perfection without an agreeableness; no agreeableness but what is grounded on Reason. A Jig in a Church, or the affected tone of a Player in a Pulpit, would but offend our Ears. Temples are not adorn'd with prophane Images. A Crucifix, for example, and the Judgment of *Paris* were never seen in the same Sanctuary; nor is the Equipage and Retinue of a Man of the Sword becoming a Churchman.

* We hear of no Vows nor Pilgrimages made to any Saint, in order to attain a higher degree of Benignity, Gratitude or Equity, to cure us of our Malignity, Vanity, Spleen and Uneasiness of Temper.

* What can be more extravagant, than for a number of Christians of both Sexes to have their constant Meetings, design'd on purpose for the applauding a Company of Excommunicated Persons, whom they at once Reward and Excommunicate for the pleasure they receive from 'em. Methinks all the Theatres should be shut up, or a less severe Sentence pass'd against Players.

* Parish Duties amount to more for Christening than for a Confession, and are larger for a Marriage than for a Christening: One would think there

there was a Tax laid upon the Sacraments, and that they seem'd to be rated as a sort of Merchandise, yet when all is done, nothing like it can reasonably be inferr'd from this custom: They that receive those Duties, pretend as little to sell the Sacraments, as those that pay 'em think to buy 'em; such an appearance of evil might indeed as well be laid aside, to avoid offending the weak, and being censur'd by the wicked.

—* A brisk jolly Priest, who is as healthy as he can wish himself, is Rector of such a Parish, and sits in his Lac'd Surplice amongst the Judges and Magistrates in the first place of the Church, where he ends the digestion of a plentiful Dinner, while a Monk or a Fryar leaves his Desert or his Cell, which Decency and his own Vow should confine him to, and comes to preach before him and his Flock, and is paid for his Sermon, as for a piece of Stuff. The novelty and unexpectedness of such a Censure startles you; you wonder at the impertinence of it, and are ready to ask me, whether I would deprive this Priest and his whole Parish from hearing the Word of God, and receiving the Bread of Life. No, by no means, I would have him preach that Word, and administer that Bread to them himself, at all times, and all places, in publick and in private, in the Churches, in the Markets, and on the House tops; And I would have none to pretend to so great and so laborious an Office, but with an intent and capacity of deferring the large Offerings, and the great Retributions that are belonging to it: I am forc'd, 'tis true to excuse him from doing so: 'Tis a custom which he finds establisht, and which he will leave after him to his Successors; but it is this odd, ill grounded and unreasonable custom which I blame, and which

which I can approve as little as that of his being paid four times for the same Funeral, once for himself, a second time for his dues, a third for his presence, and a fourth for his assistance.

* *Titus* has serv'd the Church for these twenty years in a small Living, and is not yet worthy of a better Benefice that falls vacant: Neither his Parts, the solidity of his Doctrine, his exemplary Life, nor the desire of the Parishioners, are sufficient to bring him in: Another Man starts up, as it were from under ground, and is preferr'd before him. *Titus* has no reason to complain, Custom would have it so.

* Who, says the Chanter, shall pretend to make me rise to Mattins? Am not I Master of the Quire? My Predecessor never went there, sure I am no worfe a Man than he was? Shall I suffer my Dignity to be undervalu'd, while I am in possession of it, or shall I leave it to my Successor such as I found it? 'Tis not, says the Prebendary, my own Interest, but the Interest of the Prebends, that I regard; it would be very hard that I should be ty'd to hear the Service, whilst the Treasurer, the Arch-Deacon, and the Grand Vicar, think themselves exempt from it. I have a great deal of reason, says the Dean, to demand my Dues, tho I never come to Prayers; have not I slept all Night for these twenty years without being disturb'd? I will go on in my old way, and my carriage shall be always answerable to my Dignity; else what should I get by being Head of the Chapter? My Example can be of no consequence. Thus every one strives to be exempt from praising God, and to shew by a long and continu'd course, that he is under no obligation of doing it; there cannot be a greater nor a more fervent emulation, than there is betwixt

betwixt 'em, who shall absent themselves most from Divine Service. The Bells are heard in a still Night ; and the same Harmony which awakes the Singing-men and Choristers, serves to lull the Cannons into an easie and pleasant Sleep, which produces no Dreams, but what are delightful ; they rise late, and go to Church to receive their Salary for taking their rest.

* Who would ever imagine, did not Experience daily lay it before our Eyes, how difficult a thing it is to perswade Men to be happy ? Or who wou'd think that there shou'd be occasion for an Order of Men design'd for that purpose, to prepare long Speeches, to make use of all the soft and eloquent Expressions they can think of, to study the very tone, with which to deliver 'em, to use such Gestures and such violent Motions, that they put themselves into a Sweat and spend all their Spirits ; who, I say, could imagine that all these things were needful for the bringing of a Christian Man, that is endow'd with Reason, and labours under a desperate fit of Sickness, to chuse rather to be eternally happy, than to lose his own Soul ?

* *Aristippus's* Daughter lies dangerously ill ; she sends for her Father, wou'd be reconcil'd to him, and wou'd die in his favour ; shall so wise a Man, and one whom the whole Town respects for his Prudence, grant her so reasonable a request of his own accord ? Shall he perswade his Wife to the same ? No ! Neither of 'em can be mov'd but by the Engine of a Spiritual *Director*.

A Mother, who makes a Nun of her Daughter, without any regard to her Inclinations, takes upon her self the charge of another Soul besides her own, and stands bound for such a Soul to God himself : That the Mother may not be damn'd, the Daughter must be say'd.

* A

* A broken Gamester Marries his Eldest Daughter, and gives her all that he has left for her Perdition; the youngest is upon making her self a Nun, and all the Call she has to it, is her Father's Gaming.

* There have been some virtuous, zealous Maids, and who had a good and lawful Call; but who wanted Money to devote themselves to Poverty in a rich Abbey.

* To play the Fool, and Marry for Love, is to Marry *Melita*, a pretty, young, virtuous and prudent Woman, who is of a frugal temper, and has a kindness for you, but less Money than *Aegina*, who is offer'd you with an extraordinary good Portion, and extraordinary good qualifications to squander it all away, and your own Estate along with it.

* Marrying formerly was a nice thing: It was a settlement for Life, a serious piece of busines, and which deserv'd a great deal of consideration. A Man was formerly to take his Wife for better for worse, the same House, the same Table, and the same Bed, were in common to 'em both: He was to be a Husband all his life time: There was no coming off with a separate Maintenance: No reconciling of a Wife and Family with the outward appearance and the delights of a single Life.

* Shou'd a Man be afraid of beeing seen with a Woman that is not his Wife, I should commend his Modesty: Where he loth to frequent the company of such Persons, whose Reputation is not altogether untainted, I should never wonder at him. But what impertinent whimsy can make him blush at his own Wife? What makes him ashame of being seen in publick, with one, whom he has chosen for an inseparable Companion? One, from whom

whom he should expect all the satisfaction and delight that can be reap'd from humane Society : One whom he loves and admires, who is his chief Ornament, who credits him no less by her Extraction, than by her Wit, her Merit, and her extraordinary Virtue. And why did he not begin by blushing at his Marriage ?

I am not unacquainted with the prevailing power of Custom, with its tyrannizing over the Minds and Manners of Men, even without ground or reason : Yet I think I should have Impudence enough to walk openly in the *Mall*, and to let who will see me there with one, that is my Wife.

* A young Man is not to be blam'd for marrying an old Woman : He rather shews his prudence in preventing a greater evil. The Infamy lies in misusing of ones Benefactress, and in using her so as to let her percieve, that she has been impos'd upon by an hypocritical and ungrateful Man : If any dissembling be excusable, it is that of Friendship : And if Deceit be allowable, it is on such an occasion, as would make Sincerity a piece of Cruelty. Ay, but she lives longer than was expected : Had you then agreed the time she was to live, shou'd be no longer than just what would suffice for her to sign the Deed that clears your Debts and makes your Fortune ? And as soon as this great work is done, is she to breathe no longer ? Is a dose of Opium a necessary thing for her ? Is it a crime in her to live ? And if you should die before her, whose Funeral you had so well contriv'd, and for whom you had design'd the finest Pall, and the ringing of the biggest Bell in the Parish, must she be accountable for your disappointment ?

* There is a method of improving ones *State*, *Putting Men* which for this many Ages has been practis'd by *ney our so* some *use*.

some of the best of Men, and blam'd by some of the best Divines.

* The Commonwealth was ever burthen'd with certain Offices, which seem to have been erected at first with no other design, than to enrich one Man at the expence of many, which cause a constant and perpetual ebb in the Estates of private Men, and shall I say it, from which any advantage is seldom or never reap'd. † Each of them is a Gulph, a Sea that receives the Waters of many Rivers, but parts with none, at least disgorges it self thro secret and Subterranean Conduits in an imperceptible manner, and lessens nothing of the extream height to which it is fwell'd; till it has enjoy'd those Waters long, and till it can keep 'em no longer.

* You have a piece of Silver, that's not sufficient. No, nor a piece of Gold neither. 'Tis the quantity that must do the busines: Add others to it if you can, improve 'em to a heap of many Bags, and leave the rest to me: You have neither birth nor wit, neither natural parts, nor any experience in the World, no matter, only keep up your heap, and I'll place you so high, that you shall stand on a level with your Master, if you have one; and he must be very eminent indeed, if with the help of your increasing Metal, I raise you not even many degrees above him.

* *Oranta* has been at Law for these ten years, about determining in what Court her Cause is to be heard: Her pretensions are just, of the highest consequence, and on them depends all her Fortune; About five years hence she is like to know who her Judges are to be, and at what Bar she is to plead during the remaining part of her Life.

† Scribe-
seri.

* The

* The custom, which has been introduc'd in our Courts of Judicature, of interrupting the Council at the Bar in the middle of his discourse, of hindring his being eloquent or witty, of making him return to the matter of fact, and consisting him to the bare proofs, on which his Client grounds his Right, and by which the justness of his Cause may be demonstrated, is very much applauded ; and this severe practice, which exposes an Orator to the regret of having left out the finest part of his discourse, which banishes eloquence from its natural places, and which is ready to fill our Courts with Mutes it, is authoriz'd by a substantial reason against which there is no exception ; and that is, the dispatch of busines : I could wish this reason was les forgot elsewhere, that it were as much regarded in all Offices belonging to each respective Court, as it is in the Court itself, That our Lawyers were oblig'd to aim at a conclusion in their writing, as the are already in their speaking.

* The Duty of Judge consists in the administration of Justice, his Trade in delaying it. Some Judges understand their Duty, and follow their Trade.

* Whoever becomes a Sollicitor to his Judge shews him no respect at all ; he questions both his Understanding and his Honesty ; he endeavours to prepossess him, or else desires of him a downright Injustice.

* The temper of some Judges is such, that Interest, Authority, Intimacy, or Relation, render a just Cause obnoxious to 'em ; their affection of appearing not to be corrupted causing 'em to be unjust.

* The consequences of Coquetry or Gallantry in a Magistrate are worse than in the dissolute

Y person ;

person ; the latter conceals his Engagements, we do not often know how to come at him ; the other is expos'd to a thousand weaknesses that are known, and may be attack'd by the means of every Woman he makes court to.

* The administration of Justice is very near as much respected in the Commonwealth, as the dispensation of holy Mysteries ; and the character of a Magistrate, is in a manner as sacred, as that of a Priest : A Man of the Gown can hardly dance at a publick Ball, be seen at a Play, or forgot plainness and modesty in his Apparel, without bringing contempt upon himself ; and one wou'd wonder that a Law shou'd be necessary to regulate his carriage and his garb, and to force him at once to be grave and respected.

* There is no Trade but what requires an Apprenticeship ; and if one considers the different stations of Men, one may observe there is none, from the highest to the lowest, but has a time, in which, he has qualify'd himself by practice and experience for his profession, in which, the faults he has committed, have been without consequence ; may, in which those faults have been like so many steps to perfection. War itself, which seems to be the production of confusion and disorder, is not without some Rules belonging to it ; Men must learn how to flock together in the open Field, to murther one another, and there are proper methods of killing and destroying : The Souldier has

*The Judges
Places in
most Courses
in France
are Offices
which are
bought and
sold.*

his School ; why must the Magistrate have none ? There are establish'd Practices, there are Laws and Customs ; and why no time for enquiring after 'em, or why not enough for a Man to digest 'em in his Mind, and to make himself Master of them ? The Apprenticeship, and the first essay of a Youth,

who

who is brought from School to mount the Tribunal, and whom his Bags have made a Judge, is to decide soveraignly in such Causes, on which no less than our Lives and Fortunes depend.

* The chif thing which makes an Orator is Probity ; without it he degenerates into a Declaimer, he disguises and exaggerates matter of fact, he is false in his citiations, his mouth is full of calumnies, he espouses not so much the Cause, as the passion, and the animosity of his Client ; and may be rank'd among those Advocates, of whom the Proverb says, that they are hir'd to be Injurious.

* 'Tis true, says one, this summ is due to him he has a lawful right to it, but I know where to have him ; there is a certain little thing of form, wherein if he fails, he can never retrieve his fault, and consequently loses his Debt, he has undeniably abdicated his right: Now he will certainly forget this thing of form. such a Conscience as this makes an accomplish'd Lawyer.

An excellent and useful, a prudent, just and reasonable Maxim, for all Courts of Judicature, would be the direct contrary of that which prefers Form to Equity.

* The Wrack is an admirable invention, and an infallible method, for taking off the innocent Man that is of a weak Constitution, and for saving the Guilty, whom Nature has endow'd with greater Strength.

* The punishment of a Villain is an example for his fellows : The condemning of an innocent Person, is the concern of all good Men.

I shall go near to say, because I am not a Thief nor a Murtherer, I shall never be punish'd as such. A very bold inference !

A deplorable condition is that of an innocent Person, who, by too great a precipitation in his Tryal, has been found guilty. Can even that of his Judge be more dismal?

* Should I read, that in former Ages one of those Magistrates, who were appointed for the apprehending and extirpating of Rogues and Thieves, had been long acquainted with all those Rascals ; that he knew their names and faces, had an account of their walks, and of every particular act of theirs ; could tell how many Pockets had been pickt, and what had been stoln out of each ; could penetrate so far into the depth of their mysteries, and had so great a share in their obominable actions, that to prevent the noise that some great Man was ready to make about a Jewel, that was taken from him in a Croud, when coming out of a publick Assembly, he knew how to restore it to him ; and that this Magistrate had been try'd and condemn'd for this villainous behaviour ; I should place such a relation in the same rank with those we find in History, which rime has made incredible. How then should I believe that it may now be inferr'd from fresh and notorious circumstances, that there is still such a pernicious connivance, and that 'tis look'd upon as a customary thing, and hardly taken notice of ?

* How many Men oppose Strength to Weakness, cannot be mov'd by compassion, hold out against the follieitations of the poor ; have no regard for the common sort of people ; shew themselves rigid and severe in things of no moment ; will not accept of the last gratification ; nor be perswaded by their dearest Friends and nearest Relations, and are to be corrupted only by Women.

* 'Tis not absolutely impossible for a Man in great favour to lose a Cause.

* A dying Man, who speaks in his last Will, may expect to be heard like an Oracle: His words will certainly create many disputes: Men will put their own constructions upon them, such constructions I mean, as will suit their Interest and their Inclinations best.

* There are some Men, of whom one may truly say, that Death fixes not so much their Wills, as it put a period to their unsteadiness, and thier inconstancy; an angry fit while they live, moves them to prepare a Will, their passion wears off, 'tis torn and burnt: Their Closet is no less stock'd with Wills, than it is with Almanacks, and every year produces a new one: The second is disanull'd by a third, which is made as insignificant by another more exact, and the validity of this also is destroy'd by a fifth. Yet the last must stand, if opportunity, power or malignity is wanting in the person whose Interest it is to suppress it: For what can more cleary shew the intention of the most inconstant Man, than a last Deed of his under his own hand, which has been made so late, that at least he has not had time to will the contrary?

* Were there no Wills to regulate the rights of Heirs and Successors, I question whether Men would need any Tribunal to adjust their differences and disputes, the function of a Judge would almost be reduc'd to that dismal part of it, the sending Thieves and Murderers to the Gallows: Who are those, that are continually soliciting our Magistrates, that make such a stir before their Doors, and in in their Halls? Heirs at Law? No, their rights are fix'd of course; they are none but Legatees,

gates, who are Jaring about the meaning of a word or a clause in a last Will ; or disinherited persons, who find fault with Testament that has been made leisurely, after mature deleberation by a grave, a wise and conscientious Man, and not without the help of good Counsel ; with a Deed, in which a cunning Lawyer has displayed all his skill to make it firm and irrevocable, and has omitted none of the cramp words and subtlties that are us'd by those of his profession ; a Deed which is sign'd by the Testator, which is witness'd with all the necessary forms, and which a Judge, notwithstanding all this, thinks fit to disanul and to make void.

M. Herne-
quin. *

* *Titius* is hearing a last Will read with Tears in his Eyes ; is opprest with grief for the los of a Friend, by whose death he is likel to raife his Fortune : By one Clause he makes him his Successor in a good Office ; by another he bestows on him all his Tenements in the City ; by a third he fine Seat in the Country ; and by a fourth hd makes him Master of a House richly furnish'd, and seated in the best part of the Town, with all its appurtenances ; his grief encrases, Tears rundown his Cheeks, how is it possible he should refrai ? He is now one of his Majesty's chief Officers, has his City and Country House, his Furniture is answerable, he is to keep his Coach a noble Table ; *Was there ever an honest, a better Man than the deceas'd* But hold ! Here is a Codicile annext to this Will, which must be read : This Codicile gives *Mævius* all these things, and sends *Titus* back to his Garret ; he has now neither Honours nor Money, and must be contented to walk on foot as before. *Titus* wipes off his Tears ; 'tis now *Mævius*'s part to weep.

* Does

* Does not the Law, which forbids to kill, include poisoning as well as stabbing, drowning as well as burning, private assaults as well as open violence, and whatever may contribute to the destruction of Men? Did the Law, which restrains Husbands and Wives from giving any thing one to another, relate only to direct and immediate ways of giving? Has it made no provision against those that are indirect? Was it design'd for the Introduction of Trustees? Does it so much as tolerate such an evasion, even when the dearest of Wives out-lives her Husband? does a Man bequeath his Estate to a trusty Friend as an acknowledgment of his Friendship, or is it not rather as a mark of his reliance upon him, and of the confidence he has, that he will make a good use of what he is intrusted with? Will a Man intrust his Estate to one whom he has the least ground to suspect will not restore it to the person it is really intended for? Does he need a Contract or an Oath from him? Must he so much as instruct him in what he is to do? And does not every Man feel within his Breast, what he may expect from another in such a case? But if on the contrary, the property of this Estate is fallen to this trusty Friend, why does he suffer in his Reputation by keeping it? What grounds are there for Satyr or Lampoon? Why do you compare him to one that betrays his trust, or to a Servant that robs his Master of a sum of Money he had sent by him to some other person? I see no reason for it. Where lies the shame of not performing a piece of generosity and of a Mans keeping for his own use what is lawfully his? How great is the perplexity, how intollerable the burden, that such a Trust draws along with it? If a Man, out of reverence to the Laws of his Country, appro-

priates to himself such a Trust, he can no longer be thought an honest Man: If out of respect for a deceas'd Friends he acts according to his Intentions, and restores what has been given him in trust to his Widow, he must make use of deceitful practices, and transgress the Law: The Law then must differ strangely from the opinions of Men: Perhaps it may be, and 'tis not fit for me to tax either with an error.

* *Typhon* finds a certain Nobleman, with Horses, Dogs, and what not: His protection makes him insolent, he is what he pleases in his Country, without the fear punishment, a Murderer and Perjur'd; he burns and destroys his Neighbours, and need no Sanctuary: The King is oblig'd at last to take upon himself the care of chastizing him.

* Ragouts, Fricacees, and all the various names of your Dainties and Kickshaws, are words which should be barbarous and unintelligible to us: And if these are not fit to be so much as mention'd in time of Peace, as serving only to promote luxury and gluttony; how come they to be so well understood in time of War and publick Calamities, at the besieging of a Town, the very night before a Battel. Where do we find any mention made of *Scipio's* or *Marius's* Table? Do we read in any Book that *Miltiades*, *Epaminondas*, or *Agessilas*, were ever nice and costly in their Dyet? I would have no Man to commend a General for the goodness, the neatness, or the magnificence of his Table, till he had so exhausted himself on the subject of a Victory, on the taking of a Town, or some other great Action, that he had nothing more left to mention in his praise; nay, I could be glad to see a General desirous to avoid such a commendation.

* *Her-*

* *Hermippus* makes himself a Slave to what he calls his little conveniences; all common practices, all establish'd customs, all fashions, nay, decency itself must fall a sacrifice to them; he will find some in every thing; a less makes room for a greater, and not one is neglected that is practicable; he makes them his whole study, and there is not a day but what produces some new contrivance of this kind; he leaves it for others to have set Dinners and Suppers; as for his part the very name of 'em is loathsome to him; he eats when he is a hungry, and of such Meats only as best suit with his Appetite; he stands by at the making of his Bed; what hand is so skillful or so happy, as to make him sleep according to his Mind? He seldom goes abroad, loves to keep his Chamber, where he is neither idle nor busie, where, in the garb of a Man that has taken Physick, he does nothing, and yet is continually employ'd. Others, like Slaves, must wait the leisure of a Smith or a Joyner, according to their occasions; as for him, he keeps a File by him, if any thing is to be smooth'd, a Saw if it must be cut, and Pincers if it must be pluckt out; imagin if you can, any Tools that he has not, or that he has, and which are not better and more convenient, according to his fancy, than even those that Workmen use; he has some that are new and unknown, that have no name, that are the contrivances of his own Brain, and which he has almost forgot the use of, there is no Man to be compar'd to him for the quick performance of useleſs labour. He was forc'd to walk ten steps to go from his Bed to his Wardrobe; he has now so contriv'd his Chamber, as to reduce these ten to nine; What abundance of steps are here sav'd during the whole course of his life; With others it is usual to turn

the

the Key, to thrust backward, or to pull forward and the door opens ; what a fatigue is this ! Here is one unnecessary motion which he knows how to spare ; by what means ? 'Tis a mystery which he keeps to himself ; he indeed understands extreamly well the use of Springs, and is a great Master of Mechanicks, such Mechanicks at least, as the World can be very well without. *Hermippus* bring light to his Lodging another way than through the Window, he has already got the secret of going up and down the House otherwise than by the Stairs, and is now studying how to go in and out with more conveniency than thro the door.

* It is a long while since Physicians have been rally'd, and yet made use of ; the keenness of Satyr, and the wit of the Stage never touch their Fees ; they give Portions to their Daughters, they place their Sons upon the Bench, and make Bishops of 'em, and they that laugh at 'em do themselves supply 'em with the Money for all this. Those that are well fall sick, and then they want a Man whose Trade it is, to assure 'em that they shan't dye : As long as Men may dye, and are desirous to live, the Physician will still be laught at, and well paid.

* A good Physician is he that has Specificks ; or if he wants 'em himself, allows those that have 'em to cure his Patient.

* The rashness of Quacks, together with the dismal accidents that are occasion'd by it ; is that which makes the Physician and his Art in vogue. If one lets you dye, the others kill you.

* Astrologers and Fortun-tellers are suffer'd in the Commonwealth, such as make Schemes and draw Horoscopes, such as guesst at things past by the motion of the Sieve, such as shew the truth in

a Looking glass, or in a glass of fair Water ; and these Men are indeed of some use, they promise preferment to the Men, and to the Maids they promise they shall have their Sweethearts, they comfort those Children whose Fathers are too long a dying, and lull asleep the cares of those young Wives that are troubl'd with old Husbands : In a word, they cheat at a very easie rate those that have a mind to be cheated.

* What shall one think of Magick and Sorcery. The Theory of its dark and intricate, its principles are wild and uncertain, and there seems to be a great deal of illusion in it : But there are some puzzling matters of fact affirm'd by Men of credit and reputation, who either saw, or learnt 'em from others as fit to be rely'd on as themselves ; to admit 'em all, or deny 'em, seems equally inconvenient ; and I dare say, that in this, as well as vn all other extraordinary things, that go beyond the common rules, there is a medium to be held between to easie a perswasion, and too stubborn an unbelief.

* Infancy can never be over-burthen'd with too many Languages, and methinks the utmost care should be taken to teach 'em to Children ; there is no condition of a Mans life in which these are not useful to him, and lead him equally to the depths of Learning, or the easier and more agreeable parts of Knowledge. If this kind of study, which is so painful and so laborious, is put off till Men are somewhat older, and they come to that age which is stil'd by the name of Youth, either they cannot make it the object of their choice, or if they do, they find it impossible to preserve in it ; 'tis to consume that time in the quest of Languages, which is

is set apart for the use that ought to be made of 'em ; 'tis to confine to the knowledge of words, an age that wants already to go further, and seek for things ; and 'tis at the best to have lost the finest and most valuable years of ones Life. So great and so necessary a foundation can never rightly be laid, unless it be when the Soul naturally receives every thing, and is capable of deep impressions ; when the memory is fresh, quick and steady ; when the Mind and the Heart are void of passions, cares and desires, and when those that have a right to dispose of us, design us for long and painful labours. I am perswaded that the small number of true Scholars, and the great number of superficial ones, comes from the neglect of this practice.

* The study of Texts can never be sufficiently recommended ; 'tis the shortest, the surest, and the pleasantest way to all kinds of Learning : Take things at the best hand ; go to the very Source ; handle the Text over and over ; get it by heart, quote it upon occasions ; remember above all to reach the Sense of it in its full latitude, and in all its circumstances ; reconcile an Original Author, adjust his principles, draw himself the consequences from 'em ; the first Commentators were in the case in which I would have you to be ; never offer to borrow their light, or to make use of their notions, unless it be when your own fail you ; their interpretations are not yours, and they easily slip out of your Memory ; your Observations, on the contrary, are born in your Mind, and they abide with you, you will more frequently meet with 'em again in Conversation, they will more readily occur in your disputes and consultations : Take a pleasure to see you are not gravell'd in your reading by any other difficulties, but such as cannot

cannot be overcome, and where Commentators and Scholiaſts themselves are as a ſtand, Men that are otherwise ſo fruitful, ſocopious, and ſo overladen with a vain ſhew of Learning, where neither they nor others are at any trouble to understand what they expound: Thus let this method of ſtudying quite convince you, that Men's lazineſſ is the thing has encourag'd Pedantry to encrease the bulk of Libraries rather than the worth of 'em, to fink the Text under the weight of Comments; and that it has in this done itſelf wrong, and acted contrary to its own Interest, inaſmuch, as it has encreas'd that reading, thofe enquires, and that labour which it enideavour'd to avoid.

* What is that rules Men in their way of Living, and in their Dyet? Is it Health and Sobriety; that's doubtful; there are whole Nations that eat Fruit first, and Meat afterwards; others do quite contrary; ſome begin their Meal with one kind of Fruit, and end it with another; Does this proceed from uſe or from reaſon? Is it for Health's fake that Men wear their Cloaths up to their Chin, that they put on a Ruff or a Bind, when they have heretofore for ſo many Age: gone with their Breast open? Is it decency that obliges 'em to do this, especially in a time when they have found a way to appear naked with all their Cloaths upon 'em? And on the other fide, Women that ſhew their Breasts and their Soulders, are they of a leſs tender complexion than Men, or leſs ſubject to decency? What kind of Modesty is this, which en-gages theſe to hide their Legs and their Feet, and at the ſame time gives them leave to let their Arms go naked up to the Elbow? How came Men to think heretofore that either assaulting or defending themſelves was the end of going to War? And who
adviſ'd

advis'd them to wear such Arms as were borrh of-
fensive and !defensive? What is it that obliges
'em now to lay these aside? And whiist they put
on Boots to go to a Ball, to stand without Armour,
and iu their Doublet, by them that dig in the
Trenches, expos'd to all the fire of a Counter-
scarp?

O F

The Pulpit.

Preaching is now adays become a meet shew; that Evangelick Gravity, which is so much the Life of Preaching, is absolutely laid aside; and an advantageous mein, a pretty tone of the Voice, exactnes of gesture, choice of expression, and long ennumerations, are thought to supply its place very well: To attend seriously on the dispensation of the Holy Word is no longer customary Going to Church is an amusement, among a thousand others and Preaching a diversion: The Preachers play the Prize, and the Hearers bett upon their heads.

* Prophane Eloquence is transferr'd from the Bar, where it formerly reign'd, to the Pulpit, where it never ought to come.

The Prize of Eloquence is fought even at the Altar, and before the Holy Mysteries: Every Hearer thinks himself a Judge of the Preacher, to censure or applaud him; and is no more convered by

by the Man he favours, than by him whom he condemns. The Orator pleases some and offends others, but agrees with all in this ; that as he does not endeavour to render them better, so they never trouble their heads about becoming so.

The Apprentice that's docible, is attentive to his Master, profits by his instructions, and becomes himself a Master of his profession : The indocible person only sensures the Preachers discourses, and the Philosopher works and so improves himself neither in Religion nor Sense.

* Till such time as there arises a Man who in a *Mr. Le Tourneau* stile form'd on the Holy Scriptures, by long study and converse with 'em, shall explain to the People the word of God genuinely and familiarly ; till then, I say, 'tis to be expected, that Orators and Declaimers will be follow'd.

* Quotations from prophane Authors, cold Sim-
ilarities, the false Pathetick, Antithesis's and Hyper-
boles, are out of doors ; Elaborate descriptions will
one day follow 'em, and make way for the plain
exposition of the Gospel joyn'd to other means
that effect Conversation.

* The Man for whom I have so impatiently wisht, but whom I durst not hope for in our Age, is come at last ; the Courtiers, whose good taste and knowledge in Decencies cou'd but distinguish him, have applauded him up to the Skies ; and what is a thing almost incredible, have left the King's Chapel to mix themselves with the Croud, and hear the word of God preach'd by this truly *Father* [†] Apostolick Man : The City was of the same *Seraphin* Opinion with the Court ; in whatever Church he *a Capuchin* preached there, not one of the Parishioners were to be found ; the very Clerk and Sexton deserted ; the Pastors indeed stuck to him, but the Flocks were

were all dispers'd, while the Congregations of the neighbouring Preachers were the fuller for them. This is no more than what I ought to have foreseen, who knowing the invisible power of Custom, ought not to have said, that such a Man had no more to do but to shew himself and to be follow'd to speak and to be heard : 'Tis for these thirty years your Rhetoricians, Declaimers, *Emumerators*, have been the only Men in request, and such especially, who, like Painters, can at pleasure draw in great or little ; 'tis not long since the Points and Witicisms that were us'd in Sermons, were so smart and so ingenious, that they might have serv'd for Epigrams ; now, I confess, they are something soften'd, and may pass for Madrigals ; There are three things which these Men never fail to cry are absolutely necessary, and infinitely worthy your attention ; one thing they prove in the first part of their discourse, another in the second, and another in the third ; so that you are to be convinc'd of one Truth, and that's their first point of Doctrine, of another Truth, and that's the second point, and then of a third Truth and that's their third point ; in this manner, the first reflection will instruct you in one of the fundamental principles of your Religion, the second in another principle, which is not less fundamental, and the last reflection in a third and last principle, which is the most important of 'em all, but which for want of leisure is reserv'd for another opportunity : In fine, to recollect what has been said, to abridge this division, and to form a Scheme of — What still, cry you, new matter, new preparations for a discourse of an hour longer ? 'Tis vain, the more these Gentlemen strive to digest and to clear it to me, the less I shall understand it : I believe you

you indeed very easily, for 'tis the most natural effect of such a mass and confusion of Idea's, which come all to one and the same thing, but with which they unmercifully burthen the memories of their Hearers ; to see 'em tho affect and persist in this custom, one woud almost think that the grace of Conversion was ty'd up to such enormous divisions : But how is it possible we should be converted by such Apostles, whom we can hardly keep in sight ? For my part, I would beg 'em in the midst of their impetuous course to stop, to give their audience and themselves a little time to breathe. Oh, the vain unprofitable Sermons now adays ! The time of the *Homilies* is no more, the *Basil's*, the *Crysostoms* could not restore it ; we should fly into other Diocesses, to get out of the reach of their voices and their familiar discourses ; the generality of men love fine phrases and handsome periods, admire what they do not understand, suppose themselves to be instructed, and content themselves with deciding between the first and second Doctrine, or between the last Sermon, and the laft but one.

* 'Twas not an Age ago since most of our Books were nothing but Collections of *Latin* Quotations ; there was not above a line or two of *French* in a Page ; nor did this humour of citing stop here. *Ovid* and *Catullus* at the Bar decided Sovereignly in cases of Marriages and Wills, and were as servicable to the Widows and Orphans as the *Pandects* : The Sacred and Prophane Authors were insepeable, and hand in hand jumpt into the Pulpit. *St Cyril* and *Horace*, *St Cyprian* and *Lucretius* spoke by turns, the Poets were positiveley of the same opinion with *St Austin*, and the rest of the Fathers. *Latin* was the Language that was chosen

to entertain the Women and the Sextons with, and sometimes *Greek*: To preach so very ill was impossible, without a great deal of Learning. The times are chang'd, and the custom alter'd; the Text still continues in *Latin*, but the Sermons in *French*, and that of the greatest purity; the Scripture is not so much as once quoted; so little Learning is there requisite now adays to Preach very well.

* School Divinity is at last banisht the Pulpits of all the great Towns in the Kingdom, and confin'd only to the Country Villages, where it now resides, for the Instruction and edification of the Plow-men and Labourers.

*Th. Abbot
Bavyn.*

* The man must have some Wit, who can charm the people by his florid style, who can make Morality to divert them, and please them with figures, beautiful passages and descriptions; but after all, he has not so much Wit as he should have. One that has more neglects these foreign Ornaments, unworthy of the Gospel; and preaches Naturally, Strenuously, and like a Christian.

* The Orator draws some Sins in such charming and alluring colours, and represents the Sinner in the committing of them to have so much Wit, Air, Addrefs and Delicacy, that for my part, if I have no inclination to resemble his Pictures, I have, at least, occasion to betake my self to some Apostle, who in a more Christian Style may give me some disgust for the Vices, of which the other had made me so beautiful a description.

* What they call a fine Sermon, is a piece of Oratory most exactly conformable to the rules and precepts of humane Eloquence, and adorn'd with all the ornaments of Rhetorick; to those that judge nicely, there is not a passage or a thought lost; they

they follow the Orator in all his long Enumeration, and in all his towering flights : 'Tis a Riddle to none but the common people.

* O the judicious and admirable discourse ! How copiously handl'd in it were the most essential points of Religion, as well as the strongest motives to Conversion ! What effect ought it not to produce in the Minds and Spirits of the Audience ? They are convinc'd, they are mov'd and toucht to that degree, that they confess from their Souls — What ? That this Sermon of *Theodorus*'s excels even his last.

* A soft, gentle, loose Morality has no effect, nor is the Preacher ever the more respected for it ; *Mr Fle-*
it neither awakes, nor excites the curiosity of the chier Bi-
Men o f the World, who are not so terify'd with a shop of
seve reDoctrine, as some People think, but on the N smes,
contrary, love it in the person, whose duty 'tis to Preach it : The Church seems therefore to be divided into two sorts of Men, one sort declares the whole truth, without disguise or respect of persons ; the other hears it with pleasure, with satisfaction, with admiration, with applause, but never practises a word of it.

* The Heroick Virtue of great Men may be reproach'd with this, that it has corrupted Eloquence, *The Abbot*
or at least enervated the Style of most Preachers ; *Romquoir,*
who instead of joyning with the people in their *Nephew to*
praises to Heaven for its extraordinary gifts on those *the Bishop* *of Aut um*,
persons, have associated themselves with the Authors and Poets, and become Panegyriſts ; have even out-flatter'd their Verses and Dedications ; they have turn'd the word of God into one connexion of praises, which tho just, yet are ill plac'd, partial, unexpected, and disagreeable to their Character ; 'tis fortunate indeed, if while they re

lebrate their Heroes in the Sanctuary, they make mention of God, or of Religion, which they ought to preach: There have been those, who have restrain'd the Gospel, which ought to be common to all, to the presence of a single Auditor; have been so disorder'd when his coming has been prevented by some accident, that they have not been able to pronounce a Christian discourse before an Assembly of Christian Men, because it was not made for them; but have been supply'd by other Orators, who, from the little leisure they had to study, have been forc'd to bestow their extempore praises upon God Almighty.

* *Theodulus* has succeeded less than was fear'd by some of his hearers; his discourse has gratify'd them; he has pleased them infinitely more than he could have done, if he had charm'd their Ears or their Minds; he has flatter'd their Jealousy.

* Preachers and Souldiers are alike in this, their Trades are more hazardous, but their Fortunes are sooner made than in any other Profession.

* If you are of a certain quality, and are sensible that you have no other Talent but Preaching very indifferently, Preach however, tho it be very indifferently: You can never rise, if you're utterly unknown. *Theodatus* has got very well by his Sermons, which are nothing but one strain of Cant and Nonsense.

* Some have been preferri'd to Bishopricks for their Preaching, whose Talent that way would not have procur'd them at this time an inconsiderable Prebend.

* There is a certain Panegyrist, who groans under a load of Titles; the weight of 'em oppresses him, they are hardly all to be crowded in one single Page

Page. Examine but the Man, hear him but a little, and you will find that in the List of all his Titles, there's one still omitted, which is that of a very dull Preacher.

* The Womens idleness, and the Mens frequenting their places of Resort, is what gives Reputation to some ill Preachers, and supports the sinking credit of others.

* Are Greatness and Power the only qualities which entitle a Man to praise at his Funeral, and that before the Holy Altar, and from the Pulpit, the Seat of Truth? Or is there no other Greatness, but what is deriv'd from Authority or Birth? Why is it not rather thought fit that the Person, who excell'd in his Life time in Goodness, Probity, Charity, Fidelity and Piety, should at his Interment, be honour'd with a publick Panegyrick? What is call'd a Funeral Sermon, is now adays but coldly receiv'd by most of the Hearers, if not very different and remote from a Christian discourse; or as I may otherwise say, if it does not very nearly approach to a Prophane Elogium.

* The Orator preaches to gain a Bishoprick; the Apostle to gain Souls. The latter deserves what the other aims at.

* We have seen some of our Clergy-men come up to Town out of the Country, where they have made no long residence, big with the vanity of having made those Converts, who were either made to their hands, or never will be so; we have seen them, I say, compare themselves to the *Vincent*s and the *Xaviers*, fancy themselves Apostles, and for such labour and pains in the Ministry, think themselves scarce paid with the Government of an Abbey.

* A Man starts up on a sudden, takes, Pen, Ink and Paper, and without ever having had a thought of it before, resolves with himself, that he will write a Book; he has no Talent at writing, but he wants fifty Guineas; in vain, I cry to dissuade him, *Dioscorus*, take a Saw, or some other Tool in your hand, work at some handicraft Trade, you may get to be Journey-man to some Carpenter or Joyner, and be paid your Wages, but he has never serv'd an Apprenticeship to either: Why then Copy, Transcribe, Correct the Press, but whatever you do, don't Write; yet still he will Write, and get it Printed too; and because he must not send blank Paper to the Press, he blots and scribbles a quire or two with such Stuff as this; That the River *Seine* runs thro the City of *Paris*, that there are seven days in the Week, that it rains and is bad weather, or some things of the like importance: And this Treatise, containing nothing contrary to Religion or the Government, not being capable of any harm to the Publick, but in vitiating their Taste, and using 'em to dull and insipid things, passes the Licensor, is Printed, and, to the shame of the Age, and the mortification of all good Authors, is in a short time reprinted. Just in this manner, another man resolves in himself that he will Preach, and he Preaches, whereas he has no other Talent, or Call to mount the Pulpit, but that he wants a Benefice.

* An irreligious, profane Clergyman, does but declaim when he preaches.

On the contrary there are some holy men, whose Character seems to prevent their perswasion: They appear, and all the people, who attend to hear 'em, are mov'd, and are, as it were, already perswaded by their presence; Their discourse afterwards does the rest.

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* The Bishop of *Meaux*, and Father *Bourdaloue*, recal to my mind *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*. Both of 'em, as they are absolute Masters of the Eloquence of the Pulpit, have had the fate of other great Models: One of 'em has made a great many ill Censurers, and the other a great many ill Imitators.

✓ * The Eloquence of the Pulpit, with respect to what is meerly humane, and what depends on the genious of the Orator, is a Secret known but to few, and attain'd with difficulty; how much art must there be, to please at the same time that you perswade! You are oblig'd to walk in none but beaten paths, to say what has been said, and what is foreseen that you would say; the subjects are great, but they are worn and stale; the principles are cerrain, but every one of the Auditory perceives the inference at the first glance; some of the subjects are sublime but who can treat of the sublime? There are mysteries to be explain'd, but they are better explain'd by the most Familiar Instruction, than the most Rhetorical Harange: The Morals too of the Pulpit, tho they comprehend matter as vast and as diversify'd as the manners of Men, yet all turn upon the same hinge, return all to the same Images, and are extreamly more confin'd than Satire; after the common Invective against Honours, Riches and Pleasures, there remains no more for the Orator to do, but to close up his discourse, and to dismiss the Assembly: If sometimes there are tears shed, or any one is mov'd, let the Character and Genius of the Preacher be consider'd, and perhaps it will be found, that 'tis the subject that preaches itself, or our interest the chief thing that gives the concernment; and that it was not so much the force of Eloquence, as the strong Lungs

of the Missionary, that shook us, and gave us those emotions. In short, the Preacher is not furnish'd, as the Lawyer, with matters of fact always new, with different events and unheard of adventures ; his business is not to start doubtful questions, to improve probable conjectures, all which subjects elevate the Genius, give him force and compass, and do not so much put a constraint on Eloquence, as fix and direct it. He must on the contrary, draw his discourse from a Spring common to all ; if he deserts his common places, he ceases to be Popular ; he is either too abstracted, or he declaims, he no longer preaches the Gospel ; all he has occasion for is a noble simplicity, but that he must gain ; 'tis a Talent rare, and above the reach of ordinary men : The Genius, Fancy, Learning and Memory which they have, are so far from helping, that they often hinder the attaining it.

V The profession of the Lawyer is laborious, toilsome, and requires in the person that undertakes it a rich Fund and Stock of his own ; he is not like the Preacher, provided with a number of Harangues compos'd at leisure, got by heart, and repeated with Authority, without contradiction, and which being alter'd a little here and there, do him service and credit more than once ; his Pleadings are grave, spoke before those Judges, who may command him silence, and against Adversaries who are sure to interrupt him ; he is obliged to be sharp and ready in his replies, in one and the same day he pleads in several Courts, and about different matters ; his House neither affords him shelter nor rest ; 'tis open to all that come to perplex him, with their difficult and doubtful cases, he is not put to Bed, rubb'd down, nor supported with Cordials ; his Chamber is not a rendezvous for a concourse of People of all

Quali-

Qualities and Sexes, to congratulate him upon the beauty and politeness of his Language: All the repose he has after a long discourse, is immediately to set to work upon Writings still longer; his trouble continues, he only varies his fatigues: I may venture to say, he is in his kind, what the first Apostolick Men were in theirs.

Having thus distinguish'd the Eloquence of the Bar, from the Profession of the Lawyer, and the Eloquence of the Pulpit, from the Office of the Preacher, 'twill appear, I believe, that 'tis easier to Preach, than to Plead, but more difficult to Preach well, than to Plead well.

* What a vast advantage has a discourse that's spoken, over a piece that's written! Men are the bubbles of tone and action; if there be but never so little pre-engagement in favour of the person that speaks, they admire him, and set themselves to comprehend him; they commend his performance before he has begun, sleep the Sermon time, and only wake to applaud him. There are few who so warmly engage in the behalf of an Author: His Works are read either in the leisure of a Retirement, or in the silence of a Closet; there are no publick meetings to cry him up; no Party zealous to prefer him to all his Rivals, and to advance him to the Prelacy; his Book, how excellent soever it may be, is read, but with an intention to find it indifferent; 'tis turn'd over Leaf by Leaf, canvass'd and examin'd, 'tis not Sounds, lost in the Air, and forgotten, what is printed remains so; sometimes 'tis expected a month or two before it comes out, with an impatience to damn it, and the greatest pleasure that some find in it, is to criticise on it; 'tis a vexation to 'em to meet with passages in every page, which ought to please, often they

they are afraid of being diverted, and quit a Book only because 'tis good. Every body does not pretend to be a Preacher, the Phrases, Figure, Memory and Gown of a Divine, are things all people are not fond of appropriating to themselves; whereas every one imagines that he thinks well, and that he can express himself still better than he thinks and writes as well as himself; in a word, the Sermon-maker is advanc'd to a Bishoprick, sooner than the most judicious Writer is to a small Priory; new Favours still are heap'd on him, while the more deserving Author is content to take up with his leavings.

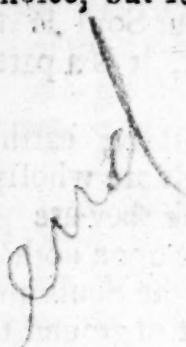
* If it happens that the wicked hate and persecute you, good Men advise you to humble your self before God, and to watch against the Vanity, which may arise in you, from having displeas'd People of that Character; so when some certain Men, subject to exclaim against all things as indifferent, disapprove your Works, or your Discourse, whether spoken at the Bar or in the Pulpit, humble yourself, for you can't be expos'd to greater temptation to Pride.

* A Preacher methinks ought in every one of his Sermons, to make choice of one principal Truth, whether it be to move Terror, or to yield Instruction, to handle that alone largely and fully, omitting all those foreign divisions and subdivisions, which are so intricate and perplext: I wou'd not have him presuppose a thing that's really false, which is, that the great or the genteel Men understand the Religion they profess, and so are afraid to instruct persons of their Wit and Breeding in their Catechism; let him employ the long time that others are composing a set, formal discourse,

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in making himself master of his subject, that so the turn and expression may of course flow easily from him ; let him, after some necessary preparation, yield himself up to his own Genius, and to the emotions, with which a great subject will inspire him ; let him spare those prodigious efforts of memory, which look more like reciting for a Wager, than any thing else, and which destroy all graceful action ; let him, on the contrary, by a noble Enthusiasm, dart conviction into the Soul, and alarm the Conscience ; let him, in fine, touch the Hearts of his Hearers, with another fear, than that of seeing him make some blunder or halt in his Sermon.

* Let not him who is not yet arriv'd to such perfection, as to forget himself in the dispensation of the Holy Word, let not him, I say, be discourag'd by the austere rules that are prescrib'd him, as if they robb'd him of the means of shewing his Wit, and of attaining the Honours to which he aspires : What greater or more noble Talent can there be than to preach like an Apostle, or which deserves a Bishoprick better ? Was *Fenelon* unworthy of that Dignity ? Was it possible he shou'd have escap'd his Princes choice, but for another choice ?


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The Wits, or Libertines.

Have the Libertines, who value themselves so much upon the title of Wits, have they, I say, Wit enough to perceive that they are only call'd so by Irony? What greater want of Wit can there be, than to be doubtful of the principle of ones being, life, sense, knowledge, and of what ought to be the end of them? What can more lessen any Man than his questioning whether his Soul is not material, like the Stone or Worm, or subject to corruption, like the vilest Creatures? And is it not a much more real and nobler sort of Wit that raiseth, our Minds to the Idea of a Being superiour to all other Beings, by whom and for whom all things were made; a Being who is soveraignly perfect and pure, who never had a beginning, nor will ever have an end, of whom our Soul is the Image, of whom, if I may so speak, it is a part, as it is Spiritual and Immortal?

* I call those Men worldly, earthly or brutish, whose Hearts and Minds are wholly fix'd on this small part of the Universe they are plac'd in, the Earth; who set a value upon nothing, nor love any thing beyond it; whose Souls are as much confin'd, as that narrow spot of ground they call their Estate, the extent of which is measur'd, the Acres number'd, and the utmost bounds limited. 'Tis no wonder

wonder that such, who lean as it were on an Atom, should stumble at the first step in their search after Truth ; that with so short a sight they should not reach beyond the Heavens and the Stars, to behold God himself ; that not being able to perceive the excellency of what is Spiritual, or the dignity of the Soul, they should feel as little how difficult it is to satisfie it, how much the whole World is inferiour to it, how great a want it has of an All-perfect Being, which is God, and how absolutely it needs a Religion to find out that God, and to be assur'd of his reality. On the contrary, any one may soon perceive that incredulity and indifference are but natural to such Men ; that they make use of God and Religion as a piece of Policy only ; that is, as far as it may serve for the order and decoration of this World, the only thing, in their opinion, which deserves to be thought on.

* Some men, by long travelling, give the finishing strok to the corrupting their Judgment, their Manners, and compleatly lose the little Religion they had left ; they met daily with new Ways of Worship, new manners, new Rites and Ceremonies : they imitate those who wander about the Shops before they have resolv'd what kind of Stuff to buy, the variety of choice disables them from chusing, each piece has something which pleases their fancy ; but unable to fix upon any, they come away without purchasng.

* There are some Men who defer the practice of Religion and Devotion till such time as Lewdness and Impiety are profess'd by all ; which being then vulgar, they will avoid following the Crowd ; Singularity pleases 'em in so serious and so important a matter ; they only follow the Mode in things of no moment, and no consequence , they have for ought

ought I know, already plac'd a sort of bravery and undauntednes iu running all the risque of a future state.

* A Man in health questions whether there is a God, as he does whether Fornication be a sin: When he's fick, and given over, his Miss is laid aside, and he believes in God.

* Your Wits and Libertines should examine them-selue throughly before they set up for such, that at least, and indeed according to their own principles, they might dye as they have liv'd; or if they find their stock of Wit is like to fail at the approaches of death, that they might resolve to live as they wou'd be content to dye.

* Jesting in a dying man is very unseasonable; if apply'd to certain subjects 'tis dreadful. To be queath to others matters of laughter at the expence of one's own eternal happiness, is extreamly dismal.

Let prejudice make you fancy what you please of a future state, dying is still a very serious work, which becomes constancy, better than jesting or raillery.

* There have been in all Ages many agreeably Learned and Witty persons, who embracing, like Slaves, the loose principles of some great Men, have groan'd under their yoak all their life time against the dictates of their own Minds and Consciences; who never liv'd but for other Men, the humourrng of whom, one wou'd think they had look'd upon to be the chief end of their Creation; who have been ashamed to be seen by 'em to endeavour at their own Salvation, and to appear outwardly such as they were perhaps in their Hearts; who have run headlong into ruin, out of deference and complaisance. Shall we then imagin that this

World

World can bestow so much greatness and power on any mortal Man, as he should deserve, that his humour, or his fancy should be the rule of our belief and of our lives? Nay, that we should be so Complaisant, at our very Death, to make such an exit, not as we think is like to be safest for our own Souls, but such as we hope will be most pleasing to him.

* One would expect from those who act contrary to all the World besides, and contradict such Principles as are receiv'd by all, that they knew more than other Men, that their Reasons were plain, and their Arguments convincing.

* Shou'd a just, chaste, moderate, and sober Man affirm there is no God, I shou'd think such an assertion was impartial: But this Man is not to be found.

* Cou'd I but see that Man that was really persuaded there is no God, I shou'd hear at least by what strange convincing Arguments he had found it out.

* The impossibility I find my self under of proving there is no God, is a demonstration to me that there is one.

* God condemns and punishes those who offend him, and is the only Judge in his own Cause; which were contrary to Reason, but that He is himself Justice and Truth; that is, if he were not God.

* I feel that there is a God, and I do not feel that there is none; this suffices me, and all the reasoning in the World is needless to me. I conclude from hence that he Exists, and this conclusion is in my Nature. I took up with this principle too readily in my Childhood, and have preserv'd it since too naturally in my advanc'd years ever to have

have the least jealousie of any falsehood in it : But there are some Men who make a shift to get rid of this principle ; I question whether there are or no ; But if there be it argues only that there are Monsters.

* There is no such thing as an Athiest ; the Great men, who we are most apt to suspect of being given that way, are too lazy to determin in their own minds whether there is a God or no ; their Indolence carries 'em so far as to render 'em utterly careles and indifferent upon this so weighty a matter, as well as upon the nature of their own Souls, and the consequences of true Religion : They neither deny nor grant any of these things ; they never think on 'em at all.

* A Great Man falls in a Swoon, as was thought, but in a moment dies ; another in a Consumption, wastes insensibly, and loses something of himself every day before he expires : These are dreadful, but useless Lessons. These circumstances, tho so remarkable, and so opposite to each other, are not taken notice of, affect no body, and are no more regarded than the fall of the Leaf, or the fading of a Flower ; we are inquisitive only about their vacant Employments ; how such and such a place was dispos'd of ; and envy those that succeed 'em.

* Is there so much goodness, fidelity and equity among Men, that we should place so much confidence in 'em, as not to desire, at least, that there was a God, to whom we might appeal from their Injustice, and who might protect us against their Persecutions and Treacheries ?

* If the Wits find so much grandeur and sublimity in Religion that it dazles and confounds their Understanding, they deviate from their Character and

Manners of the Age.

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and must acknowledge their own dulness and Stupi-
dity ; If, on the other hand, they are offended at
the meanness and simplicity of it, we must allow
them to be Wits indeed, and greater than so many
Great Men who have gone before 'em, than the
Leo's, the *Bazil's*, the *Jerom's*, the *Austin's*, and
others, who notwithstanding all their Learning and
their extraordinary Wisdom, glorify'd in the Faith
and Profession of Christianity.

* Some, who never read the Fathers are frighted
at their very names. How dull, how rough, how
insipid, how pedantick do they fancy 'em in their
discourses, in their expressions and their arguments.
But how would these Men wonder at the strangeness
of such a notion, if they perus'd their Writings, and
found in 'em a more exact eloquence, a smoother
style, a more ingenious, more expressive, and more
convincing way of arguing, adorn'd with greater
vigour of expression, and more natural graces than
most of those modern Books, which are read with
applause, and give the greatest reputation to their
Authors ? With what satisfaction, if they had any
love for Religion, would they see it explained, and
its Truth believ'd and asserted by Men who were
Masters of so much Wit and Judgment ? Especially
since any one who will but observe the vastness of
their Knowledge, the depth of their Penetration,
the solid principles of their Philosophy, their un-
weary'd Diligence, their capacity in unfolding Holy
Mysteries, the reasonableness of their inferences,
the nobleness of their Expressions, the beauty of
their Sentiments and Morals, cannot compare for
example, any Author to St. Austin, but Plato or Cicero.

* Man born a Liar cannot relish the plainness
and simplicity of Truth ; he is altogether for pomp
and ornament : Truth is not his own, 'tis made, as

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it were, to his hands, and descends to him from Heaven with all its perfections; and self-conceited Man is fond of nothing, but his own productions, fables and fictions: Observe the generality of Men, they'll invent a Tale, they'll add to it, and load it thro' folly and impertinence; ask even the honestest Man if his discourse is always strictly true, if he does not sometimes catch himself, either thro' Le-vity or Vanity, disquising the Truth; if to make a Story pass more current, he does not often add a false circumstance or two, which it may want to set it off. An accident happens now in your Neighbourhood, as it were under your Eye, you may hear it related by a hundred Persons a hundred different ways, yet whoever comes after them will make a new Story of it. How then shall I believe the relation of things, that were done so many Ages ago? What reliance shall I have upon the gravest Historians? And what is History? Was *Cæsar* mur-der'd in the Senate? Was there ever such a one as *Cæsar*? You laugh at the impertinence of such questions, such doubts and inferences you think not worth your answer; and indeed I can't but commend you for doing so: But should I suppose that the Book which gives us an account of *Cæsar* is not a prophane History, that it was not writ by a Man who is subject to lye, that it was not found by chance, and promiscuously amongst other Manuscripts, of which some are true, and others more doubtful; but that, on the contrary, it was inspir'd by God, that it bears the marks of Holiness and Di-vinity, that it has been kept for above two thousand years by an innumerable Society of Men, who all this while would not allow the least alteration to be made in it, and have made it a part of their Re-ligion to preserve it in all its purity, that these Men

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are by their own principles indispensably oblig'd to believe all the Transactions contain'd in that History, where *Cæsar* and his Dictatorship is mention'd; Own it, *Lucilius*, would you then question whether there ever was such a Man as *Cæsar*.

* All sorts of Musick are not fit for the praises of God, and becomes not the Sanctuary; all kinds of Philosophy are not fit for the discoursing worthily of God, his Power, the Principles of his Operations, or his holy Mysteries: The more abstracted and notional, the more vain and useless it is, in explaining these things, which require no more than right Reason to be understood to a certain pitch, and which cannot be explain'd at all beyond it: To pretend to give an exact account of the Essence of God, of his Perfections, and if I dare so to speak of his Actions, is indeed going beyond the ancient Philosophers, the Apostles themselves, or the first Teachers of the Gospel, but not so prudent an Undertaking as theirs: Such pretenders may dig long and dig deep, but never be the nearer to the Springs of Truth; If once they set aside the words Goodness, Mercy, Justice and Omnipotence, which are apt to form in our Minds so lovely and so majestick an Idea of the Divinity, let them afterwards strain their Imaginations never so much, they will find nothing but dry, barren and fenceless expressions to make use of; they must admit of wild and empty notions, must be singular in their fancies, or at least, must attain to a sort of ingenious subtily, which by degrees will make them lose their Religion, as fast they improve in the knowledge of their new Metaphysics.

* What excesses will not Men be transported to by their zeal for Religion, which yet they are as far from believing, as they are from practising!

* That same Religion which men will defend so zealously, and with so much heat and animosity, against those who are of a different perswasion, is incroach'd upon by themselves, who, fond of their own peculiar notions, add or diminish from it in their minds a thousand things, sometimes very material, according as it suits best with their conveniences; and having thus wholly alter'd the frame of it, remain steadfast and unmoveable in these their perswasions. So that, to speak vulgarly, one may say, of a Notion, that it has but one manner of Worship and one Religion; but properly speaking, it really has many, and almost every individual Man in it has one of his own.

* If Religion be nothing but a respectful fear of God, what shall we think of those who dare affront him in his representatives on Earth, Kings and Princes?

* Were we assur'd that the secret intent of the Ambassadors, who came lately from *Siam*, was to perswade the Most Christian King to renounce Christianity, and to admit their *Talapoins* into his Kingdom to creep into Houses, in order to allure by their discourses, our Wives, our Children, and our selves to the principles of their Religion; to suffer them to build *Pagodes* amongst us, for the worshiping their Golden Images; with what scorn and derision should we hear the relation of such a ridiculous Enterprize? Yet we think little of sailing six thousand leagues thro the vast Ocean in order to bring over to Christianity the Kingdoms of *India*, *Siam*, *Chian* or *Japan*; that is with an intent, which in the Eyes of all these Nations, is full as ridiculous and impertinent: Yet they protect their Priests and Religious, they give attention sometimes to their discourses, they suffer them to build Churches,

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and to perform all the Duties of their Mission : From whence proceeds such a temper both in them and us ? Would not one think it came from that Force, which Truth generally carries along with it ?

* 'Tis not proper for all Men to set up for Hospitality, to have all the common Beggars of the Parish daily crowding at their Door, and not to suffer one to go home empty : But what Man is there who is not sensible of the more secret wants of some body or other, which he is able to relieve by his intercession to others, at least, if not immediately out of his own Pocket ? In the same manner all Men are not qualify'd for the Pulpit, or fit publickly to deliver their Doctrine and Exhortations ; but what Man is there, who at some time or other, does not meet with some Libertine, whom he may attempt to reclaim by his private discourses, and friendly admonitions ? Should a Man make but one Convert through the whole course of his Life, he cou'd not be said to have bestow'd his time in vain, or to have been a useless burden on the Earth.

* There are two Worlds, one we already dwell in, but must leave so as never to return ; the other we must shortly be transported to, there to abide for ever. Interest, Authority, Friends, Reputation and Riches are most useful in the first ; the despising of all these things is most useful for the next. Now which of them had a Man best to chuse ?

* Who has liv'd one day has liv'd an Age, still the same Sun, the same Earth, the same World, the same Enjoyments, nothing more like this day than to-morrow : Death only would be new to us, which is but an exchange of this bodily state, for one that is all Spiritual. But Man, tho' so greedy of Novelties, has no curiosity for this ; tho' unsettled in his Mind, and still growing weary

The Characters, or

of whatever he enjoys, he never thinks his Life too long, and would perhaps consent to live for ever: What he sees of Death makes a deeper impression on his Mind than what he knows of it, Pain, Sickness, the Grave make him out of conceit with knowing another World: And the strongest motives of Religion can but just bring him to receive his doom with submission.

* Had God left it to our choice to dye, or to live for ever; and did we consider how dismal it is for a Man to see no end to his Poverty, Subjection, Sickness or Sorrow; or at best, to enjoy Riches, Greatness, Health, and Pleasure, with an absolute necessity of exchanging them shortly for their contraries, by the continual Vicissitude of times, and thus to be tost to and fro by the wheel of Fortune, betwixt Happiness and Misery, it would pose any one to make a choice. Nature having ty'd us to the former, saves us the labour of chusing; and the necessity of dying is made easy by Religion.

* If my Religion be false, it is a snare at least, which I must own, to be laid with such temptations, that I could not avoid rushing into it, and being intangl'd by it. What Majesty, what Glory in its Mysteries! What a connexion in all the several prts of its Doctrine! How very rational is it! How candid and innocent in its Morals! Who can stand against the strength of so many millions of Witnesses, the most moderate and the wisest of Men, who during three whole Ages succeeded one another, and whom the sense of the same Truth, so constantly supported in their Exiles, in the darkest Dungeons, the most painful Torments, and even in Death itself? Take, set open History, run it over thro all its parts; take it from the beginning of the

the World, and even from before that, if you can ; was there ever any thing like this ? Could all the power of God himself have laid a fitter Plot to deceive me ? How then should I escape ? Whither shou'd I run ? And how should I find any thing that's better ? Nay, that is but half so good ? If I must Perish, 'tis this way I will Perish : Denying the Being of a God, wou'd indeed suit my inclinations much better, than suffering my self to be deluded, tho by so plausible and so specious a pretence : But I have examin'd thoroughly, have endeavour'd all I cou'd, and still want the power to be an Atheist ; This then must be my doom, and I am forc'd again to stick to my Religion.

* Religion is either true or false ; if false, the Religious Man, and the strict observer of all the precepts of self-denial, ventures no more than just the loss of Threescore years, which I will allow to be foolishly bestow'd : But if true, the vicious Man is of all Men most miserable ; and I tremble at the very thoughts of what unutterable and incomprehensible torments I see him daily heaping upon himself. Tho the truth of Religion was much less demonstrated than it really is, certainly there is no prudent Man but would chuse to be virtuous.

* Those who dare deny the Being of a God, hardly deserve that one shou'd strive to demonstrate it to them, or at least that one shou'd argue with them with more seriousness than I have done hitherto ; they are for the generality so ignorant, that they are unqualify'd for the understanding of the clearest Principles, and of the truest and most natural Inferences : Yet I am willing to offer to their reading what follows, provided they don't fancy, that it is all that can be said upon the subject of so noble and so perspicuous a Truth.

Forty years ago I was not, neither was it in my power ever to be, any more than now that I am, it is in my power to cease from being; my existence therefore had its beginning, and is now continu'd to me, thro the influence of something which is without me, and will subsist after me, which is better and more powerful than I am; now if that something is not God, let me but know what it is.

I exist: But this existence of mine proceeds, perhaps, you'll say, from the power only of an universal Nature, which has been seen such as we see it now from all Eternity; But this Nature is either only spiritual, and then 'tis God; or only material, and consequently cou'd not create that part of my Being which is spiritual, my Soul; or else it is a compound of Spirit and Matter: And then that part of Nature, which you say is Spirit, is that which I call God.

Again: Perhaps you'll add, that what I call my Soul, is nothing but a part of matter, which subsists thro the Power of an universal Nature, which also is material, which always was, and ever will be such, as we see it now, and which is not God: But at least you must grant, that what I call my Soul, let it be what it will, is something which thinks, and that if it is Matter, it is such Matter as thinks; for you can never beat it into me, that at the time I am thus arguing, there is not something within me that thinks. Now this something, since you will have it to owe its Being and its Preservation to an universal Nature, which always was, and ever will be, which it always acknowledges as its first cause, it necessarily follows, that this universal Nature either thinks, or is nobler and more perfect than that which thinks; and if Nature thus describ'd is Matter, then it must be

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an universal Matter that thinks, or which is nobler and more perfect than that which does think.

I proceed further, and say, that such an universal Matter, if it be not a Chymerical, but a real Being, may be perceiv'd by some of our senses ; and that if it cannot be discover'd in itself, it may be known at least thro the various order of its different parts, which forms all Bodies, and makes the difference betwixt 'em. Matter, then, is itself all these different Bodies ; now since, according to the supposition, Matter is a being which thinks, or is better than that which thinks, it follows, that it is such in some of these Bodies at least, and consequently in the Stones, in Minerals, in the Earth, in the Sea, in my self, who am but a Body as well as in all its other parts : I am then beholding for this something, which thinks within me, and which I call my Soul, to all these gross, earthly and bodily parts, which being laid together make up this universal matter, or this visible World ; which is absurd.

If, on the contrary, this universal Nature, let it be what it will, is not all those Bodies, nor any of these Bodies, it follows that it is not Matter, and cannot be perceiv'd by any of our senses : And if notwithstanding this, it has the faculty of thinking, or is more perfect than that which has the faculty of thinking, I still conclude that it is Spirit, or something better and more perfect than Spirit ; now if that which thinks within me, and which I call my Soul, not finding its principal in its self, and much less in Matter, as has been just now demonstrated, is forc'd to acknowledge this universal Nature to be the first Cause, and the only Spring from whence it derives its Being, I will not dispute about words ; but this Original Spring of all spiritual Beings,

Beings, which is it self Spirit, or which is beetter than Spirit, is that which I call God.

In a word, I think, therefore there is a God; for that which thinks within me is not a gift, which I can pretend to have bestow'd on my self, since it was no more in my power to be the Author of it at first, than it is now to be the preserver of it for one minute: And I receiv'd it not from a Being which is superiour to me, and which is material, since it's impossible for Matter to be superiour to that whlch thinks; from whence it follows, that I must have ueceiv'd it from a Being which is superiour to me, and which is not material; and that superiour Being is God.

* From the inconsistence of an universal Nature which thinks, with any thing that is material, must necessarily be inferr'd, that any paticular Being which thinks, cannot admit of any thing material; for tho an Universal Being which thinks, does in its Idea include infinitely more Power, Independence and Capacity, than that of a particular Being which thinks, yet it does not imply a greater inconsistence with Matter; it being impossible for this inconsistence to be the greatest in either, because it is, as it were, infinite in both; and it is as impossible, that what thinks within me, should be Matter, as it is conceivable that God should be Matter: As God therefore is a Spirit, so my Soul also is a Spirit.

* I cannot positively know whether a Dog is Master of memory, love, fear, imagination or thought, of the faculty of chusing, &c. When therefore I am told that those actions in a Dog, which seem'd to be the effect of either posession or sentiment, proceed naturally and without choice, from the disposition of the material parts of its Body,

Body, which, like Clock-work, put it under an absolute necessity of moving thus, I may perhaps acquiesce in this Doctrine: But as for me, I think, and I certainly know that I think ; now if one considers this or that disposition of material parts, which altogether make up what Body you please, that is, an extent, which wants no dimensions, which has length, breadth and depth, which may be divided in all these respects ; pray what proportion is there betwixt such an extent and that which thinks ?

* If all things are Matter, and if thinking in me, as well as in all other Men, is an effect only of the disposition of the parts of Matter, what brought into the World a notion absolute foreign from the Idea of any thing that is material ? Can Matter produce so pure, so simple, so immaterial an Idea, as that we have a Spirit ? Can Matter be the principle of that which denies and excludes itself from its own Being ? How is it in Man that which thinks, that is, that which is a conviction to Man that he is not material ?

* There are Beings which last not long, because they are made up of things which differ much in their nature, and are destructive to each other : There are others more lasting, because they are more simple, but they perish at last, being made up of several parts, into which they may be divided. That which thinks within me must needs last very long, since it is a very pure Being, free from all mixture and composition ; and there is no reason why it should perish, for what can corrupt or devide a simple Being, which has no parts ?

* The Soul sees colours thro the Organ of the Eye, and hears sounds thro the Organ of the Ear, but it may cease either from seeing or hearing,

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when those fences, or those objects are remov'd, and yet not cease from being, because the Soul is not properly that which sees or hears, it is only that which thinks : Now how can it cease from being such ? It cannot thro the want of Organs, since it has been prov'd that it is not material ; nor that the want of Objects, as long as there is of God and eternal Truths ; it is then incorruptible.

I cannot conceive that a Soul, with God has fill'd with the Idea of his infinite and all-perfect Being must be annihilated.

* Observe, *Lucilius*, this spot of ground, which for neatness and ornament exceeds the other Lands about it ; here are the finest Fountains and the most curious Water works you ever saw, there endless Walks, shelter'd from all cold Winds and lim'd with fruitful Pallisadoes ; on this side a thick and shady Grove, on the other an admirable Prospect ; a little lower a Rivulet, whose Stream running amongst the Willows and Poplars, was once hardly taken notice of, is now become a famous Canal, and its banks supported with Freestone ; and yonder those long and shady Avenues lead you to a noble Seat, surrounded with Water. Will you say this is the effect of Chance ? Will you suppose that all these things met together accidentally ? No certainly, you would rather commend the order, the disposition of them, the judgment and skill of the ingenious Contriver. My thoughts would be the same with yours, and I would suppose this must be the dwelling of one of those Men, who from the very minute they get into place, think on nothing but on the laying the Foundation of some great and sumptuous Palace : Yet what is this piece of ground so order'd, and on the beautifying of which all the art of the most skilfu

skilful Workmen have been employ'd, if the whole Earth is but an Atome hanging in the Air, and if you'll but hear what I am going to say?

You are plac'd, *Lucilius*, on some part of this Atome; you must needs be very little since you hold there so little room; yet you have Eyes imperceptible like two points, open them however towards the Heavens; What do you sometimes perceive there? Is it the Moon when at the full? 'Tis radiant then and very beautiful, tho all its light be but the reflection of the Sun's; it appears as large as the Sun it self, larger than the other Planets, than any of the Stars; but be not deceiv'd by outward appearance: Nothing in the Heavens is so little as the Moon, its Superficies exceeds not the thirteenth part, its Solidity not the eight and fortieth part, and its Diameter, which is two thousand two hundred and fifty Miles, not a quarter part of the Diameter of the Earth: And the truth is, that which makes it so great in appearance is its proximity only, its distance from us being no more than thirty times the Diameter of the Earth, or three hundred thousand Miles. Nay, and its course is nothing, in comparrson of the prodigious long race of the Sun, thro the spacious Firmament; for it is certain, it runs not above fifteen hundred and twenty thousand Miles a day, which is not above sixty seven thousand five hundred Miles an hour, or one thousand one hundred and five and twenty in a minute; and yet to compleat this Course, it must run five thousand six hundred times faster than a Race Horse that goes twelve Miles an hour, it must be eighty times swifter than the sound, than the report, for example, of a Cannon, or of the Thunder, which flies eight hundred and one and thirty Miles an hour. But

But if you will oppose the Moon to the Sun with respect to its greatness, its distance, or its course, you shall find there is no comparison to be made betwixt 'em. Remember only that the Diameter of the Earth is nine thousand Miles, that of the Sun's a hundred times as large, which is nine hundred thousand Miles; now if this be the breadth of it every way, judge you what its Superficies, what its Solidity must be. Do you apprehend the vastness of this extent, and that a Million of such Globes as the Earth being laid together, would not exceed the Sun in bigness? How great will you cry, must then the distance of it be, if one may judge of it by its smallness in appearance? 'Tis true, it is prodigiously great; it is demonstrated that the Sun's distance from the Earth, can be no less than ten thousand times the Diameter of the Earth; or, which is all one, than ninety millions of Miles: It may be four times, perhaps six times, perhaps ten times as much, for ought we know; there is no method found out for the determining this Distance.

Now, for the help of your apprehension, let us suppose a Mill-stone falling from the Sun upon the Earth, let it come down with all the swiftness imaginable, and even swifter than the heaviest body's falling from never so high; let us also suppose that it preserves always the same swiftness, without acquiring a greater, or losing from that it already has; that it advances forty yards every second, which is half the height of the highest Steeple, and consequently two thousand four hundred yards in a minute; but to facilitate this computation, allow it to be two thousand six hundred and forty yards, which if a Mile and half, its fall will be three Miles in two Minutes, ninety Miles in an hour

hour, and two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in a day ; now it must fall ninety millions of miles before it comes down to the Earth, so that it can't be less than forty one thousand six hundred and sixty six days, which is above one hundred and forty years, in performing this Journey : Let not all this fright you, *Lucilius*, I'll tell you more. The distance of *Saturn* from the Earth is at least ten times as much as the Sun's, so that it is no less than nine hundred thousand millions of miles, and that this Stone would be above eleven hundred and forty years in falling down from *Saturn* to the Earth.

Now by this elevation of *Saturns*, raise your imagination so high, if you can, as to conceive the immensity of his daily course ; the Circle which *Saturn* describes, has above eighteen hundred millions of miles diameter, and consequently above five thousand four hundred millions of miles circumference ; so that a Race Horse, which I'll suppose to run thirty miles an hour, must be twenty thousand five hundred and forty eight years in taking this round.

I have not said all, *Lucilius*, than can be said on the Miracle of this visible World ; or, to speak more like your self, on the wonders of Chance, which alone you allow to be the first cause of all things ; it is still more wonderful in its operations than you imagin ; Learn what Chance is, Suffer your self to be inform'd of all the Power of your God. Do you know that this distance of the Sun from the Earth, which is ninety millions of miles, and that of *Saturn*, which is nine hundred millions of miles, are so inconsiderable, if oppos'd to that of the other Stars, that no comparison can express the true measure of the latter ; for indeed

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what proportions is there betwixt any thing that can be measur'd, let its extent be what it will, and that which is impossible to be measur'd ? The heighth of a Star cannot be known, it is, if I may so speak, immeasurable. All Angels, Sines and Paralaxes become useles, if one goes about to compute it : Should one Man observe a fix'd Star, from *Paris*, and another from *Japan*, the two lines that wou'd reach from their Eyes to that Star, wou'd make no Angel at all, but wou'd be confounded together, and make up one and the same Line, so inconsiderable is the space of the whole Earth, in comparison of that distance ; but the Stars have this in common with *Saturn* and the *Sun*, and I should say somthing more : If then two Astronomers should stand, the one of the Earth, and the other in the *Sun*, and from thence should observe one Star at the same time, the two visual rays of these two Astronomers would not form a sensible Angle : But that you may conceive the same thing another way ; should a Man be plac'd on one of the Stars, this *Sun*, this *Earth*, and the ninety millions of miles that are betwixt 'em, would seem to him but as one point. This is demonstrated.

Nor is the distance known betwixt any two Stars, tho they appear never so near one another ; you would think, if you judg'd by your Eye, the *Pleiades* almost touch'd one another ; there is a Star seems to be plac'd on one of those which make the the Tail of the *Great bear*, your sight can hardly perceive that part of the Heavens which divides them, they make together as it were but one double Star ; yet if the most skilful Astronomers cannot with all their Art find out their distance from each other, how far asunder must two Stars be which

which appear remote from one another? And how much farther yet the two Polar Stars? How prodigious the length of that Line, which reaches from one to the other? How immense the Circle of which this Line is the Diameter? How unathomable the Solidity of the Globe, of which this Circle is but a Section? Shall we still wonder that these Stars, tho so exceeding great, seem no larger to us than so many Sparks? Shall we not rather admire that from so vast a height they should preserve the least appearance of Bodies, and that they should be seen at all? And indeed, the quantity of them that is unseen is innumerable: 'Tis true, we limit the number of the Stars, but that is only of such Stars as are visible to us; for how should we number those we cannot see? Those, for example, which make up the *Via Lactea*, that trace of Light, which in a clear Night, you may observe on the Sky from North to South; those, I say, which being by their extraordinary height so far out of the reach of our Eyes, that we cannot distinguish every individual Star among 'em, give a white cast only to that part of the Heavens they are plac'd in?

Behold then the Earth on which we tread, it hangs loose like a grain of Sand in the Air: A multitude of fiery Globes, the vastness of whose bulk confounds my Imagination, and whose height exceeds the reach of my Conceptions, all perpetually rowling round this grain of Sand, have been for above this six thousand years, and are still daily crossing the wide, the immense spaces of the Heavens: Or if you desire another, and yet as wonderful a System; the Earth it self is turning round the Sun, which is the center of the Universe, with an inconceivable swiftness: Methinks I see

the motion of all these Globes, the orderly march of these prodigious Bodies ; they never disorder, never hit, never touch one another ; should but the least of them happen to start aside, and to run against the Earth, what must become of the Earth ? But on the contrary, all keep their respective stations, remain in the order prescrib'd to them, follow the Tracts which are laid before them ; and this, at least, with respect to us, is done with so little noise, that the Vulgar knows not that there are such Bodies. Oh the strange and wonderful Oeconomy of Chance ! Could Intelligence it self have done any thing beyond this ? One only thing I cannot understand, *Lucilius*. These vast Bodies are so constant in their Courses, in their Revolutions, and their relations to each other, that a little Animal, confin'd to a corner of that wide space, which is call'd the World, having made his Observations on them, has contriv'd an exact and an infallible method of foretelling in what degree of their respective Courses every one of these Stars will be two thousand, four thousand, nay, twenty thousand years hence. Here lies my scruple, *Lucilius* : If it be by Chance that they observe such constant Rules, what is Order, and what are Rules ?

Nay, I'll ask you what is Chance ? Is it a Body ? Is it a Spirit ? Is it a Being which you distinguish from all other Beings, which has a particular existence, or which resides in any place ? Or rather, is it not a mode or a fashion of Being ? When a Bowl runs against a Stone, we are apt to say, 'tis a chance ; but is it any thing more than the accidental hitting of these Bodies one against the other ? If by this chance, or this knock, the Bowl changes its strait course into an oblique one ; if its direct motion becomes more contracted ; if ceasing from

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rowing on its Axis, it winds and whirls like a Top, shall I from thence infer, that motion in general proceeds in this Bowl from this same chance? Shall I not rather suspect that the Bowl owes it to it self, or to the impulse of the Arm that threw it? Or because the circular motions of the Wheels of a Clock are limited, the one by the other in their degrees of swiftness, shall I be less curious in examining what may be the cause of all these motions? Whether it lies in the Wheels themselves, or is deriv'd from the moving faculty of a weight that gives 'em the swing? But neither these Wheels nor this Bowl cou'd produce this motion in themselves, and it does not lie in their own nature, if they can be depriv'd of it without changing this nature; it is therefore likely, that they are mov'd some other way, and thro a Foreign Power: And as for the Celestial Bodies, if they should be depriv'd of their motion, would therefore their nature be alter'd? Would they cease from being Bodies? I can't believe they would: Yet they move, and since they move not of themselves, nor by their own nature, one would examine, *Lucilius*, whether there is not some principle without 'em, that causes this motion. Whatever you find it, I call it God.

Should we suppose these great Bodies to be indeed without motion, I shou'd not then ask who moves 'em, but I should still be allow'd to enquire who made them, as I may examine who made these Wheels, or this Bowl; and tho each of these Bodies was suppos'd to be but a heap of Atomes, which have accidentally knit themselves together thro the figure and conformity of their Parts, I shou'd take one of those Atomes, and should say, Who created this Atome? Is it Matter? Is it Spirit? Had it any Idea of it self? If so, then it existed

a minute before it did exist ; it was and it was not at the same time ; and if it be the Author of its own Being, and of its manner of Being, why did it make it self a Body rather than a Spirit ? Orelse had this Atome no beginning ? Is it Eternal ? Is it Infinite ? Will you make a God of this Atome ?

* The Mite has Eyes, and turns aside if it meets with such Objects as may be hurtful to it ; place it on any thing that is black, for the help of your observation, and if, while it is walking, you lay but the least bit of Straw in its way, you will see it alter its course immediately : And can you think that the Crystalline humour, the *Retina*, and the Optick Nerve, all which convey sight to this little Animal, are the product of Chance ?

One may observe in a drop of Water, that a little Pepper, which has been steep'd in it, has excited the thirst of an infinite number of small Animals, whose Figure may be perceiv'd with the help of a Magnifying Glafs, and who are mov'd to and fro with an incredible swiftness, like so many Monsters in the wide Ocean ; each of these small Animals is a thousand times less than a Mite, and yet is a Body that lives, that receives nourishment, that grows, that must not only have Muscles, but such Vessels also as are equivalent to Veins, Nerves and Arteries, and a Brain to make a distribution of its Animal Spirits.

A bit of any thing that is mouldy, tho it be no bigger than a grain of Sand, appears thro a Microscope like a heap of many Plants, of which, some are plainly seen to bear Flowers, and other Fruits, some have had Buds only, and others are wither'd. How extreamly small must be the Roots and Fibres thro which, these little Plants receive their nourishment ? And if one considers that these Plants bear

bear their own Seed as well as Oaks or Pines, or that those small Animals I was speaking of, are multiply'd by Generation, as well as Elephants and Whales, whither will not such Observations lead one? Who could work all these things which are so fine, so exceeding small, that no Eye can perceive 'em, and that they, as well as the Heavens border upon Infinity it self, tho in the other extream? Would not one think it was the same Being who made, and who moves with so much ease, the Heavens and the Stars, those vast bodies which are so wonderful in their bigness, their elevation, their swiftness, and the prodigious extent of their courses?

* Man enjoys the Sun, the Stars, the Heavens and their influences, as much as he does the Air he breathes, and the Earth on which he treads, and by which he is supported: This is matter of Fact, and if besides the fact, I were to prove the probability of the thing, and that it is fitting he should do so, I might easily make it out, since the Heavens, and all that's contain'd in them, are not to be compar'd in nobleness and dignity, with one of the meanest Men on Earth; and since there can be no more proportion betwixt them, than what is betwixt Matter, which is destitute of Sensation, and is only an extent according to three dimensions, and a Spiritual, a Reasonable, or an Intelligent Being. If any one says that less than all these things might have serv'd for the Glory of God, and for the magnifying of his Power, his Goodness, and his Magnificence, since let his Works be never so great and wonderful, they might still have been infinitely greater.

The whole World, if it be made for Man, is, in a literal sence, the least thing that God has done

for Man, the proof of which may be drawn from Religion. Man is therefore neither presumptuous nor vain, when submitting to the evidence of Truth, he owns the advantages he has receiv'd, and might be tax'd with blindness and stupidity, did he refuse to yield himself convinc'd thro the multitude of proofs which Religion lays before him, to shew him the greatness of his Priviledges, the certainty of his Refuge, the reasonableness of his Hopes, and to teach him what he is, and what he may be. Ay, but the Moon is inhabited, at least we dont know but it may. To how little purpose is it you talk of the Moon, *Lucilius*? If you own there is a God, nothing indeed is impossible. But do you design to ask whether it is on us alone that God has bestow'd such great Blessings? Whether there are not other Men, or other Creatures in the Moon, whom also he has made the objects of his Bounty? To so vain a curiosity, to so trifolous a question, let me answer, *Lucilius*, that the Earth is inhabited, we are the Inhabitants of it, and we know that we are so, we have Proofs, Demonstrations and Convictions, for all that we are to believe of God and of our selves. Let the Nations who inhabit the Celestial Globes, whatever those Nations are, be mindful of their own concerns; they have their cares, and we have ours. You have observ'd the Moon, *Lucilius*; you have found its spots, its depths, its ruggedness, its elevation, its extent, its course and its Eclipses, no Astronomer has yet done more: Now contrive some new and more exact Instruments; observe it again, and see whether it is inhabited, what are its Inhabitants? Whether they are like Men? or whether they are really Men? Let me look after you, and let us both be convinc'd that there are Men who inhabit the Moon, and then, *Lucilius*, we'll

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consider whether those Men are Christians, or no ; and whether God has given them an equal share of his Favours with us.

* Many Millions of Years, nay, many Thousand Millions of Years ; in a word, as many as can be comprehended within the limits of Time, are but an instant, being compar'd with the duration of God, who is Eternal : The spaces of the whole Universe are but a point of an Atome, being compar'd with his Immensity : If it be so, as I affirm it is, for what proportion can there be between what is finite and what is infinite ? I ask what is the course of a Man's Life, or what the extent of that grain of Sand, which is call'd the Earth ; nay, of a small part of that Earth which Man inhabits and enjoys ? The wicked are prosperous, while they live : Yes, some of them are, I own ; Virtue is oppres'd, and Vice remains unpunish'd : It happens so sometimes, 'tis true. This is then an Injustice : No, not at all. You should have prov'd, to draw this conclusion, that the Wicked are absolutely happy, the Virtuous absolutely depriv'd of happiness, and Vice absolutely and always remains unpunish'd ; that the short time in which the Good are oppres'd, and the Wicked prosperous, should at least have a duration ; that what we call prosperity and good fortune, should be something more than a false appearance, or a vain shadow which vanishes away ; that this Atome, the Earth, in which Virtue and Vice so seldom meet with their deserts, should be the only Stage, on which they are to receive Rewards and Punishments.

I can't infer more clearly, from my thinking that I am Spirit, that I conclude from what I do, or do not, according as I please, that I am free : Now freedom is the power of chusing, or of ta-

king a voluntary determination towards good or evil, so that the doing good or evil is what we call Virtue or Vice: For Vice to remain absolutely unpunish'd would be an Injustice, 'tis true. For Vice to remain unpunish'd on Earth is a mystery only; yet, let us, with the Atheist, suppose that an Injustice too. All Injustice is a negation or a privation of Justice, therefore all Injustice supposes a Justice: All Justice is a conformity to a sovereign Reason. I'll ask you then, whether it has not ever been just that Vice shou'd be punish'd? Yes certainly, and the denying of it would be as ridiculous, as if one shou'd pretend to say, that a Triangle has not three Angles. Now all conformity to Reason is a Truth: This conformity, as I said just now, always was. It may then be included in the number of what we call eternal Truths: But this Truth either is not and cannot be, or else it is the object of a knowledge. This knowledge therefore is eternal, and this eternal knowledge is God.

The most secret crimes are discover'd so easily, notwithstanding all the care that has been taken to prevent their being brought to light; and such discoveries seem to result so naturally, even from the darkest Plots, that the Authors of those crimes could invent, to hide their guilt, that one would think nothing but God cou'd have produc'd those unexpected events: The number of these discoveries is so great, that those who are pleas'd to attribute them to Chance, must own at least, that from all Ages the effects of Chance have been most wonderful.

* If you suppose that every Man on Earth, without exception, is rich, and wants nothing, I'll infer from thence, that there is never a Man on Earth but what is poor, and wants every thing: There are

are but two sorts of Riches, which comprehend all the rest, Money and Land ; if all were rich, who would be a Husbandman to cultivate the Earth? Or who would dig and rip up its Bowels to find out Gold or Silver? Those who live remote from any place where Gold and Silver lies, could not dig for Gold and Silver, and those who inhabit barren Lands, which produce nothing but Minerals, could hardly reap any Fruits ; Ay, but Trade, it is to be suppos'd, would supply both one and the other: But should all Men abound in Riches, so that none were under a necessity of living by labour, who would be troubl'd with transporting from one place to another, your Gold, your Silver, or any thing that were bought or barter'd? Who would fit out your Ships? Who would take care of conducting of them to their respective Ports? Who would travel in Caravans? Even Necessaries, and the most useful things would then be wanting by every one : To banish necessity from the Earth, were to bid adieu to all Arts and Sciences, all Inventions and Handicrafts ; besides, such an equality amongst Men, as to their Riches and Possessions, would occasion the like, as to their ranks in the World ; would banish all subordination, and wou'd reduce Men to have no Servants but themselves, to receive no help, nor succour from each other, wou'd make Laws frivolous and uselefs, would draw after it an universal Anarchy, would produce Violence, Injuries, Murders and Impunity.

If on the other hand, you suppose all Men to be poor and indigent, in vain the Sun enlightens our Horizon ; in vain it warms the Earth and renders it fruitful ; in vain the Heavens pour out their influences on it ; in vain the Rivers water it with their streams ; in vain the Fields abound with Fruits ; in

in vain the Sea, the Rocks, and the Mountains are ransack'd and rifl'd of their Treasure. But if you grant that, of all Men who are scatter'd throughout the World, some are rich and others poor, necessity then must reconcile, unite and bind them together; some must serve and obey, some must labour and cultivate the Earth; some must contrive and invent, some improve and bring those Inventions to perfection; others must rule, protect, assist, communicate and enjoy. Order is restor'd, and Providence appears.

* Should you suppose Power, Idleness and Pleasure to be the share of some Men only, and Subjection, Care and Misery the lot of all the rest, either the malice of Men must have remov'd all these things from their natural place, or else God himself must want Prudence.

Some inequality in the Conditions of Men, for order and subordinations sake, is the Work of God, and demonstrates a Divine Law: Too great a disproportion, and such as is generally seen amongst them, is their own Work, and is only the Law of force and violence.

Extreams are vicious, and proceed from Men: Compensation is just, and proceeds from God.

* If these Characters do not take, I wonder they should not; but if they take, I wonder they shou'd.

F I N I S.

A N
Original C H A P T E R
O F T H E
Manner of L I V I N G
W I T H
G R E A T M E N.

After the Method of
Monfr. *de la Brayere.*

DISTINCTION of Rank is highly necessary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never call'd in Question but by *Barbarians* and *Enthusiasts*.

A just Consideration for the several Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have plac'd them above us, is useful, not only to the correcting of our Manners and keeping our Common

Conversation in the bounds of Politeness and Civility, but has ev'n a better Consequence, in disposing the Mind to a Religious Humility.

In observing Step by Step the several Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive insensibly at last, to the Contemplation of the suprem Perfection.

It has been said, that inequality of Conditions is a Bar to Friendship; but why are not the Links of a Chain continu'd as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally.

Most Men are indeed rather inclin'd to live in the terms of Civility than Friendship; it is sufficient for their Interest to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Ease to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themselves.

There are some People that naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the happiness of their fellow Creatures; but how Rare!

If there cannot be what is call'd Friendship between a Great and a Private Man, there may be something almost equivolet to it, while there is Benificence on one part, and Gratitude on the other.

Crito must be a miserable Man, who never was known to have a Friend ev'n among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of these three Qualities would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He has not good Nature.

Faulness is Affable, just to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but those that are so to Vertue and to their Country; he has Friends amongst those of his own Rank, and Followers amongst his Inferiors, that take a Pleasure in his Protection. He has good Nature.

A Great Man, who has a delicate Understanding, cannot find a sufficient number for his Conversation among those of his own Quality.

Aristus is a great Genius for Politicks; and he finds among the Ministry, Heads capable of forming the greatest and wisest Designs. 'Tis with them he concert's what is for the Advantage of his Prince an Country. But he has a Taste for Musick, Painting and Sculpture; he is perfectly a Master of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuses to spend whole Days with *Lycidas*, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Industry have given what they could give.

Lycidas was born with great Advantages for Knowledge; he has improv'd those Advantages; he has a Wit admirably well turn'd; a sound and exact Judgment; he thinks, speaks and writes with the utmost Politeness; and with all these, he has so much Gentleness in his Nature, and Sweetness in his Manners, that one should love him, though it were possible he might be a Fool. In short, it is necessary to a Great Man that would be compleatly happy, to have such a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of Great Men, is like going into the other World; you ought to stay till you are call'd.

What impatience have some People to press into Conversations, where it is impossible they should be easie.

Bupalus was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords.

Fupalus might have liv'd well with any sort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleasant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Conversation, but then he is variable; he has lov'd and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is Violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a Mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have had a good time of it in his Reign.

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me.

What Slavery is it to a Ridiculous Vanity to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Peace, what Ease, what Happiness does a Man forgo, who might be us'd as he pleases amongst his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them to be of their Opinion, or at least that those who depend upon 'em, should submit blindly to their Notions of right and wrong; this is a Privilege we don't allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be follow'd; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*.

————— *Nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam proprius Contingri oportet.*

But

But we have an unlucky Proverb against 'em in English.

The nearer the Church (or Court) the further from God (and it may be) the Prince's Service.

Common Decency and good Manners requires a Deference to our Superiors, and if they have something in 'em insufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If one cannot bear the chattering of *Babylus*, his insipid *Gayety*, his perpetual ado with his Family, his History of their particular Honours, his *Peevishness*, his *Intrigues*, and his *Raillery*; there is one easie Remedy, shun him; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Bettters runs thro' most weak Understandings of all Ranks.

Go down in a Stage-Coach with the Parson's Wife, she tells you of all the Sirs and the Ladies in her Country, *How often she goes to see 'em*,
That they are continually sending for her,
How they bread their Sons — and what they give their Daughters: But my Lord Bishop's Lady does not live, if she is not once a Week at — And one odd thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, *He never went to the Assizes without her*.

So the He and She Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Cousin, my Lord Mayor's Cousin's Cousin, &c.

Beneficence seems to be so inseparable from true Greatness, that one might, not unaptly, desire it, a large Power of doing Good, and if the

Will

Will is not inclined to the exercise of that Power, it had as good not be, as not to be put to its proper use.

Why should any one be called a Great Man, who is rarely serviceable to others, who seldom does good to the Unworthy? But the World imposes upon him and themselves too; they call him a Great Man, and he is not so.

Necessity makes some People bow; and Fear makes most People stand at a distance, and say nothing.

The Excesses and Vices of Great Men, set fatal and Ruinous Examples to their Inferiours, and one might wish, upon this Occasion, that their Acquaintance and Conversations were confin'd to one another.

Cleon is Noble, has a vast Estate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horses, and lives Magnificently. he leaves a plentiful Fortune and an easie Family behind him.

Dorilas is a private Man of a free and independant Condition; he lives like *Cleon*, he Mortgages his Estate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone, his Posterity curse him.

Great Men have many things which attract first our Admiration, and then our Affections, and some People live safely and pleasantly with them; but those who never converse with them, are exempt from the Power of many Passions, and are free from the Pains of many Afflictions.

All Humane Greatness had a beginning, it has sometimes been founded upon Honesty ; if I am charm'd with it, why should I not rather attempt to be one of those Great Ones, whose Condition I so much admire, than be contented with a second Place, a dependance upon 'em.

There is a Vertuous as well as a Vicious Desire of Greatness.

F I N I S.

THE
Moral Characters
O F
THEOPHRASTUS.
Made *English* from the *Greek*.
WITH A
Prefatory Discourse
CONCERNING
THEOPHRASTUS,

From the *French* of
Mons^r *De La Bruyere.*

London,
Printed in the Year, MDCCVII.

A

Prefatory Discourse CONCERNING *THEOPHRASTUS.*

ICannot conceive that a Man can entertain a more vain and ridiculous thought, than to imagine, that when he writes on any Art or Science, he shall be able to escape all sort of Censure, and obtain the good opinion of every Reader.

For, considering the differences of the Genius of Men, as strange as that of their Faces, which makes some relish speculation, other things that are practical; inclines some to turn over Books to exercise their Fancy, others to form their Judgment; and amongst Readers, some love the force of Demonstration, others to understand nicely, or form Ratiocinations and Conjectures. I confine my self only to that Science which describes Manners, examines Men, and discovers their Characters; and I dare say, that Works of this kind, which touch so near, and whose Subject is Men themselves, will not easily meet with a favourable reception.

Some

A Prefatory Discourse

Some of the Learned relish nothing but the Apothegms of the Ancients, and Examples drawn from the *Romans*, *Grecians*, *Persians* and *Egyptians*; the History of this present time is insipid to them, they are not at all toucht with Men that are about them, and with whom they live. They make no Observations on their Manners,

The Ladies and Courtiers, on the contrary, and all those who have a great deal of Wit without Learning, are very indifferent for those things that preceded them, and very eager after those that pass before their Eyes, and are as it were under their Hands; these they pry into, these they apprehend; they continually observe the Persons that are about them, are charm'd with the descriptions and representations that are made of their Contemporaries and fellow Citizens: In short, of those that resemble themselves, to whom yet they think they do not bear the least resemblance; insomuch, that those who instruct us from the Pulpit, often judge it expedient to neglect preaching solid Divinity, to gain Men by their own weakness, and reduce them to their Duty by things that please their Palate, and are within their comprehension.

The Court is ignorant of the affairs of the City, or by reason of the contemptible Opinion it has of it, does not endeavour to remove that prejudice, and is not the least toucht with the Images it might furnish; so on the contrary, the Court is represented, as it always is, full of Intrigues and Designs; the City does not draw enough from this description, to satisfie its curiosity, and to form a just Idea of a place, which can no otherwise be known but by living there; on the other side, it is not very natural for Men to agree about the Beauty or Delicacy of a Moral Treatise, which designs and

and paints themselves, and where they cannot avoid seeing their own Faces ; they fly into passion and condemn it ; they no longer approve the Satyr that bites severely, but when it keeps at a distance from them, and fixes its Teeth on some body else.

What probability is there to please all the different tastes of Men, by one single Tract of Morality ? Some search for Definitions, Divisions, Tables and Method ; these are desirous to have explain'd what Virtue is in general, and then every Virtue in particular ; what difference there is between Valour, Fortitude and Magnanimity ; the extreain Vices, either in defect or excess, betwixt whom each Virtue is plac'd, and of which of these two extreems it most participates : No other sort of Doctrine pleases them. Others are satisfy'd to have the Manners reduc'd to the Passions, and to demonstrate them by the motion of the Blood, by the Fibres and Arteries, they'll excuse an Author all the rest.

There are a third Clas, who are of opinion, that the whole Doctrine of Manners ought to tend to their Reformation ; to distinguish the good from the bad, and to discover what is vain, weak and ridiculous, from what is good, solid and commendable.

These solace themselves infinitely in the reading of Books, and taking for granted the Principles of Natural and Moral Philosophy repeated by the Ancients and Moderns, immediately apply themselves to the Manners of the Times, and correct Men by one another, by those Images of things that are so familiar to them, from whence nevertheless they are not capable of instructing themselves.

Such is the Treatise of the Characters of Manners, which *Theophrastus* has left us ; he collected

'em from the Ethicks, and great Morals of *Aristotle*, whose Scholar he was ; the excellent definitions, that are at the beginning of each Chapter, are establish'd on the Ideas and Principles of this great Philosopher, and the foundation of the Characters which are there describ'd, is taken from the same original ; it is true, he makes them more particular by the scope he gives them, and by his ingenious satyrizing the Greeks, but especially the *Athenians*.

This Book cannot be thought otherwise than the beginning of a greater, which *Theophrastus* had begun. The design of this Philosopher, as you may observe in his Preface, was to treat of all Virtues and Vices ; and as he himself assures you, he undertook this great Work at Ninety Nine Years of Age : It is probable that the shortness of his remaining Life hindred him from perfecting it. I own that the common Opinion is, that he liv'd above an hundred years, and St *Jerome*, in one of his Letters, which he wrote to *Nepotianus*, asserts that he dy'd full a hundred and seven years old ; so that I doubt not in the least, that it was an Ancient Error either in the Greek Numerical Letters, by which *Diogenes Laertius* computed, who reckon'd him to have liv'd but ninety five years, or in the first Manuscripts of this Historian ; if what others say is true, that the ninety nine years, which the Author ascribes to himself in the Preface, are exactly the same in four Manuscripts in the *Palaestine Library* ; where are also the five last Chapters of the Characters of *Theophrastus*, which are wanting in the old Editions ; and where are also two Titles, the one, *The Opinion the World has of the Vicious* ; the other, *Of Sordid Gain*, which are found alone, without Chapters.

The

concerning Theophrastus.

This Work is nothing but a Fragment, yet notwithstanding a precious remain of Antiquity, and a Monument of the vivacity of mind, and firm and solid Judgment of this Philosopher at so great an Age; it will always be a Masterpiece in its kind, there is nothing extant wherein the Attick taste is more remarkable, or the Grecian Eloquence more conspicuous; so that they call'd it a Golden Book: The Learned particularly observing the Diversity of Manners there treated of, and the natural way of expressing the Characters, and comparing it with that of the Poet *Menander*, a Scholar of *Theophrastus*, who serv'd afterwards for a Model for *Terence*; who in our days has been so happily imitated, cannot but discover in this little Work, the Original of all Comedy; I mean that which is free from all Quibbles, Obscenities and Puns, which is taken from Nature, and diverts both the Wise and Virtuous.

But to make the beauty of these Characters more conspicuous, and excite the Reader, perhaps it may not be improper, to say something concerning their Author. He was a Fullers Son of *Enesus*, a City in *Lesbos*; his first Master in his own Country was * *Leucippus* of the same place; from whence ^{Not} he went to *Plato's* School, and afterwards settl'd at *Leucippus Aristotle's*, where he soon distinguishes himself ^{the famous} from all the rest of the Scholars. His new Master ^{Philosopher} *Zeno's* charm'd with the readiness of his Wit, and sweet-ness of his Elocution, chang'd his Name which was *Tyrtamus*, to that of *Euphrastus*, which signifies one that talks well; but this name not sufficiently expressing the great estimation he had for the beauty of his Genius and Language, he call'd him *Theophrastus*, that is, one whose Language is Divine. Which agrees with *Cicero's* Sentiments of

A Prefatory Discourse

this Philosopher, in his Book Intitul'd *Brutus*, or *De Claris, Oratoribus*; who is more fertile and copious than Plato, more solid and substantial than Aristotle, more agreeable and smooth than Theophrastus? And in some of his Epistles to *Atticus*, he calls him his Friend, and says, that his Works were familiar to him, and the reading of them had afforded him abundance of Pleasure.

Aristotle relates concerning him and *Calisthenes*, another of his Scholars, what *Plato* before had said of *Aristotle* himself and *Xenocrates*; that *Calisthenes* had a dull Invention, and a sluggish Fancy, and that *Theophrastus*, on the contrary, was so vivacious, piercing and penetrating, that he would comprehend all that was to be known of a thing; that the one wanted Spurs to prick him forward, the other Reins to hold him in.

He was especially esteem'd for a Character of Sweetness, which equally reign'd in his Style and Conversation. It is said that *Aristotle's* Scholars, observing their Master grow in years, and of a weak Constitution, they begg'd of him to name his Successor, and as he had only two Persons in his School, on whom the choice could fall, *Menedemus* the * *Rhodian*, and *Theophrastus* the *Eresian*,

^{* There were two others of the same name, one a Cynick} out of a tender respect for him that he design'd to exclude, he declar'd himself after this manner.

^{Philosopher of the other a Scholar of Plato.} Pretending a little time after his Disciples had made this request to him, in their presence, that the Wine he commonly us'd was prejudicial to him, he order'd Wine to be brought him both of *Rhodes* and *Lesbos*, he drank of both of them, and said it was very evident what Country they were of, and that each in its kind was very excellent, the first was very strong, but that of *Lesbos* was more pleasant, and to that he gave the preference. Whatever *Aulus Gel-*

Gellius says in reference to this matter, 'tis certain, that when *Aristotle* was accus'd by *Eurimedon* a Priest of *Ceres*, for having spoken irreverently of the Gods, fearing the fate of *Socrates*, he left *Athens* and retir'd to *Chalcis*, a City of *Eubaea*; and left his School to a *Lesbian*, whom he intrusted with his Writings, on condition he should never make them publick; and 'tis to this *Theophrastus* that we are oblig'd for the Works of that great Man.

His Name became so famous thro all Greece, being Successor to *Aristotle*, that he could reckon soon after in the School that was left him near two thousand Scholars. He was envy'd by * *Sophocles*, * *Not the Son to Amphiclides*, at that time chief Magistrate, *Tragick Poet.* who out of Enmity to him, but under a Pretext of a regulation of Government, and to hinder publick Assemblies, made a Law which prohibited, under pain of Death, any Philosopher to teach in Schools. They all submitted to it, but the following Year *Philo* succeeding *Sophocles*, who was discharg'd his Office, the *Athenians* repeal'd this detestable Law, that the other had made, and laying a Fine of five Talents upon him, re-establish'd *Theophrastus* and the rest of his Philosophers.

He was in this more fortunate than *Aristotle*, who was forc'd to submit to *Eurimedon*. He had like to have seen one *Agnonides* punish'd by the *Athenians* for Impiety, only because he durst accuse him of it; so great was the opinion this People had of him, and which his Virtue merited.

They gave him the Character of a Man of singular Prudence, Zealous for the publick Good, Laborious, Officious, Affable, Liberal. *Plutarch* says when *Eresus* was opprest with Tyrants, who had usurp'd the Government, he joyn'd with *Phydinus* his Countryman, and out of his own Estate

contributed with him to arm the banish'd Men, who entering into their City expell'd the Traitors, and restor'd the whole Isle of *Lesbos* to its Liberty.

His many and excellent Accomplishments, did not only acquire him the good-will of the People, but the esteem and familiarity of Kings: He was *Cassander's* Friend, who succeeded *Arideus*, Brother to *Alexander the Great*, in the Kingdom of *Macedon*; and *Ptolemy* Son to *Lagus*, and first King of *Egypt*, kept a constant Correspondence with this Philosopher. At last he dy'd, worn out with Age and Fatigues, and ceas'd at the same time both to Labour and Live: All Greece lamented him, and all the *Athenians* assisted at his Funeral.

It is said that in his extream old Age, not being able longer to go on Foot, he caus'd himself to be carry'd in a Litter thro the City, that he might be seen by the People to whom he was so dear. 'Tis reported also, that his Scholars that stood about his Bed before his Death, asking him if he had nothing to recommend to them, he addrest himself to them after this manner.

Life deceives us, it promises us great pleasure in the possession of Honour, but Life and Misery begin together, which end in Death; there is often nothing more unprofitable than the Love of Reputation. Therefore, my Disciples, be content: If you can contemn the esteem of Men, you'll save a great deal of trouble; and if it abate not your Courage, it may still happen that Honour may be your reward. Remember only that in Life are many useless things, and but few that tend to a solid end. I have now no leisure to determine what Sect I ought to espouse, but for you my Survivers, you cannot too seriously consider what you ought to do. And these were his last words.

Cicero

Cicero in the Third Book of his *Tusculan Questions* says, that *Theophrastus* dying, complain'd of Nature, that she had given Harts and Crows so long a Life, who were altogether useleſs, and had allotted Men too ſhort a time, in regard it was of ſuch conſequence for them to live long; that if the Age of Men were extended to a greater number of years, their Life would be cultivated by an universal Knowledge, and all Arts and Sciences might be brought to Perfection. And St Jerome affiſſes us, that *Theophrastus* at One hundred and ſeven years old, taken ill of that Diftemper of which he dy'd, lamented that he was oblig'd to quit Life, at a time when he just began to be wile.

He us'd to ſay, we ought not to love Friends to try them, but to try them to love them: *That Friends ought to be common amongſt Brethren, as all things are common amongſt Friends: That you ought as ſoon to truſt to a Horse without a Bridle, as to a Man that ſpeaks without Judgment; that the greatest Expence that a Man can be at, is that of his time.* He ſaid once to a Person that ſat silent at Table during the Entertainment, *If you are a Man of Sense you are to blame to ſay nothing, but if otherwise, you do very well.* These were ſome of his Maxims.

But if we ſpeak of his Works, they are infinite, and we cannot find that any of the Ancients wrote more than *Theophrastus*: *Diogenes Laertius* reckons up more than two hundred diſſerent Tracts, and the ſubjects of which they treated: The greatest part of which were lost by the injury of Time, and the other remaining parts he reduces to Twenty Tracts, which are collected out of the Volumes of his Works: There are Nine Books of the *History of Plants*, Six of their Causes: He wrote of *Winds*,

A Prefatory Discourse

of Fire, of Stones, of Honey, of the signs of fair Weather, the signs of Tempests, of the signs of Rain, of Smells, of Sweat, of the Vertigo, of Weariness, of the Relaxation of the Nerves, of Swooning of Fish that live out of the Water, of Animals that change their colour, of Animals that are born suddenly, of Animals subject to Envy, the Characters of Manners; these are what remain of his Writings, amongst which this last that I translate, is not inferiour in beauty to any of those which are preserv'd, but may be superiour in merit to any of those which are lost.

But if any one should coldly receive this Moral Treatise, on the account of those things they may observe there, which are only applicable to the times in which they were wrote, and have no relation to the Manners; what can they do more advantageous and obliging to themselves, than to get free of this possession, in favour of their own Customs and Manners, which they only take up on trust without any deliberation, and peremptorily pronounce all others contemptible, which are not conformable to them, thereby depriving themselves of that pleasure and instruction which the reading of the Ancients would afford them.

We who are now Modern, will be Antient in a short time: Then the History of our times will make Posterity relish the selling of Offices, that is to say, the power of Protecting Innocence, punishing Guilt, and doing Justice to the World, bought with ready Money like a Farm; and will reconcile them to the splendour of our * Partisans, a sort of Men treated with the last contempt amongst the Hebrews and Greeks. They'll hear of a Capital City, of a great Kingdom, which had neither Publick Places, Baths, Fountains, Amphitheatres, Galleries,

* Collectors
of the Re-
venue.

Galleries, Porticoes, nor Publick Walks, which was notwithstanding a prodigious City ; they will be told of some Persons, whose Life was spent with going from one House to another ; of Women, who kept neither Shops nor Inns, yet had their Houses open for those that would pay for their admission : where you might have had Cards and Dice, or play'd at what sort of Game you pleas'd ; that you might have eat in those Houses, and that they were convenient for all sort of Commerce. They'll be inform'd that some People past up and down the Streets only to seem to be in haste ; that there was no Familiarity or Conversation there, but all in confusion, and as it were in an alarm by the noise of Coaches, which were hardly to be avoided, and which were drove at such a rate thro the middle of the Streets, as if it were for the Prize of some Race. They'll learn without wonder, that in the time of Publick Peace and Tranquility the Inhabitants went to the Temples, visited Ladies and their Friends, with offensive Weapons, and that there was no Person almost but carry'd at his side wherewith at one push to murther another.

Now if our Posteity, astonisht at Customs so strange and different from theirs, should therefore dislike our Memoirs, our Poetry, our Comedy and Satyrs, might not we complain of them beforehand, that by this false delicacy they depriv'd themselves of the reading so many excellent Works, so elaborate and so regular, and of the knowledge of the most glorious Reign that ever yet adorn'd History.

Let us then have the same tender regard for the Books of the Ancients, which we our selves hope for from Posterity, being perswaded no uses or customs continue in all Ages, but vary with the times ; and that we are too remote from those that are

A Prefatory Discourse

past, and too near those now in vogue, to be at the due distance that is requisite to make a just Judgment of either. Then will not that which we call the Politeness of our Manners, or the Decorum of our Customs, or our State and Magnificence, prepossess us any more against the *Athenians* plain way of living, than that of the first Men, great of themselves, and independant on a thousand exteriour things, which afterwards were invented perhaps to supply the defect of that true Grandeur, which is now no more.

Nature shew'd herself in them, in all her purity and dignity, and yet was not the least fully'd by Vanity, Luxury and foolish Ambition. No Man was honour'd for his Land, but on the account of his Strength or Virtue ; none were enrich'd by Places or Pensions, but by their Fields and Flocks, their Children and Servants ; their Food was wholesome and natural, the fruits of the Earth, and the milk of their Beasts ; their Rayment plain and convenient, made of their Wool and Fleeces ; their pleasures Innocent, a great Crop, the Marriage of their Children, a good understanding with their Neighbours, peace in their Families. Nothing can be more opposite to our Manners than all these things ; but the distance of the time makes us relish them, as the distance of the place occasions us to receive all that different Relations, or Books of Travels informs us of remote Places, and strange Countries. They tell us of a Religion, a Policy, a way of Feeding, Habiting, Building, and making War that we knew nothing of, and of Manners that we were ignorant of ; those that approach nearest ours affect us, those that are more distant fill us with admiration, but all amuse us, less disgusted with the barbarity of Manners and Customs of People

ple so remote, than instructed, and even pleas'd with their Novelty ; it suffices us that those concerning whom we have the account, are *Siamites*, *Chinese*, *Negroes*, or *Abyssines*.

Now those whose Manners *Theophrastus* paints were *Athenians*, and we are *Frenchmen* ; and if we add to the diversity of Place and Climate, the long interval of time, and consider that this Book was wrote in the last year of the CXV Olympiad, three hundred and fourteen years before the Christian Era, and also that 'tis above two thousand years since the People of *Athens* liv'd, of whom he draws the Picture, we may admire to know our selves there, our Friends, our Enemies, those whom we live with, and that being distant from each other so many Ages, the resemblance should be so great. In short, Men in their Souls and Passions change not, but are still the same they were, and as they are describ'd by *Theophrastus*, Vain, Dissemblers, Flatterers, Selfish, Impudent, Importunate, Distrustful, Backbiters, Quarrelsome and Superstitious.

'Tis true, *Athens* was a free City, it was the center of the Republick, its Citizens were equal one with another, they walk'd mostly alone and on foot, in a neat peaceable and spacious City, going into the Shops and Markets to buy what necessaries they wanted themselves ; Court emulation did not in the least incline them to leave this common way of Life : They kept their Slaves for the Baths, for their Repasts, for their Domestick service, and for Travelling ; they spent one part of their time in the Publick Places, the Temples, the Amphitheatres, on the Peer or under the Portico's, and in the middle of a City, of which they were equally Masters. There the People met together to deliberate of the Publick Affairs, there they treated

treated with Strangers. In other places the Philosophers sometimes deliver'd their Doctrine, sometimes conversed with their Scholars.

These places were at the same time a Scene of Pleasure and Busines; there was something in their Manners which was plain and popular, which I acknowledge little resembles ours; yet notwithstanding what Men were the *Athenians* in general! And what City like *Athens*! What Laws! What Policy! What Valour! What Discipline! What Perfection in all Arts and Sciences! Nay, what Politeness in their common Conversation and Language! *Theophrastus*, the same *Theophrastus* of whom so great things have been said, this agreeable Talker, this Man that express'd himself Divinely, was known to be a Foreigner, and call'd so by an ignorant Woman, of whom he bought Herbs in the Market, who knew by a sort of *Attick* nicety, which he wanted (which the *Romans* afterwards call'd *Urbanity*) that he was no *Athenian*; and *Cicero* relates, that this great Man was amaz'd, that having liv'd to old Age in *Athens*, and being so perfect a Master of the *Attick* Language, and having habituated himself to the Accent so many years, yet he could not do that which the common People naturally and without any difficulty do. But if we read in this Treatise, the Characters of certain Manners which we can't justify, and appear ridiculous to us, we ought to remember that *Theophrastus* had the same thought of them, that he lookt upon them as Vices; which he had drawn so to the Life, that the Picture would serve both to shame and correct the *Athenians*.

But being desirous to please those, who coldly receive whatsoever concerns Strangers and the Ancients, and value none but their own Manners, we have

have added them likewise to this Work: It was thought excusable not to fellow the design of this Philosopher, as well because it was always dangerous to imitate the works of another, especially if he be an Ancient, or an Author of great Reputation; as also because the only Figure which is call'd description or enumeration, and which is made use of with so great success in these twenty eight Chapters of Characters, might succeed abundantly less if handl'd by a Genius much inferiour to that of *Theophrastus*,

On the contrary, rememb'ring that amongst the great number of Tracts of this Philosopher related by *Diogenes Laertius*, there is one under the Title of Proverbs, that is to say, independant pieces, as reflections or remarks; and that the first and greatest Book of Morality that ever was made, bears the same name in the Sacred Writ; I found my self excited, by so many great models, according to my ability to follow the same method * to write * *The short conciseness and exactness in which Solomon writ his Proverbs, is here meant, and by no means the things which are Divine, and which admit of no comparison.*

The one by the engagement of its Author, makes Metaphysicks subservient to Religion, explains the nature of the Soul, its Passions, its Vices, discusses the most serious motives that lead to Virtue, and endeavours to make a Man a Christian: The other, which is the production of a Mind, instructed by Conversation in the World, and in which the delicacy is equal to the penetration, observing that self love in Man is the cause of all his Errors, attacks it without intermission in every part where 'tis found; and this one thought, as it is mul-

multiply'd a thousand different ways by choice of words and variety of expressions, has always the charms of Novelty.

I have not follow'd either of these two ways in the Work, which is joyn'd to the Translation of these Characters, it is quite different from the other two, which I spoke of ; less sublime than the first, and less delicate than the second, its sole design being to render Man reasonable by plain and common ways, and by examining him indifferently, without any regard to method, and according as the several Chapters lead to it thro his several Ages, Sexes and Conditions, thro the Vices, Weaknesses, and the Ridicule which attend them.

I have mostly apply'd my self to the Vices of the Mind, the Secrets of the Heart, and to all the interior part of Man, which *Theophrastus* has not done, and I may say, that as his Characters by a thousand exterior things, which are observ'd in Man, by his Actions, his Words, his Gate shew what is his Foundation, and lead us to the very Source of his disorder ; on the quite contrary, these new Characters displaying the thoughts, sentiments and inclinations of Men, discover the principle of their Villany and Folly, make us easily foresee all that they are capable to do or say, and abate our wonder at a Thousand vicious and frivolous Actions, of which their Life is full.

It must be acknowledg'd, that in the Titles of both the Works, the difficulty was found near equal ; for those into which the latter is divided, if they do not please well enough, the Reader is permitted to put others in the room of them. But with relation to the Titles of the Characters of *Theophrastus*, the same liberty is not allow'd, because we are not Masters of another Man's propriety,

ty, but must follow the Spirit of the Author, and render him according to the nearest Sense of the Greek Words, and at the same time according to the most exact conformity to their Chapters, which was found very difficult; because very often the signification of a Greek Term, translated word for word, is quite another thing in our Language; for example, Irony, which with us is railing in Conversation or Rhetorical Trope, with *Theophrastus* signifies somewhat between cheating and dissembling, and which in the whole is neither the one nor the other, but that very particular Vice which is described in his first Chapter.

And in other places, the Greeks have sometimes two or three very different Terms to express different things, which we cannot render but only by one single word; this Poverty of our Language does very much embarrass us.

You may observe in this Greek Work, three sorts of Avarices, two sorts of troublesome Persons, Flatterers of two sorts, and as many of great Talkers; by which means the Characters seem to interfere one with the other, to the prejudice of the Titles; neither are they always pursu'd exactly, nor perfectly conformable, because *Theophrastus*, diverted by a design which he had to make his Portraits, found himself oblig'd to these alterations, by reason of the Characters and Manners of the Person he Paints or Satyrizes.

The definitions that are at the beginning of each Chapter are very difficult; they are short and concise in *Theophrastus*, according to the force of the Greek, and the Style of *Aristotle*, who furnish'd him with the first Ideas; I was oblig'd to enlarge them in the Translation, to make them intelligible: There are also in this Tract some unsightly Phrases, which

which make but imperfect Sense, but it is to supply the true one. You'll find in the various Readings some things very abrupt, which may admit of divers Explications ; and to avoid wandering amongst these Ambiguities, I have follow'd the best Interpreters.

To conclude, as this Work is nothing but a plain Instruction, concerning the Manners of Men, by which 'tis rather design'd to make them Wise than Learned, I think my self exempt from the trouble of long and curious Observations, or of learned Commentaries, which might give an exact account of Antiquity ; I have only added some small Notes in the Margin, where I thought them necessary, to the end, that none of those who have justness and vivacity, and are pretty well read, should have occasion to blame me, and that they may not be obstructed in reading these Characters, or hesitate one moment concerning the sense of *Theophrastus*.

THE

THE
Moral Characters
OF
THEOPHRASTUS.

Done from the

G R E E K.

Before I particularly applied my self to the Study of this subject, I have often wonder'd, (nor can I yet forbear so to do) how it comes to pass, that all *Greece*, being tituated under the same Air, and all the *Grecians* alike educated, that yet there should be so great a disparity of *Manners* amongst them. I therefore (dear *Politoles*) having for a long time studied Men, being now ninety nine years old ; during which time, I have been conversant with Persons of all Tempers, Humours and Inclinations ; and obseruing with great nicety both the Good and the Bad, comparing one with the other, thought fit to describe what method each proposed to himself in his way of living. I will therefore shew you their severall.

The Characters

several sorts of *Manners*, and what their different Inclinations tend to in daily Conversation. For I am of Opinion, dear *Policies*, that Posterity will be much advantaged by leaving them such *Remains* as these, which they may set before them as Examples, what Persons to choose to be more familiar and conversant with, by a noble emulation of whose Virtues they may become great Men. But to return to my first design. It is you that are to consider and examine, if what I say be agreeable to right Reason. Therefore, omitting long Prefaces, and many things that might be said on this subject, I will begin with *Dissimulation*. First, I will define it; I will describe what sort of a Man this *Dissembler* is, what it is he proposes by all his Actions, and afterwards treat of the other Passions successively, according to my first intended method.

Of Dissimulation.

TO give an imperfect description of *Dissimulation*: It is the managing of *Words* and *Actions*, to base and sinister ends. The *Dissembler* addresses himself to his most inveterate Enemies, as if there were not the least grudge between them. Those that he designs to ensnare and ruin, he commends before their Faces, and if they happen to fall under any misfortune, he then most compassionately condoles them. He seems to slight the most opprobious things said of him, and entertains those that rail against him for abuses put upon them, with all imaginable tender respect and complaisance. To those that desire to speak with him in *haste*,

Of Theophrastus.

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haste, he pretends business, and bids them call another time; all his own designs he carefully conceals, but says he will declare himself, being at present upon the point of deliberation. Sometimes he says he's but just come to Town, or that he came late last Night, or was taken ill on the Road.

If you ask to borrow Money of him, or come to receive the Publick Taxes, he'll tell you I am no Trader: At another time you'll hear him talk of his great dealings, tho he has not the least business.

When he has been listening attentively to Peoples Discourse, he affects to seem as if he had not concern'd himself about it. What he sees, he will deny that ever he saw it, pretends forgetfulness to all his Promises. Discourse him about some things, he says he'll consider of 'em; but is strangely struck with admiration, concerning some other matters he was before of the same sentiment with your self. According as occasion requires, these are his common expressions. *I believe not a word of it* — *It can never enter into me to conceive it* — *It amazes me* — *Sure I am not my own self.* He always represented matters otherwise to me — *This is an incredible thing, and exceeds all belief.* Pray tell it to some body else — *Shall I believe you, and think that he has impos'd upon me?* Be extream cautious how you give credit to such deceitful and insinuating Harangues, for there's nothing more pernicious. These Persons Actions proceeding from fly and insnaring Principles, ought more to be shunn'd than the Venom of Vipers.

Dd

of

Of Flattery.

Flattery is a fordid way of Conversation, advantagious only to the Flatterer.

When the Flatterer walks abroad with any one, Observe, says he, how the Eyes of all Men are fixt on you; there is no Person in the whole City so honour'd besides your self; you had an extraordinary Character yesterday on the Change, there were above Thirty of us together, and the Discourse happening to be who had the best Reputation in the whole City, you were the first Person mention'd, and the whole Company unanimously declar'd you the Man. He tells him a thousand such things as these, then falls to brushing the Lint off his Cloaths, and if the Wind chance to blow a little Chaff or a Straw into his Hair, he takes it out, and smiling, says, because I have not kept you Company these two days, see how grey your Beard is grown, sure a Man of your Age's Hair may be as black as any body's. Whenever he begins to speak, the Flatterer enjoyns the whole Companies silence, praises him in his own hearing, applauds him both by Words and Actions, and when he has finisht his Discourse, declares what he has said to be most sublime. If he happens to break a Jest upon any one, he'll be sure to laugh sufficiently, and seems forc'd to cram the end of his Coat into his Mouth to stop his laughter. Whoever he meets in the way as they go along he bids them stop, till his Patron is gone by. He buys Apples and Pears, and carries them home to his Children, taking an opportunity

Of Theophrastus.

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to give 'em to them in the Father's sight ; then kissing them, says, Most delicate Branches of this noble Stock. If he be along with them when he buys his Shoes, tells him, his Foot is more neatly shap'd than the Shoe it self. When he pays a Visit to any of his Friends, the Flatterer runs before and acquaints them, that such a Person is about to pay them a Visit, then returning back, says, I have told them of your coming, who are very proud of the honour. He's an exquisite Fellow at all those Trifles that belong only to Women, and has accomplisht himself so as to be extraordinary handy about them. He's the first Man that commends the Wines at an Entertainment : And if it be possible, places himself next the Master of the Feast, saying, Sir, you eat little or nothing ; then taking something off the Table, shows it, and says, how delicious is this ? Then officiously enquires, if he be not a cold, or if he will please to have any thing on to keep him warmer ? he is perpetually whispering him in his Ear, and let him direct his Discourse to whom he will, be sure his Eyes are always fixt upon him. In the Theatre he takes the Cushion from the Page and will lay it himself. He tells him his House is ingeniously contriv'd and sumptuously built, his Orchard curiously planted, his Picture extraordinary like, and finely drawn. In a word, a Flatterer suits all his Words and Actions to insinuate himself into the good opinion of others.

The Characters

Of Impertinence.

Imperitence is an habit of talking much to no purpose. This Impertinent sitting next a Person that is a meer stranger to him, will tell him a long story in praise of his own Wife, and give an exact and particular relation of his last Nights Dream; tells you every individual Dish that was at the last Feast he was at; when he begins to be warm in his Discourse, he says, that the World much degenerates, and the present Age is more wicked than the former; that the Corn is very dear in the Market, and that there are abundance of Foreigners in Town; that presently after the

* *The first Bacchanals celebrated in the City in the Spring.*

* *Bacchanals the Ships may put to Sea; that a little Rain would extraordinarily forward the Fruits of the Earth, and give us the prospect of a plentiful Crop; the next year he intends to dung his Fields.* Says also, that it is very hard to make a shift to live in the World; he'll give a Stranger to understand, that when the mysterious Rights of *Ceres* were perform'd, *Damippus* had the greatest

* *Torch.* He enquires how many Pillars support the *Mufick Theatre*, tells you yesterday he took a *Vomit*, asketh what day of the Month it is, and if you have the patience to hear him, you'll never get rid of him.

* *The mystic series of Ceres were perform'd in the night*

and the Athenians drew who should bring the largest Torch.

of Theophrastus.

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He tells you as mighty News, that the * *Myste-* * *The Prof-*
ties are celebrated in *August*, the † *Apaturia* in ^{of Ceres} *October*, and the ‡ *Bacchanals* in *December* in the ^{before men-}
^{tioned.} Country. These sort of Men ought to be industri- † *Feasts in*
ously shunn'd by all those who are fond of a *Fever*, *Honour of*
for it is intolerable to be troubl'd with those *Bacchus.*
Persons, who cannot distinguish betwixt times of bu- ‡ *Second*
finess and leisure. *Bacchanals*
celebrated
in the Coun-
try in Win-
ter.

Rusticity.

THE Clown is a Person ignorant of what is neat and decorous; when he has taken nauseous † *Phyfick*, he will intrude into Publick Company; he can perceive no difference between the richest ^{† *The* *Greeks*} *Perfumes* and ordinary *Thyme*, he always wears ^{word fig-} ^{nishes a} *Shoes* too big for his *Feet*, and accustoms himself ^{Drug that} ^{makes the} ^{Breath} ^{fink very} ^{much.} to talk very loud in Company. He reposes no Trust or Confidence in his nearest Friends or Relations, but consults his menial Servants in Affairs of greatest importance, and whatsoever he hears abroad in Company, he tells at home to his Hirelings that do his Country drudgery; he'll sit with his Breeches above his Knees, and show his naked Flesh? He sees nothing upon the way as he goes along worthy observing or admiring, unless he meets an *Ox* or an *Afs*, or a *Goat*, then he stands stock still, and is wonderfully contemplative. When he goes into his own Kitchen, he'll take a great piece of whatever comes next to hand, and greedily crams it down, drinking a great draught immediately after

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it,

The Characters

it, but contrives it so cunningly, that his own Cook Maid may not discover him. Then he goes and helps her to turn the Mill, and provide necessaries for himself and the whole Family. He rises from Dinner to go and fodder his Cattel, and if any body knock at the Door, he listens. Calling his Dog, he takes him by the Snout, saying, This is he that preserves my Lands, my House, and all things in it: when he receives Money, he always scruples it, and asks to have it chang'd. If he has lent a Neighbour a Plough, a Sickle or a Sack, whenever there happens to be a stormy Night that he cannot sleep, he'll be sure to remember them, and send for them home then. Whoever he meets in the City, he asks how Skins and Salt-fish sell? what is like to be the effect of this new Moon? tells them that he is going to shave himself presently; he is so rude as to sing in the [†] Bath, and wears his Shoes full of Nails; and because it lies in his way, goes to ^{||} Archias's Shop to buy Salt-fish, which he carries home in his Hand thro' the open Street.

<sup>† A very
rude thing
amongst the
Atheni.</sup>

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^{||} A famous Dealer in Salt-fish, the Common Peoples ordinary Food.

Of Wheedling.

THIS is a deceitful and insinuating way of Conversation, more regarding what is pleasant and agreeable, than what is Virtuous and Honest. The Wheedler Compliments every one, as far off as he can see them, uses the highest Encouragements he can invent, admires a Person in all particulars, and taking hold of him with both Hands will not

not part with him, but force himself upon him, importunately asking what time he will be at leisure to receive a Visit, and detains him till he has past a thousand Compliments on him.

If he be chosen an Arbitrator, he consults how to be favourable to the opposite fide, and orders matters so as to oblige both. To render himself acceptable to Strangers ; he says he finds more Honour and Probity amongst them, than his own Country-men. When he is invited to an Entertainment, he desires to see the Master of the House, his Children, and when they come in, he says two Figs are not more alike than they and their Parents, and calling them to him, kisses them, sets them down by him, and plays with them at the meanest Childish sports, lays them in his Lap while they sleep, tho they are very burthesome to him. He always goes close shav'd, and takes great care to keep his Teeth white, has change of Cloaths for every day in the Week, and throws them by when they are as good as new ; he's an excellent Customer to the Perfumer ; he uses that part of the Town where the richest Persons are, and the * Schools that * *Dancing*, *Fencing*, *Riding*, &c.

young Gentlemen resort to. At the Theatre also he seats himself next Persons of the greatest Quality. He pretends never to buy any thing for himself, but only for Presents to send to his Friends at *Byzantium*, *Spartan Dogs* to send *Cyzicus*, and the fine *Hymettian Honey* to *Rhodes*, making the whole City acquainted with his generous Actions. He keeps Apes and Monkeys, and *Sicilian Doves* at home, has all sorts of rich Essences and Perfumes, fine *Lacedemonian* twisted Canes, and Hangings with the Figures of noble *Persians* in them. He has a little neat Hall strew'd with Sand to wrestle in, and a Tennis Court, and when he meets any of

The Characters

the Philosophers, or Sophists, or Fencing, or Musick Masters, he officiously desires them to make use of it for their performances, during which time he entertains some of the Spectators with the praise both of the House and Master.

Of Villany.

A Villain is a Fellow regardless of Honesty or Decency in Words and Actions. This profligate Person, prone to all wickedness, is often taking Oaths, but has not the least regard to Reputation, and values not whatever the World says of him. He is impudent, crafty and tricking, and will perpetrate any thing. He is not ashamed when he is sober to go and Dance the most obscene Posture Dances amongst the Publick Actors without a Mask. When the * Shows are to be seen he will force himself to be Receiver of the Money, and runs about demanding it of every Spectator, but if any produces him a Ticket to see gratis, he picks a Quarrel with them. He's a meet Jack of all Trades: Sometimes he keeps an Ale-house, at other times he is a Cock-Bawd, a Ferry-man, and sometimes he's a Tax-gatherer, and because there is nothing so sordid but he will undertake, he serves for a publick Cryer; then again he is a Cook, after turns Gamester, nothing comes amiss to him. He suffers his own Mother to perish for want of common sustenance. He is an arrant Thief, and is every now and then dragg'd to Jayl, which is his place of Refidence more than his own House. He is one of those that gather a Crowd about them in the

* Such as
at our Fairs
are seen in
an open
Place.

of Theophrastus.

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the Street to make a doleful complaint, in a loud and lamentable Tone, abusing and railing at all that oppose them. Some crowd to see him, others go on the way without hearing the story, whilst he tells some the beginning, some the middle, others the end of his Tale: You may also observe that he chuses that time when there is the greatest concourse of People, that there may be the more Witnesses to his Rascality. He is always in Law, either suing or being sued; some Suits he keeps off by Perjury, to others he appears. He is never without a ^{* A Lights} Box in his Bosom, and has a load of ^{Copper Box,} Papers relating to Law matters in his hands, and as a singular Argument of his Impudence, is always ^{in which} ^{Lawyers} ^{carry'd} ^{what re-} ^{lated to} ^{their Causes} a Ring-leader amongst litigious Pettifoggers.

What Money he lends at Interest, he demands ³ ^{† Semiobolis} a day for the use of each Drachma. He is a constant Tavern haunter, and walks up [†] and down in those places, where ^{||} Fresh and Salt-fish are to be sold, and spends in his luxurious living, what he has got by his base Practices. These are troublesome Fellows, whose Mouths are continually open to revile, and so much given to it, that the Exchange and all the Taverns are continually disturbed by their noise and clamour.

Of Loquacity.

IF we would define Loquacity, it is an excessive affluence of Words. The Prater will not suffer any Person in Company to tell his own Story, but let it be what it will, tells you, you mistake the matter, but he takes the thing right, and if you please

please to hear me, he will make it very clear to you. If you make any reply, he suddenly interrupts you. Saying, Why Sir, you forgot what you were talking about, it's very well you begin to recollect yourself, see how beneficial it is for People to inform one another ; then presently says, But what was I going to say ? Why truly you very soon apprehend a thing ; I was waiting to see if you would be of my Sentiment in this matter ; always taking such occasions as these not to permit the Person he talks with the liberty of Breathing : And after he has thus tormented all that will hear him, he is so rude to intrude into the Company of Persons met together upon important Affairs, and drives them away by his troublesome Impertinence.

* *This was punisb'd with Death at Athens by Solon's Law, from which they had a regar'd in the cphra.* Thence he goes into the Publick * Schools and Places of † Exercise, where he interrupts the Masters by his foolish prating, and hinders the Scholars from improving by their Instructions ; if any Person discover an inclination to go away, he will follow him, and will not part from him till he comes to his Door. If he hear of any thing transacted in the Publick Assemblies of the Citizens, he runs ^{itus : time.} up and down to tell it to every body. He gives

† *As Wrestling, Fencing, &c.* you a very long account of the famous Battel that was fought when || *Aristophontes* the Orator was Governour ; and that of the ∵ *Lacedemonians*, under the Command of *Lysander*. Then tells you

|| The Battel of Arbela, and the Victory obtain'd followed by the Death of Darius, the News of which came to Athens when Aristophontes the Orator was chief Magistrate.

∴ *This was before the Battel of Arbela, but a very simple business.*

others

others fall asleep, and others leave him in the midst of his Harangue. If this Talker be sitting on the Bench, the Judge shall not be able to determine matters. If he's at the Theatre, he'll neither let you see or hear any thing, or even permit him that sits next to him at the Table to eat his Meat. He declares it is very hard for him to be silent, his Tongue being so very well hung, that he'd rather be accounted more garrulous than a Swallow, than be silent, and patiently bears all ridicules, even those of own his Children, who when they want to go to rest, desire him to talk to them, that they may the sooner fall asleep.

The Newsmonger.

HE is a Person that falsely relates Words and Actions, according to his own humour and caprice. If he meet with any of his Friends, with a formal look or grave nod, asks, Whence came you? What good News have you? Have you nothing else? And goes on to ask him, is there no more News in the Town? I assure you there is wonderful good News, and without giving him time to answer, continues, What was it you said? I perceive that you know nothing, and therefore I will entertain you with some matters; and this relation is either from some Souldier, or *Asteus* the Piper's Son, or *Lycon* the Prince, who is lately come out of the Army, from whom he bears what he tells you; he always produces such Authors as these for his Stories, who no body can find to contradict. They also told him, that the

? King

* **Arideus** * King and † **Polyperschontes** have got the day, and that || **Cassander** was fallen into their Hands alive: But if any body ask him, Do you believe these things yourself? He says the thing is beyond all dispute, and the News of the whole Town, that it was continually confirm'd, every body agreed in the same story concerning the Fight, that there was a very great Slaughter made, which might easily be read in the Countenances of all that were concern'd in managing publick Affairs, which now seem'd to be quite alter'd. He says, he heard that a Person came from *Macedonia*, who was present at all the transactions, has been conceal'd these five days in the Magistrate's House; when he has told all this, he adds some compassionate condoling Expressions, What think you, Gentleman, of this success? Poor **Cassander**! Unhappy Prince! Most miserable Man! See what Fortune can do! For **Cassander** was very brave, and had a gallant Army. But pray (says he) keep this to your self, for 'tis a great Secret; and presently runs up and down the City to tell it himself. I must confess I am amaz'd, what these raisers and dispersers of false News and Reports propose to themselves, for without mentioning the scordid baseness, that always attends a Lye, it often turns to their prejudice; for it very often happens that they have their Cloaths stolen away from them in the Bath, while the People crowd about them, to hear their Romances. Others, after they have been Victorious both by Sea and Land, on the Exchange, are severely fined for neglecting to attend their Busines in the Courts of Justice; and others, who by their thundring Words most valiantly conquer Cities, are often disappointed where to find a Dinner. There is nothing can be more miserable than these Folks circumstances,

cumstances ; for what Porticue, what Shop, what part of the Exchange, do they not spend whole days in, to the great uneasines of their Hearers, whom they deafen with their lying Stories.

Of Impudence occasioned by Covetousness.

THIS Vice may be defined the making Reputation subservient to sordid Gain. A Person influenc'd by this Principle, will ask to borrow Money of one whom he has already openly cheated. The very day that he Sacrifices to the Gods, he salts his Consecrated Flesh, and keeps it for another time (instead of devoutly eating it) going to Supper with some body else, and calling in his Foot-Boy before the whole Company, + takes a great piece of Meat and Bread off the Table, gives ^{the Customs} it him, and in all their hearings bids him eat ^{among the} Greeks. ^{+ This was} that he may have a better pennyworth, tells him, he did him a kindness at such a time ; when his Meat is weigh'd, (standing by the Scales) he will (if it be possible) put more in than is his due weight ; if he be hindred from that, he will throw a Bone into the Scale, which if he can but carry off he is mightily pleas'd ; but if he cannot, he'll snatch some of the Offal off the Stall, and go away extreamly satisfy'd. When he has any Strangers with him that desire to see a Play, and give Money to pay for their Places, he always contracts for himself to come in on freecost, and have his Children and their Tutor in the next day after. What he sees another have that cost very cheap, he'll beg

beg very earnestly to let him have part of it. And when he comes to anothers House, he'll be borrowing even Barly, or Chaff it self ; and get thofe he borrow'd it of, to fend it home to his own House. He goes into the Bath, and makes uſe of all the Bathing Vefſels, and other conveniences, and ſo

* Note but * Bathes himſelf, whiſt the Master of the Bath ex-claims againſt him, but to no purpose, and going away, tells him, I have Bathed, but no thanks to you.

Of Sordid Frugality.

THIS Vice is a contriving to be ſaving and penurious beyond what is Decent and Commendable. A Person of this Temper will publickly dun his Friends that he receives Money of every Month, for a ſingle Farthing, which was the balance of the laſt Account, and keeps reckoning how many Glasses each Man Drinks at his Table. His Offering to **† Diana** is the meanest of all the Guests. Whatſoever is bought for him, tho' never ſo good a pennyworth, he always ſays it is very dear. If his poor Foot-boy lets a Pot fall, or by miſchance breaks an earthen Dish, he'll ſave the price on't out of his Allowance. And if his Wife happens to lose but a Penny, he'll remove all his Houſhold Stuff, have all the Beds taken down, turn the Trunks and Boxes out of their places, and have every nook and corner where the old Lumber lies ſearcht. What- ever he ſells the Buyer is ſure to have a hard Bar- gain of it. He'll never let any Person gather ſo much as a Fig out of his Garden, or go over his Field,

† The
Greeks
began their
publick En-
**tertain-
ment: with**
**these Offer-
ings.**

Field, or take up an Olive, or a little branch of Palm that is fall'n from his Trees. He goes over the bounds of his Ground every day to see if any thing be missing, or if all things were in the same places they were. If any of his Debtors does not punctually pay him on the day when the Money is due, he'll be well paid for his forbearance, and reckon Interest upon Interest. When he invites his Friends to Dinner, he gives them but one little pitiful Dish. He goes to Market but often comes home empty, every thing being too dear for him: He orders his Wife that she should not lend a Neighbour a little Salt, or a bit of Candle, a little Cummin, Pennyroyal, an handful of Flower, a little Garland, or a small * Cake; for, says he, these small matters amount to a vast deal in a year. In short, this miserable Wretch's Money Chest is cover'd all over with mould, and his Keys all rusty. He wears Cloaths too short and streight for him, the leaft drop of Oyl suffices to anoint him, his Head is close shav'd, at † Noon he pulls off his Shoes to save them, and goes to the Fullers, earnestly begging them to use a great deal of || Earth in his Cloaths, that they may not be soon dirty again.

* Used as
Sacrifices,
and made
of Flower
and Honey.

† For when
the cold in
all Seasons

was tolera-
ble.
|| Which also
makes them
thicker and
more ser-
viceable.

A Brazen-fac'd Fellow.

THIS sort of Impudence is not hard to define: It is professing Villanous Tricks and Shams in an affected way of Raillery. When this Brute meets a Lady of the best Quality, he offers her all manner of rudeness and indecency, even to the exposing

posing her Modesty. At the Play House when every body is silent he Claps, and Hisses those things which the rest of the Audience hear with great satisfaction; when all Persons are intent upon the Play, he lies down upon his Back, and sordidly falls a Belching, interrupting every body, making them turn back to look upon him. He goes in a full Market to all the Stalls, where Nuts, Apples, and all sorts of Fruit are sold, and standing there, eats of them all, talking all the while with those that sell them, scrapes acquaintance with every one that passes by, and calls 'em by their names, tho he never knew them; if he sees any in haste, he'll stop him to know what he is going about. He'll go to a Person that has been just cast in a Suit of Law, and congratulate him. When he has bought his Supper, and hir'd the Musicians to play before him, he shows every body he meets what he has provided, and invites them to take part with him. You may see him standing at the [†] Barbers or Perfumers Shops, telling what an Entertainment he is to be at that Night, and that he intends to be very drunk there. If he sells Wine, he'll put what is bad and sophisticated upon his best Friends. His Children are not suffer'd to go see Plays, till the very ^{*} time they may go in *gratis*. When he's sent on an Embassy with some of his Fellow Citizens, he leaves what was allow'd him by the Publick, to defray his Charges at home, and borrows of his Fellow Travellers. It is usual for him to load his Servant that travels with him, with as much as he can possibly carry, and yet not allow him necessary subsistence. When the Ambassadors have receiv'd their Presents, he immediately demands his part, that he may turn it into Money. When he bathes, he calls the Boy that attends,

[†] Places
where idle
Persons al-
ways meet.

* As at our
fifth Act.

and

and swears at him for buying such stinking Oyl, that he cannot endure to smell it, and takes that occasion to make use of anothers. If his Servants find but the leaſt piece of Money in the way, he demands his part of it, making use of this Exprefſion, *Mercury is common*. Also he has these tricks, if he measure any thing or diſtribute to his Servants their Allowances, he uſes a measure, whose bottom is rais'd up inwards, which, when he has fill'd, he's very careful to ſtrike as close as ever he can. And if he's to pay Thirty Pounds, he'll take care that it ſhall want four ^{* An hundred drachma's a pound at Athens.} Drachma's of weight. When he makes a publick Entertainment, he orders his Servants to give him a particular account of what is left, and if there be but half a Raddiſh miſſing, he carefully looks after it, leſt those that wait at Table ſhould have it.

Of Unſeafonable Converſation.

THE ill timing of Converſation is that which makes it uneafie and troublesome to all Persons. When a Man is entirely taken up with Affairs of his own, which are of the greatest conſequence to him, an importunate troubleſom Fellow intrudes upon him, to communicate ſome of his little trifles, and desires to advise with him about them. He'll also go to ſup with his Miſtress, when ſhe is in a raging Fever. At the very moment he ſees a Person caſt in Court for being bound for another, he desires him to do him the ſame favour. If he is ſummon'd as a Witneſs, he comes to give in his Evidence after the Tryal is over; if he is invited to a Wedding, then is his time he thinks fit to ſhew his Wit in railing againſt the Fair Sex.

E e

He

He earnestly importunes his Friend that is very weary, being just come off a long and tiresome Journey, to take a Walk along with him. When a thing is told he'll bring a Chapman that would give more for it. Sometimes you'll have him rise up in the midst of a great Company, and make a relation from beginning to end of what has just then pass'd there, which every Body has seen, heard, and knows as well as himself. He will officiously thrust himself into the management of another Persons Affairs, who is extreamly averse to it; but yet does not know how to deny him.

* The Greeks ^{the same day they sacrificed,} either entertained ^{their Friends at home, or} some part ^{of the Sacrifice.} Therefore ^{it was very unreasonable for him to demand part before the Feast was appointed, or he knew whether he should be invited or no.} + The Greeks used not to Dance till all the Repast was over, and the Tables taken away.

A Busie-Body.

This over officiousness, (which is the Character of a Busie-body) is an affecting an extraordinary kindness for others both by Words and Actions. This Person shall attribute the success of an Affair

Affair to himself that was far beyond his power to perform ; he'll insist a long time to prove that a thing which every Body is thoroughly convin'd of, was rational and beyond contradiction ; he makes the Servant fill out more Wine than what the Person is able to Drink. If he be where two are equally quarreling, he effectually sets them together by the Ears. He offers his service to shew you the way, tho he does not know it, nor whither it will carry you. He goes to the General of the Army, and asks when he draws up his Men in Battalia to engage the Enemy, and enquires if he have no orders for him to morrow. Coming to his Father, asks him, if his Mother is asleep still, and not come out of her Chamber yet : When he is order'd to keep at home for a Distemper, for which the Physicians think fit to forbid him the use of Wine, he will Drink it on purpose to try the Experiment, whether it will do him good or harm. When a Woman dies in the Neighbourhood, he is the only Person to write her Epitaph, where he inscribes her Husband's name, her Fathers, her Mothers, and her own, with an account of what Country she was, and her Descent, with this famous Elogy, **THEY WERE ALL PERSONS OF EMINENT VIRTUE.** If at any time he is oblig'd to make an Oath in a Court of Judicature, turning himself about to the Standers by, says, This is not the first time by many that I have been a Witness.

Of Stupidity.

Stupidity may be defin'd a dulness of Thought, influencing both Words and Actions. The Blockhead, when he himself has cast up the Sum,

will asks him that fits next him what the Total amounts to. If he has a Suit depending, and knows the very Day when it will come to Hearing, he quite forgets it, and takes a Journey into the Country ; when he is at the Theatre to see a Play, he falls fast asleep, and wakes not till the rest of the Spectators are all gone ; when he hath glutted himself, at Midnight, being Cropfick, he'll get up and walk Abroad for Digestion, and so have his Neighbours Dogs fall upon him. When he has receiv'd any thing from another, and laid it up himself, he enquires where that very thing is, not being able to find it. When he is told of the Death of one of his Friends, and is invited to his Funeral, putting on a Countenance full of Grief and Sorrow, and shedding Tears, yet still thinking of something else, says, it happen'd very well ; he carries Witnessess with him when he receives

[†] The Greeks used to bring Witnessess with them when they paid their Money. [†] Money, and falls out with his Servant for not buying Cucumbers in the midst of Winter. When his Sons are Fencing or Racing, he'll not let them leave off till they are quite spent. When he is in the Field boiling Lentules, he forgets that he has season'd them before, and throws Salt again into the Pot, making them so briny, that no body can eat them. In a time of excessive Rain, when every one wishes for dry Weather, he says me-

[†] To be in- terr'd out of the City, according to the Law. thinks this Rain-water is very pleasant. If he be ask'd how many were carry'd thro the [†] Sacred Gate to be interr'd, (supposing the Person talkt of Money) says, I wish you and I were worth as of Solon. much.

Brutality.

This Brutishness is a rudeness attending Words and Actions. If a rude Fellow be ask'd where is such a Person? He Answers, Pray don't trouble me. If you Compliment him, he takes no notice of it. When he has any thing to sell, if you ask him the price of it, he won't tell you, but rather angrily ask you what fault you can find with it. Of those devout Persons, who at solemn times send the usual Offerings to the Temple of the Gods, he says, that if their Prayers are heard, and that they have but what they desire, they are very well requited and paid for their Presents. If any one casually jostle him, or chance to tread on his Toe, he'll never forgive him. When he has denied a Friend that desired to borrow some Money of him, and told him that he had none to lend, he will afterwards bring it, and disdainfully say, he has a mind to throw this away also to what he has lost before. ^{† The} If he stumble against a Stone in the Street, he curses Greeks ^{repeated} it bitterly. He will not stay one moment beyond ^{some fine} the time appointed for any Person, tho it be on the ^{passages of} account of Business of great importance to himself. ^{their Poet} He has an affected singularity not to sing at a Feast, ^{and dance} or ^{† repeat} in his turn, nor dance with the other ^{after the} Company: In fine, he neither regards the Gods, ^{Entertain} nor takes any care to offer up his Vows and ^{ment was} ^{over.} *SA*

Of Superstition.

WE may define Superstition to be a Worshipping of the Deity out of Fear and Terror. The Superstitious Man, after he has washed his Hands and purified himself with Holy Water, taking a Lawrel Leaf out of the Temple and putting it in his Mouth, shall walk about a whole Day so: If a Weezel cross the way he goes, he'll stir no further till some body else has gone before him, or he has thrown three Stones cross the way. In what part soever of the House he sees a Serpent, there he builds an Altar. He pours Oyl out of his Eſſence-Bottle all over the Conſecrated Stones, that are in Places where three ways meet, afterwards he falls down upon his Knees, and moſt devoutly adores them. When a Mouse has knaw'd a hole in his Sack of Meal, he goes to the Soothſayers, and gravely enquires what he muſt do in the matter, and if they tell him he muſt ſend his Sack to be mended, he can-not in the leaſt reſt ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer; but imagining ſome mighty Religious conſequence in this accident, empties the Sack and never makes uſe of it again. He's continually purifying his House. Will never ſit down on a Grave, go to the Funeral of any one, or into the Chamber of a Lying-in Woman. When he has dreamt ſome extraordinary Dream, he immeadiately runs to the Interpreters of Dreams, the Soothſayers and Augurs to know of them, to what God or Goddess he ought to make Vows and offer Sacrifice. He's very punctual to go every Month to the Priests of *Orpheus*, to be inſtructed in their Mysterieſ, and if his Wife be not detain'd by Buſineſſ, he takes her along with him,

if not, his Nurse and little Children : As he goes ^{† They did} by the Conduits he washes his Head all over with Water. Sometimes he gets the [†] Priestesses to purifie him with little Dogs, or ^{or a little} * Squills. To conclude, if he sees a Lunatick or a Person taken ill ^{Dog round about the Person.} of the Falling Sickness, being struck with extream ^{* Sea Onions.} horror, he spues in his own Bosom.

A Splenatick Man.

THIS restless uneasie temper of Mind, wherever it obtains, makes the Person to be always complaining without any just reason. When any of his Friends make a Feast, and send him some part of what was there, he will never return him thanks, but say to him that brought it, your Master thought me not worthy to dine at his Table, and drink of his Wine. He suspects even the Careles of his Mistress, and tells her, I am very jealous whether you are sincere in your Affections, and these Endearments proceed from your Heart. After a time of great drought, when at last it begins to Rain, and he cannot then complain of the Weather, that still he may continue to rail, he finds fault with Heaven that it rain'd not sooner. Going along, tho by chance, he finds a Purse of Money in the way, he'll grumbling say, some Folks have the good Fortune to find Treasure, I, for my part, could never find any thing in my Life. Likewise when he has bought a Slave very cheap, having tir'd the Seller by his importunity in beating down the price, he immediately repents that he bought him and says, It's a great wonder if I am not cheated, it was impossible to buy that which is good for any thing so cheap. When he is complimented

upon the birth of a Son, as an addition to his Family, he immediately cries, I am now half as poor again as I was before. If he has a Suit at Law depending, he will complain that his Lawyer omitted doing or saying a great many things that were very material, notwithstanding the Cause has gone for him. When his Friends have rais'd a Sum of Money amongst them, for the relieving him under his present necessities, and one of them says to him, Pray now be brisk and chearful: Alas, says he, how can I pretend to be merry, when I consider that I have all this Money to repay to every particular Person that lent it me, and shall never be quit of the Obligation, but must render a perpetual acknowledgment.

Of Distrust.

A Distrustful Man is of opinion, that every one cheats and imposes on him. When he has sent his Man to Market to buy Provision, he orders another to go after to enquire and bring him an exact account of what every thing cost; if he goes abroad with any Money in his Pocket, he tells it over every quarter of a mile; as he lies in his Bed he asks his Wife if his Chest is close shut, his Trunk well lockt, and care taken to make the Porch Door fast; and tho she assures him that all these things are secure, nevertheless he gets out of Bed, goes naked and bare-footed, and lights a Candle to search all over the House, to see that all things are safe, and notwithstanding all this, he can hardly compose himself to rest. When he goes to get Money, he carries Witnesses along with him, that the Persons may not be able at another time to de-

ny their Debts. He makes use of that Fuller to scour his Cloaths, that will give him sufficient security to return them again, never considering whether he is a good Workman or not. If any one ask to borrow any Cups, &c. of him, he usually denies them; but if perchance he do lend them, he's always sending for them till he has them home again. He makes his Footboy go before him, that he may not run away from him. If those that buy any thing of him, bid him cast up what it comes to, and set it down to their Account, he says, Pray lay me down the Money, for I han't time to spare to run up and down to receive it.

A Sloven.

THIS Vice is a lazy and beastly negligence of a Man's own Person, whereby he becomes so fordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You'll see him come into Company when he is cover'd all over with a Leprosie and Scurf, and with very long Nails, and says, those Distempers were hereditary, that his Father and Grandfather had them before him. He has Ulcers in his Thighs, and Boils upon his Hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond Remedy. His Arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his Body like a wild Beast. His Teeth are black and rotten, which makes his Breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his Nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his Mouth cramm'd full, and let his Victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the Cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking Oyl in the Bath. He will intrude into

+ The
Greeks
were then
especially
very care-
ful of their
words.

into the best Company in sordid ragged Cloaths, If he goes with his Mother to the † Southsayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane Expressions. When he is making his oblations at the Temple, he will let the Dish drop out of his Hands and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave Exploit. At the finest Consort of Musick he can't forbear clapping his Hands, and making a rude noise, will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at Table, he spits full upon the Servants that waited there.

A Troublesome Fellow.

A Troublesome Person is one whose Conversation is very fatiguing and uneasie, tho otherwise not injurious or prejudicial. He comes into his Friends Chamber, when he is just fall'n asleep, and wakes him to tell him a few impertinent idle Stories. He'll desire one that's going aboard a Ship just ready to set Sail, to spend some time with him first, and make him lose his Voyage to no purpose. Taking the Child out of the Nurses Arms, he will feed it himself, dandle it in his Arms, and talk foolish gibberish to it. He chuses at Meal time, and when the Viſtuals is upon the Table, to tell that t'other day he took Phyſick, which workt upon him upwards and downwards, and that he voided a great deal of nasty black Choler. He asks his Mother before a great Company of People what day he was born on. He says the Water in the Cistern is Cold. That he has a great many very good Pot-herbs in his Garden. That his House is free for all sorts of comers and goers as if it were a publick Inn ; and when he entertains any Strangers, has a

Fellow

Fellow ready to talk very great things concerning ^{* A Para-} him to all the Guests, whom he also keeps to divert ^{site kept by some of the Grecians.} the Company and make them merry.

Vain Glory.

This sort of Vain Glory, which is conversant about minute and frivolous matters, may be call'd a sordid and foolish affectation of Honour. A Person affected with this Vice when he is invited to a Feast, strives to sit next him that makes the Treat. He carries his Son to [†] *Delphos*, where he ^{+ The} cuts off his Hair, and consecrates it to some God. Greeks He loves to have a Black for his Footman. When ^{used to do} he pays a Sum it is all in new Money. When the ^{dedicate their Children before} has sacrific'd an Ox, he takes the fore-part of the Head, and adorning it with Ribbons and Flowers, ^{some of the} fixes it without Doors, just at the entrance to his ^{Family pri-} House, that every one may see and know what he ^{vately, but} hath sacrific'd. When he is return'd off a Caval- ^{this Person} cade that he and some other Citizens have made, ^{does it in} he sends all his Equipage home but his Robe of ^{sight of a multitude.} State, in which he struts about all the rest of the Day in all the publick Places of the City. When his little Dog dies he makes a formal Burial, and erects a Tomb for it, with this Epitaph, *He was of the * Malta breed.* He consecrates a Brass Ring to ^{* This} *Aesculapius*, to which he hangs Garlands of all sorts, ^{ifland has} of Flowers, he perfumes himself all over every day, ^{a sort of} During the time of his Magistracy, he uses a great ^{little Dogs} deal of caution and circumspection, and when he ^{much va-} goes out of his Office, he gives the People an account ^{lued.} of his management of Affairs, and of how many and of what sort his Sacrifices were. Being clad in a white Robe, and having a Garland of Flowers on ^{his}

his Head, he goes out and makes a Speech to the People. Oh ! *Athenians* ! We Magistrates have sacrific'd to the Mother of the Gods, and paid her all the solemn Worship that is due to her, therefore you may justly expect that things will succeed very prosperously with you ; this done he goes home, and tells his Wife he has come off with great Applause and Approbation.

A Niggard.

THIS Vice is a base and sneaking Temper in a Man to save his Money at the expence of his Reputation. The Niggard when he has won the prize of * Tragedy, he'll consecrate to *Bacchus* Garlands made of the Rind of Trees, and have his name writ on this magnificent Present. In times when the necessity of the Publick Affairs requires the Citizens to raise extraordinary Contributions, that may be

* Which
be either
made or
repeated.

+ Those
that wou'd
give any
thing, rose
up and of-
fered what
they
pleas'd ;
those that
would not,
rose up and
were silent.
* The Legs
and En-
trails.

sufficient to supply the present exigencies, he either rises up and is + silent, or retires as soon as he can. When he marries his Daughter, and Sacrifices according to custom, he sells all the Flesh of the slain Victim, besides what belongs to the * Priests, and hires Servants to attend during the time of the Wedding, but makes them find themselves Victuals. Being Captain of a Vessel that he built, he let his own Cabbin to Passengers, and lay amongst the common Sailors. He goes to Market and buys Meat and Herbs, and carries them home himself in the Lappet of his Coat. When he has sent his Cloaths to the Scowlers to be cleaned, he is oblig'd to keep at home for want of others. He shuns a poor Friend of his that has fallen into misfortunes, and desires him to raise Money amongst his Acquaintance ; if he sees him

him at a distance, he turns back, and makes all the haste home he can. He never keeps his Wife any Maids, but when she has occasion to go Abroad, hires some to wait on her thro the City. As soon as he's got up in the Morning, he washes his own House, and makes the Beds, and is forc'd to turn his old Threadbare Cloak, when he goes into Publick Company.

Of Ostentation.

O Stentation is a vain humour of bragging and valuing our selves for those things which we are not Masters of. This Braggadocio standing on the Keys where the Ships unlade, and where a great many strangers resort, talks of vast Sums of Money that he has owing him beyond Sea, makes a long Discourse concerning lending Money at Interest, telling you what a great Man he is, and what great advantages he hopes to reap by it. If he can pick up a Person to keep him Company on the Road, he tells him that he serv'd under *Alexander*, and how he signaliz'd himself in a great Expedition, and that he brought away a great many rich drinking Cups set with Precious Stones. He affirms, contrary to the opinion of all others, that the *Asiaticks* are better Artificers than the *Europeans*. He also shews a Letter from *Antipater*, which says, that he was the third Person that enter'd into *Macedonia*; he takes occasion to tell him, that tho the Magistrate as a reward for his singular good Services, had granted him a liberty of Exporting what Commodity soever he pleas'd Custom free, yet he scorn'd to make use of it, that he might not incur the Peoples ill will, He says in a dear time of Corn, he laid out above

above five Talents, and distributed it amongst the poor Citizens. If he be in Company with those that don't know him, he desires them to take their Book and set down the number of those he has been so liberal to, which he'll make amount to above six Hundred, and has fictitious Names ready for them all, to make the thing appear more formal; then adding the particular sums distributed to each, he makes it come to above ten Talents, all which he said he laid out for to relieve the Poor; and yet, says he, I don't reckon the Ships I Built and Commanded my self, and a great many other very chargeable things I did on the Publick Account, for which I expect no recompence. He goes to the Jockeys that sell the finest Horses, and makes them shew him some of the best. In the Fairs he goes to those Shops that sell rich Cloaths, and bids them shew him a Suit worth two Talents, and falls in a Passion with his Servant for following him without Money about him: And though he pays Rent for the House he lives in, yet if the Person he talks with don't know it, he shall tell him that this House was left him by his Father; but being too little for the Accommodation of that great number his Hospitality continually drew thither, he designed to sell it.

*¶ The An-
zients used
to have
zheir Ser-
vants to
carry their
Money.*

Of Pride.

Pride is a contemptible Opinion a Man has of every one besides himself. A Proud Man, tho you meet him very opportunely, at his most leisure time, and only walking for his Diversion, yet then will he not stay to talk with you about Business, tho it be of importance, and requires great

great Expedition, but he defers it till he has supp'd. If he has done any Person a kindness, he makes him publickly acknowledge it. He's one that scorns to make the first proposal, notwithstanding it is about an Affair that concerns himself only.

If you would buy any thing of him, or have occasion to transact any other Business with him, he bids you call upon him early next Morning. He has an affected way in going along the Streets, hanging his Head down, and neither sees nor speaks to any Person he meets. When he condescends to entertain any of his Friends, he frames excuses for not fitting down at Table, but orders some of his principal Servants to take care that his Guests want nothing. He never pays a Visit before he has sent word of his coming. When he Dresses and Perfumes or Eats, he permits no body to be present. He will not undergo the fatigue of adjusting his own Accounts, but orders his Servants to do it. His Stile is always lofty and commanding, and cannot write, *Sir, you'll much oblige me if --- but 'tis my pleasure it should be done. I have sent one to receive it of you, take care it be according to my order, and no otherwise, and that as soon as may be.*

Of Cowardice.

Cowardice is a timerous dejection of the Soul, creating imaginary Dangers. When such a faint-hearted Wretch as this is at Sea, he fancies all the Promontories are so many hulks of Ships that were wreckt on the Coast. The least agitation of the Water puts him in a pannick fear, and makes him enquire whether all that are aboard are

* initi-

* *The A-* * initiated. When he observes the Pilot to stop the Ships way, he anxiously asks whether the Gods seen to be propitious or not. He tells him that fits next him a terrible Story of a dismal Dream he dreamt last night, which he takes to be an ominous Presage; then he plucks off his Cloaths to make ready for swimming, and heartily begs the Sailors to set him ashore as soon as possible. If he be in the Land Service, getting his fellow Soldiers about him, he tells them it is hard to discern whether those they discover afar off are the Enemy or not; but when the greatness of the noise gives them to understand the Armies on both sides are engag'd, and he sees Men fall on each side him, he says to those that are next him, that he took the Field in such hurry and precipitation, that he forgot to bring his Sword along with him, and presently runs to them in into his Tent to fetch it, then sends his Servant out to observe the motion of the Enemy, and in the mean time hides his Sword under the Pillow, and is employed in looking for it till the Battel is over. When he sees any of his Friends brought wounded from the Camp, he runs to meet him, encourages them to have a good Heart, stops their Blood, and dress's their Wounds, and drives away the Flies that are troublesome to them; he takes all imaginable care of them, and this or any thing else he'll do rather than fight. When he sits in the Tent with a wounded Person, if he hear the Trumpeters sounding a Charge, he bitterly curses them, saying, They continually make such a horrid noise, that the poor Man cannot take one minutes rest. He walks about besmear'd all over with the Blood that proceeded from the Wounds of others, and makes those that lately came from the Fight believe, that he ran a great risque of his own Life to save one of his Friends, and brings his Town-folks and Country-men

men to see the very Man, to each of whom he gives a particular relation, how he carried him into his Tent in his own Arms.

*Of an Oligarchical Government, and the
Grandees thereof.*

THE Principle which actuates these Men, is an Ambitious desire of Honour and Fame, without regard to the advancement of their private Estates. When the Citizens are met to chuse a fit Person to be an Assistant to the Supreme Magistrate, in managing the Publick Shews and Triumphs, one of these Persons imminediately stands up and peremptorily demands the honour of that Employment, as the most qualify'd in the whole World for it. Of all the Verses in *Homer* he only remembers this.

* *It is not good to have many Rulers.
Let the Government be in a single Person.*

His usual Discourse is, 'tis we our selves ought to retire and consult what Laws are fit to be made for the Government of the Commonwealth, and take care to suppress these tumultuous and popular Assemblies, and totally exclude the Common People from interfering with the Magistracy. When he has received an Affront from any one, he says it is impossible for the same City to contain us both. At Noon he goes abroad new trim'd, and his Nails close par'd, having every thing about him in most exact

* 'Οὐκ
αὐτὸν
πολυκοτ
εργίνεται
νοίεται.

exact order, and strutting about, tells every one he meets, he cannot endure to live longer in the Town, but is quite tir'd, and his Spirits almost exhausted in hearing and determining litigious Suits and Controversies, and that he is very much ashamed that Persons should be admitted to sit near him, so meanly and sordidly dressed. He has a mortal Aversion for Advocates that plead the Cause of the Common People, and blames ** Theseus* for being the first occasion of these mischiefs in the Commonwealth; with such sort of Discourse as this he entertains

** Theseus*
laid the
Foundation
of the Ath-
enian Com-
mon wealth
in establish-
ing an e-
quality a-
mong the
Citiz:ns.

AMONGST those that squander and mispend the precious moments of their youthful and more docil years, there are some who are still desirous of improving and cultivating the remaining part of their life by studying Arts and Sciences, tho with very littie Success. Thus when an old Fellow of Threescore learns the Poets by heart, and he is either to sing or recite them in his turn at a Feast, as soon as he has begun his memory fails him, and the dotard forgets whereabout he was, and so comes off abruptly. He gets his own Son to teach him their Feasts Military Discipline, and to turn to the Right and Left. He borrows an Horse to ride out of Town, and when he is mounted, affecting to be complaisant to all that pass by, loses his Saddle, and tumbles down and bruises his head. You'll find him often

*+ The
Greeks
used to sing
or recite
V. s. at
their Feasts
turn by
turn.*

darting

darting at the * Statue, and sometimes he makes a * ^{A great} Statue, fit
match with his Footboy to shoot with Bow and ^{up on pur-}
Arrow. When he is taught any thing, he'll be pre- ^{pose to dart}
tending to instruct his Tutor, as if he were the best ^{at.}
accomplish'd of the two, and in the very Bath he'll
be practising wrestling, and is full of fantastical and
ridiculous Gesticulations and Postures.

Of Slander,

A Slanderer is a Person of a base Temper, thinking ill of all Men, and afterwards uttering his Sentiments in scandalous Expressions. If you ask him who such a one is, he presently gives you ^{† The name} of a Slave an account of his Pedigree from his very Original, ^{or Servant} as if he were an Herald; saying his Father was at ^{amongst the} first call'd [†] SOSIA, but afterwards serving the Greeks. ^{|| In derision} Army, he took upon him the name of SOSIS. ^{for the} TRATUS, after that he was made free, and re- ^{Thracians} gister'd amongst the Citizens. His Mother indeed ^{came to} was a || noble Thratian, because those Women va- ^{Greece} lue themselves on account of their great Families; ^{to be Ser-} and yet this Man, the so nobly and honourably de- ^{vants,} scended, is a mere Villain and Rascal. Then (talk- ^{or what} ing again of his Mother) these are those . . . Wo- ^{was worse.} men, says he, that entice young Men upon the Road, ^{They kept} and draw them into their Housses and debauch them. ^{Bawdy} If there be any Person in the Company that speaks ^{Housses on} ill of another that's absent, he joyns with him, and ^{the High-} says he is indeed a most abominable Wretch, I could ^{ways, where} never endure him in all my life, observe but the ^{they play'd} infamous ^{Branks.} Coun-

Countenance of him, he looks so like a very Rogue, that Malways hated him, but if you examine his Life and Conversation, there is nothing more lewd and infamous in the whole World ; nay, this hard-hearted Wretch allows his Wife but three half pence to buy her a Dinner, and makes her wash in cold water in hard frost in the middle of December. It is usual for him to abuse some body or other in all Companies wherever he comes, he spares neither Friend nor Relation, nor can the Grave itself secure the Dead from his malicious detractions.

F I N I S.

NEW
CHARACTERS
IN THE
Court, Army, &c.
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

BERALDUS

IS a Man of True Valour, and makes flight of the Greatest Dangers without challenging any Merit for exposing himself. Free from Vanity; not capable of Fear, or the Offentation of appear-
A ing

New CHARACTERS

ing Fearless. He has a great deal of Cold Blood on Occasion ; calmly listning to every thing that would be said to him ; being very glad that any Body who he knows has some Understanding, would tell him their Thoughts. He is Orderly, and better at Disposing a Battle, than Projecting the Operations of a Campaign ; far from all Selfishness plain in his Manners ; an Enemy to all sort of Pride ; full of Piety and Probity, and very Zealous for and Devoted to the Service of his Prince. But as 'tis Impossible that so many Good Qualities should be found in a Man without some Faults, he is extreamly Slow ; and if he has not under him Active Officers, he slips many Opportunities of Annoying an Enemy, and will lie open to a Multitude of Inconveniencies, by neglecting to cause Order to be observed in Marching, Foraging, Convoys, Outguards, and a thousand other Particulars, which a General can't omit without Ruining an Army, or Exposing it. Besides these Failings, he has that which Bigots are commonly accus'd of, which is to be Vindictive. He is very Harsh and Severe in Point of Command. As he never fatigues either the Officers or Soldiers, he will not have 'em fail in the Orders he gives ; he is not a Slave to Ambition,

of the Court, Army, &c.

bition, nor the Desire of Glory ; neither is he Mindful of every thing that may serve his Interest ; he is not troubled with a Negotiating Spirit, nor was ever heard to talk of making Leagues against *France*, or forming great Projects of War ; but if others Contrive 'em, he is very fit to Execute 'em ; and extreamly formidable at the Head of an Army, Commanded by himself, because the Prince has a great Confidence in 'him.

In a Word, 'Tis certain that *Beraldus* is very much to be dreaded in Battle ; but then 'tis no hard Matter to Supplant him before he gives it.

A 2 L E.

LEONTIUS

HAS a great deal of Courage, and would never be weary of War, tho' he were to fight Battles every Day. Charging in Person is his Diversion, and he quits it unwillingly when he is oblig'd to give Necessary Orders elsewhere. It is certain he would Succeed in the Trade of War, if he would apply himself to it; but hitherto he has seem'd to Love nothing of it, but what he at first fancy'd: That is, Fighting, Skirmishing, Routing, Pursuing, Taking Camps, Conquering and Reveling, in the Enjoyments of Victory; he leaves all the rest to his Officers, and unwillingly Enters into any Detail of what Regards his Troops. He has very little Application to Stratagems, Conduct, and the Issue of War; he gives no Reward to those who serve him well, nor Punishes those who Deserve it. He Loves Pleasure above all Things; Busines makes him

him Uneasy, and he Loves to take no Pains, unless in hunting for a Mistress; setting no Value upon all the Disbursements of his Treasury, and yet Grudging what goes into his Ministers Pockets.

A 3 G E R

New CHARACTERS

GERMANICUS

IS a true Man of War ; he Loves the Trade of it, and bestows all his Application upon it ; he has a great deal of Bravery ; he sees clearly in a Battle, and has a great deal of Order and Skill in Disposing his Troops ; he is Active, Vigilant, Laborious, and Capable of being a great Captain, if Presumption did not spoil him ; he gives but little regard to the Council offer'd him, and when oblig'd to follow it, 'tis a long time after, and in such a Manner as would create a Belief that he acts from himself. He affects mightily to live seemingly easy, but is extream Difficult to those who pay him not a blind Obedience. He never alters his Conduct, either for Applause or Censure ; and as he never spares those who are not in his Interest, so he Vigorously Defends those who adhere to him. He is accus'd of Negligence in his Conduct at Court. He is a Free Speaker, an Eye-fore to

of the Court, Army, &c.

7

to the Ministers, and does not enough Cultivate those in Favour.

To Conclude: 'Tis said of *Germanicus*, that he has all the Qualities necessary to Command an Army, and Faults enough to destroy any Desire of Trusting him with one.

A 4

Eu-

EUBULUS

HAS been present in so many Actions of War, that with the good Judgment he is Master of an extraordinary Application to the Trade, he has made himself one of the greatest Captains of his Age. To hear him speak in Council, he seem'd the most irresolute Man in the World ; yet when he is press'd to determine himself, no Pody makes a better, or a juster Choice. His true Talent (which, to my thinking, is the most valuable in War) is his exquisite Skill in managing a desperate Game. And yet in the Presence of the Enemy he has always a Countenance of Confusion, which intimidated his own Troops ; and I doubt not, is what contributes to most of his Misfortunes. He is modest in his Apparel, and appear'd so in his Expressions, to People who cannot penetrate ; but he had in his Heart an insupportable Vanity. His greatest Virtue is his Contempt of Riches. Never any Man so little valu'd Money as he did.

did. He Lov'd Women without tying himself to 'em. He relishes the Pleasures of the Table without Debauching. He is good Company, but it lafts not long. For of a sudden he will recollect himself as if his Mirth equal'd him too much with his Friends, and then put on a Gravity which is very disagreeable. He lov'd Mischief, and (except that) nothing is dear to him but his own Family, Dominion and Flattery. He is Envious, not only towards his Equals, but also of all those who begin to raise themselves. This Humour, together with an innate Malice, oblig'd him never to do the least Friendly Office. He hardly ever gives any Orders, either Verbally or in Writing, but what are Obscure, and this he does for two Reasons. First, to conceal his Designs even from them who are to be Instruments of 'em. And Secondly, That he may have it always in his Power to explain his Orders as he pleases, and thereby to discharge himself from the Imputation of the ill Succes, upon the want of Understanding in the acting Officer. Any Body else wou'd be uneasy in the use of mean Shifts. But *Eubulus* is so naturally an Enemy to all open dealing, that the contrary gives him no pain to practise.

ALBINUS

MARESCHAL de Camp and Commissary General of the Army, is reputed more capable of the latter Post than the former. He has a wonderful Understanding for the Subsisting of an Army, the Repartition of Winter Quarters, and Military Discipline ; a great Foresight for every thing that may subsist the Troops, and the Dexterity of Drawing from a Country wherewithal to supply the Army, without ruining the People. He was advanced to Military Employments, by the Interest of his Uncle. He has prov'd on many Occasions, he has Courage, but in Councils of War, always gave his Opinion against hazarding any thing. He has an excellent Genius in comporting himself with the Ministers, and never gives any Umbrage to a General.

THRA-

THRASYMACHUS.

IS a truly brave Man, abounding more in good Sense than witty Conceits ; extreamly Thoughtful, and a Lover of Study. He has given infinite Proofs of a surprizing Genius in the Art of War ; he seems design'd for uncommon Attempts, and is Master of an Enterprizing and Bold Spirit. The greatest Difficulties are his Encouragements. His Bravery and Conduct despise what may be thought the utmost Aim of other Heroes. He is full of Generous Ambition, Zealous for every thing that has any Affinity to Glory ; he has a sincerity above being attack'd by the most subtle Statesman, and his Probity is as invincible as his Sword.

POL-

POLLIO

HAS all the Advantages of Nature, Education and Fortune ; He is the Pride of the first, the Boast of the second, and the Favourite of the third. They may be said, like *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, to have contended for the Prize, not from him, but in him ; where yet their distinct Excellencies are so closely united, that neither can pretend to Superiority over the other. Regular Beauty, unlabour'd Eloquence, and unexampled Bounty, are first Views of him. Where can *Octavia* better repose her Conscience, than where *Tullia* left hers ? He is equally the Judge, the Moderator, and the Casuist, and none ever departed from his Decisions unreliev'd, or unsatisfy'd. And yet *Pollio*, it's said, has Faults too. He is accus'd of insincerity in Friendship ; that Passion supposes Equality ; but where's the Mind refin'd as *Pollio's* ! The Sun with all the good he does, has yet his Spots ; to shew us perhaps, that the brightest Beings, are not without 'em. *Pollio's*, like his, prevent none of his necessary

cessary Acts; and univerſal Good can never be narrow'd to this or that Particularity. He is censur'd too, to have miſtaken himſelf in his Favours. Reptiles owe their Being to the Sun in Summer; and beſides, the ſurprizing Variety, thoſe little gawdy, wrigling, and fluttering Machines afford, why ſhould *Pollio* loſe ſo ſhining a part of the Comparison? In ſhort, his Vertues carry ſo fair a Face, that thoſe Vices he has, are like Patches, only the Orna-ment of Fashion, and to diſtinguiſh in him the abſolute Neceſſity of a Courtier.

VERUS

HAS eminently all the good Qualities of the Gentleman, the Patriot, and the Philosopher ; Of Address and Acces the most easie and engaging, but with a constant Preference of the Merit to the Character. A Partner of the Gaieties and Pleasures of one of the Finest Courts, yet undebauch'd by it, either in Principle or Practice. A Confessor of the Rights of his Country, under the lowest Ebb of her Fortune, and at the greatest Expence and Hazard of his own ; one of the earliest Asserters of her Liberties. Of a Capacity, Affiduity, and Contempt of Self-interest, fit for the most important Charges ; yet, by the Fatality of Affairs, neglected, while the Meteors then prevailing, laid the Foundation of the future Distempers of the State. *Augustus* throughly knew, and valu'd him ; a more glorious Reward than all the Honours invincible Necessity oblig'd him to dispose of elsewhere. And yet *Verus* had his share of

of those Trusts his Prince could with Freedom and Judgment bestow ; and a share too with him, of being unjustly Reproach'd for the indefatigable discharge of his Duty. The Death of *Augustus* determin'd, in many Instances, the Vigour of his most forward Friends, but confirm'd *Verus* to be still the same. Let *Corvus* (fatten'd equally on the Ruines and Repairs of his Country) value his Word at it's intrinsick worth, the weight of the Breath that forms it ! *Verus* despises the Art of Tricking ; and acts like himself, constantly serving the Publick in the Rank his Birth has plac'd him, without being indebted to Fortune, or her Minion. Such is *Verus*, Great by Birth, by Inclination, and by Services ! But Greater yet by a just Neglect of any of the Rewards of Vertue, inconsistent with it self.

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